THE
RECITER'S TREASURY OF VERSE

THE RECITER'S TREASURY OF VERSE

Serious and Humorous

BY

ERNEST PERTWEE

REVISED AND EDITED
WITH VERY MANY NEW POEMS
BY

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EXAMINER IN ELOCUTION FOR THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC; EXAMINER FOR GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

WITH AN INTRODUCTION ON

THE ART OF SPEAKING

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS LTD.
BROADWAY HOUSE: 68-74 CARTER LANE, E.C.
1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THE EDINBURGH PRESS, 9 AND 11 YOUNG STREET, EDINBURGH

PREFACE

THE *Reciter's Treasury of Verse* was originally compiled in 1904 by my father, the late Ernest Pertwee, who was for many years professor of elocution at the City of London School. In the twenty years that have elapsed since its first publication it has run through numerous editions, and has been, perhaps, the most widely used collection of its kind.

I have latterly felt, however, that the lack of poetry representative of the modern spirit was a serious drawback to the book, and I have therefore added a considerable number of poems by our best-known living and recent verse-writers; and, to enable this to be done, have eliminated some of the very long poems that appeared in the original work, and also very many of those so-called "popular pieces" that, some reason or another, reciters of a past generation seemed to call for, although, generally speaking, they were merely a medium for cheap expression by which they sought to impose upon audiences, who now, I am thankful to say, are beginning to demand something more worth the listening to.

Among the Authors' examples of whose work I have added to the *Treasury* are the late JAMES ELROY FLECKER, RUPERT BROOKE, and FRANCIS THOMPSON, while living Authors are represented by THOMAS HARDY, ALFRED NOYES, W. W. GIBSON, JAMES STEPHENS, VACHEL LINDSAY, RALPH HODGSON, JOHN DRINKWATER,

WALTER DE LA MARE, and many others, to whom I and my Publishers are deeply indebted for their and their Publishers' kind permissions to include their poems, and so made possible a new issue of the *Reciter's Treasury* that will, I hope, prove as useful and popular as the previous edition.

ERNEST GUY PERTWEE.

THE ART OF SPEAKING

THE ART OF SPEAKING

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY CONSIDERATION OF SUBJECT

My object in writing these pages upon the use of the speaking voice is to place in the hands of students a few notes which shall aid them in the study of a difficult subject.

Speech at its best is an art: it need never be less than a science. Just as a painter must go through a course of drawing, no matter what his capacity, so the speaker should study both by precept and example the right use of the vocal organs and the science of inflection, modulation, pitch, articulation and all else that forms clear, intelligible and expressive utterance. In fact, the discipline of the voice in reference to speech is as necessary as it is in reference to song.

To sound every word and every part of every word in such way that it shall be audible and easily so; to read and speak intelligibly with correct emphasis, so that words may represent ideas, and to vary the tone and modulate the voice acceptably, is a possibility which with study, observation and practice may be attained by all.

Children's Imitation of Speech.—English people ignore

the important fact that children naturally imitate the speech of those about them, and even presuming that parents are correct speakers, the time they devote to the child is small, compared with the many hours in each day it is entrusted to the care of servants. Unconscious imitation is going on, and the nurse's accent is too often the origin, of many of the child's faults of pronunciation.

The Greeks realised this far better than we do, and selected such as had the ability to speak properly, to take care of their little ones. Roger Ascham says: "All languages are begotten and gotten solely by imitation. For as ye use to hear so ye learn to speak."

Necessity for Speech Study in Schools and Colleges.—At school and college the subject is more frequently taught than was the case twenty-five years ago, though as a rule but a small percentage of pupils take it—it being either voluntary or an extra—practically, in both cases at the discretion of the parents, who too generally attach no importance to it whatever.

If the speaking of our grand English language is to improve, I am convinced that that desirable result will only be arrived at by the Principals of our schools and colleges insisting upon all students making a study of the subject until they can show by examination that their voices are produced and their words pronounced far better than is ordinarily the case.

What can be definitely taught.—I do not think it will be denied that here, as elsewhere, much can be taught. Take, for instance, respiration in reference to speech—the management and control of the breath—and the phrasing of sentences in relation to respiration. Again, the production and development of the actual voice and the means to be adopted to ensure a clear enunciation and a right

pronunciation. Then, too, upon inflection and modulation the teacher can speak definitely; and his advice as to pitch, rate, flexibility, pause, emphasis, gesture and expression should prove of great assistance.

It is true that Oratory, at its best, embraces much that is unteachable, but it is equally true that it implies a right use of the voice, a clear and acceptable utterance and the avoidance of exaggeration ; and I maintain that a knowledge of vocal technique need never detract from individuality, itself dependent upon the taste, sensibility and heart of the speaker.

In the following pages it will be my aim to indicate those points which are of real importance for the student to remember, and I shall endeavour to express my meaning as simply and concisely as possible ; feeling sure that many able and admirable treatises upon the subject err from their too evident erudition and their inclusion of so much that concerns the physician rather than the speaker.

CHAPTER II

RESPIRATION

No vocalist, singer or speaker, can afford to ignore the subject of respiration.

The effective use of the voice and its durability are greatly dependent upon a right supply and control of the breath.

What are the physical facts in connection with the production of voice-sound?

*The Lungs, Trachea, and Larynx.**—The bellows of the instrument are the lungs; the air is conducted to and from these bellows by means of the trachea or windpipe, and at the top of the windpipe is a cartilaginous chamber, very complex in construction, called the larynx. All the sound of which the voice is capable is produced in the larynx.

We have, therefore, the inhaled air forced upwards through the windpipe to the larynx, where it brings into play its delicate and complex machinery, producing vocal sound in whatever key and at whatever intensity the brain directs; which sound is moulded either well or badly, as the case may be, upon its way through the variable cavity of the mouth, by the relative positions of tongue, palates, teeth and lips.

* *See* Diagrams, Appendix, Section I.

Thorax.—The chest or thorax containing the lungs and heart may be described as an osseo-muscular cone, the summit of which is between the shoulders, and its base the midriff or diaphragm which separates the thorax from the abdomen.

Rib Muscles.—The ribs, a series of arcs, form the framework of the cone, joining the vertebral column behind and the sternum or breast-bone in front. The spaces between the ribs are occupied by external and internal muscles. The muscles which connect the ribs with the spine and with the shoulders enable the capacity of the chest to be increased by pulling up and fixing the first two ribs, and so allowing each external inter-rib or intercostal muscle to raise the rib below; these are the muscles that are used in inspiration.

In expiration the internal intercostal muscles, aided by abdominal muscles, reverse the action described above, pulling the ribs downwards and compelling the diaphragm (the base of the cone) upwards.

Now, just as a stone, to which has been exactly applied a piece of wet leather, follows the leather when raised, so do the lungs adhere to and follow the movements of the chest, which by its muscular contraction compels the dilatation or expansion of the lungs.

Regulation of Breath Dependent on Control of Rib Muscles.—By gaining a proper control over the muscles described above, the ingress and the egress of the air can be regulated at will, without in any way interfering with the free action of the throat, and without raising the shoulders, as is too frequently the case with both singers and speakers. It has been well said that the respiration of a vocalist should be the same as a swimmer's: that is to say, one that leaves the shoulders perfectly free. This

is of equal importance to the speaker, seeing that unless he can regulate his breath by the proper use of the intercostal muscles, he will be constricting his throat and tongue, and so will interfere with the quality of the sound which is the vocal element of his speech.

Necessity of Frequent Inspiration.—Sentences must be phrased in such a way that the lungs are never entirely emptied of air: there must be no speaking with the fag end of breath. A fresh inspiration must be taken before the necessity to take it arises. Then, too, there must be no waste of air—no escape of breath between word and word.

The aerial stream is to be used in such a way that none of it passes the larynx unvocalised. The too rapid dissipation or expenditure of the breath is the cause of the inefficiency and breakdown of many public speakers.

In all properly executed speech the voice rests upon and is supported by the breath. Incorrect methods of breathing and waste of breath are the principal causes of vocal inefficiency and physical breakdown.

Intercostal-diaphragmatic Breathing.—There are three methods of breathing. The first and what now is universally accepted as being the best in every way for *artistic* respiration is called *intercostal-diaphragmatic*, as, if properly managed it ensures an adequate supply of air to the lungs, while the respective muscles being brought into play being strong muscles, are well able to do all that is necessary both in the inspiration and expiration of the breath without trace of fatigue. Also, it gives the greatest possible expansion of the chest cavities, thus providing the most space for the lungs to expand. By inspiring slowly and evenly through the nose and mouth, it will be found that the air reaches and expands the lungs at their

base and in doing so the ribs are pressed outward laterally; the diaphragm—the large muscle which forms the floor of the chest and the roof of the abdomen—flattens slightly, thus giving more room for the base of the lungs to expand.

As the breath leaves the lungs through the mouth, this expansion gives way to contraction.

It is necessary to obtain a perfect control over this dual process of the rib muscles, namely their action in the expansion of the chest. Between the ribs are a powerful double set of muscles called the intercostal muscles, whose functions are to raise or to lower the ribs and by such action to increase or decrease the chest capacity, thereby acting directly on the inflation or deflation of the lungs.

The diaphragm descends in inspiration and ascends in expiration. During inspiration the abdomen is slightly drawn inwards and during expiration there should be a definite consciousness *of an even, abdominal pressure.*

Abdominal Breathing.—The second method is called *abdominal*, where the enlargement of the chest capacity is effected principally by the *protrusion* of the abdomen and the descent of the diaphragm.

This method at one time was largely advocated, though now it has been rejected in favour of the costal, although in speaking, in conversation, or in a small room, where the voice does not need so much support, no doubt it suffices.

Clavicular Breathing.—The third method is the *clavicular* because the shoulder-blades are raised during inspiration. Clavicular breathing is universally condemned as leading to a rigidity of the throat, imperfect control of the expiratory movement and to insufficient expansion of the lungs, which are only partially filled with air.

Advantages of Inhalation of Air through Nostrils.—It is

necessary to insist upon the wisdom of inspiring as much as possible through the nostrils. Nature intended this for many reasons. By inhaling through the nose, the air is purified, moistened to saturation and warmed to the temperature of the body, whilst the mouth and throat remain moist, a very important consideration, as every speaker will admit.

The bronchial tubes, so susceptible to derangement from cold and wet are, by nasal respiration, preserved in a healthy state.

The Nose.—"The nose", says Mr Mayo Collier, "is the upper part of the respiratory tract. It is as much an essential part of it as the larynx or trachea. . . . It is the great laboratory for the preparation of the food for the lungs, in the same way as the mouth is the laboratory for the preparation of the food for the stomach."

Mouth Breathing.—And he goes on to say that "Mouth breathing by day or night is evidence that the physiological functions of the nose—the process of warming, moistening and filtering, so admirably performed by the nose—are more or less in abeyance, and so lost to the respiratory function."

The inhalation of the air must be absolutely silent; there must be no moving of the nostrils as in the act of smelling, as such movement stays the ingress of the air and becomes audible. Unfortunately, this noisy habit of breath-taking is a very common fault.

I have said—as far as possible breathe through the nostrils; there are, however, times when the rate at which a speech, or part of a speech, has to be taken necessitates both mouth and nose breathing. But when in the open air—especially at night and in damp or foggy weather—and when sleeping, "nostril-breathing" is most essential to our physical and vocal well-being.

CHAPTER III

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPEAKING VOICE

IN the preceding chapter I explained the natural means at our disposal for providing and controlling the breath, that is to say the motive-power of the voice. I will now proceed to the consideration of the actual sound heard in words, which may be termed the vocal element of speech; and in this examination it must not be forgotten how great a part the brain and nervous system play in the complex adjustment of muscles that, acting aright, result in good vocal quality and intelligible utterance. In his consideration of this subject the student should remember that the properties of Musical Sound are (1) Pitch, (2) Intensity, (3) Duration, (4) Quality or Timbre.

Laryngeal Sound.—The air leaving the lungs and traversing the windpipe comes into contact with the free edges of the projecting folds of membrane commonly called the vocal cords. These vocal cords are situated within the larynx, and it is their vibration by the outgoing stream of air which constitutes vocal sound.

The *intensity* of this sound is governed by the strength of the air-blast, and the *pitch* varies according to the length of the cords exposed to that air-blast. The pitch is primarily dependent upon the will.

This laryngeal sound has, however, to be developed; that is to say, it has to receive the addition of *resonance*

before it can be called voice. It therefore becomes of the utmost importance to the speaker to understand how to build up the fundamental laryngeal sound into voice and ultimately into speech.

Laryngoscope.—By the use of the laryngoscope, observation of the larynx at rest and at work can be made, but though such observations are of immense service to physicians, in their diagnosis of disease, they are unfortunately of very little assistance in voice culture. "There is no necessity," says Professor Willis, "for seeking any power of altering the quality of the notes in the larynx itself."

The late Sir Morell Mackenzie stated: "The old Italian masters trained their pupils' voices with a success certainly not inferior to that of our modern professors armed with their laryngoscopes, spirometers, stethometers, and other vocicultural implements."

Quality or Timbre.—Quality or Timbre is the most important property of the voice, and fortunately its correction, alteration, and cultivation depend upon the relative positions of those organs constituting the variable cavity *above the larynx*, and for the most part visible.

Use of Ordinary Mirror.—I therefore maintain that an ordinary mirror is of far greater use to the Speech Student than is the laryngoscope.

We may with advantage be content to judge the action of the larynx by the ear. By singing the same note at the same intensity, first with the lips together, then with half-open mouth, then with open mouth, or again, with the tongue in different positions, raised or flat, forward or backward, anyone may observe the vocal alterations in quality which follow upon the relative positions of the tongue and lips at a given moment.

Careful observation of the variable cavity of the mouth should lead to the correction of muffled, nasal and throaty qualities of voice, besides faults of pronunciation.

Necessity of Observation of Mouth in Reference to Vowels and Consonants.—The importance of the preceding paragraph will be evident when it is remembered that the actual laryngeal sound is the same for all vowels, and that each vowel requires a different position of the mouth. As there are eighteen different vowel sounds in the English language it follows that in vocalising them there must be eighteen different shapes of the variable cavity of the mouth. Under no circumstances must there be any rigidity of the throat or mouth or of any of their component parts, or the quality of the utterance will be spoilt.

The Soft Palate.—Upon the action of the soft palate and of the tongue greatly depends the quality of the vocal sound.

The soft palate is attached to the under part of the hard palate, which is itself the roof of the mouth and the floor of the nose, and acts as a vocal sounding board. The soft palate hangs like a curtain over the root of the tongue; it is muscular and can be lengthened or shortened at will. In inhaling through the nostrils, the tongue heaps up and the soft palate descends, thus shutting off the mouth from the nose and the pharynx (the space above the larynx).

This action can be reversed and the nose shut off from the mouth and pharynx.

In the formation of vowels the soft palate in conjunction with the tongue, lips, etc., performs a most important part. Some of the vowels require that the nasal cavities shall be more or less tightly closed, and under these circumstances the soft palate is raised.

The Tongue.—The tongue, too, has much to do in the

modification of vocal sound, and indeed in actual utterance. It is clear, therefore, that any one desiring to speak well must have the tongue under control.

Nasal Resonance.—One of the commonest difficulties that a teacher has to contend against is the absence of nasal resonance—the primary difficulty being nasal obstruction, preventing the setting up in the nasal cavities of the co-vibrations and overtones which should be simultaneous with those taking place in the throat and mouth, if the voice is to be of good and carrying quality.

Physical Defects.—There are many cases where the physician's aid must first be sought before any special training of the voice can be undertaken, as for instance where the tonsils are enlarged, or the uvula too long, interfering with the functions of the soft palate ; where there is a congested condition of the throat, or nasal obstruction or other physical disablement requiring surgical treatment.

In the development of laryngeal sound the most careful attention should be directed to the production of open tone, forward in position and pure in quality.

A speaker can after a time gauge almost instinctively the quantity or intensity of voice necessary to ensure his being properly heard in every part of the place in which he is speaking.

CHAPTER IV

INFLECTION, MODULATION, PITCH AND CHANGE OF KEY

JUST as a musical instrument may never be heard to its fullest capacity, through the inability of the performer, so the human voice may be only partially used through want of skill upon the part of the speaker.

Vocal Expression.—A voice that is cultivated, that is to say, under control throughout its compass, one that can be modulated and inflected at will, is in itself a music, an indefinable melody, in no way interfering with the significance of the utterance, but enhancing its value and its force.

This power of vocal expression especially distinguishes all fine speaking, and is far removed from song, defying as it does all ordinary musical notation.

It is the offspring of sensibility and of ear, and where there is the vocal skill to obey the inspiration, the speech is endued with a charm that the words alone could never possess.

To attain to anything like completeness of vocal skill is rarely possible, but any earnest student can do much to acquire a larger range and a more varied inflection.

Study of Singing an Aid to Speech and vice versa—Vocal Practice.—The study of singing is a considerable aid to

the mastery of the speaking voice. The vocalising of scales, up and down the compass, using the open vowels AH, OH, OO, and after a time gradating and shading the tone diminuendo to fortissimo and back to diminuendo—paying marked attention to the respiration in all practice—is an excellent discipline for "forming" the speaking voice.

Again, attack the vowels suddenly and end them abruptly at varying degrees of intensity.

Such practice should not be confined to middle notes, but should combine the entire gamut or range of the student's voice.

Vary the practice by striking a note, and after a deep breath, starting with open vowel AH or OH, speak very slowly, clearly, and evenly, a short sentence, returning to the vowel before the necessity to take a fresh breath arises. This should be repeated throughout the vocal compass, both on tones and semitones, and at varying degrees of power. Great care must be taken to observe that the quality of the tone is good and pure, remembering that this cannot be the case if there is any rigidity of jaw, tongue, or throat.

I have said that practice should extend to the entire voice—at its lowest note equally with its highest: this is most essential if the student wishes to possess flexibility and the power to vary the pitch.

The Pitch of the Voice.—As the middle notes of a speaker's compass are chest notes, and as such receive more assistance in resonance from the chest, which can be felt to vibrate at the moment the sound quits the larynx, thereby adding to the sonority of the tone, it follows that this is the part of the voice which is most valuable in speech, although use should also be made of the

head notes (the second register), as adding variety to the utterance.

It is quite certain that we can pitch our voices too high. It is equally certain that we can pitch them too low. In the first instance, harshness and shrillness will result, whilst in the latter we shall become inaudible and dull.

This question of pitch is a very difficult one, but I think it safe to advise the student to take the four notes in the middle of his compass, and the lowest of these four, or the semitone between the fourth and the third, or the third itself, will probably be the note upon which he can start his speech with the greatest advantage. The command of the voice largely depends upon this matter of pitch, as, rightly chosen, it will be the point from which the voice can be most readily and easily inflected.

It must be clearly understood that circumstances, such as the size, shape and acoustic properties of the building in which we are speaking, may require, and frequently do require, an alteration of pitch, rate and intensity, but it is always wisest to start the voice as near the natural key as possible, remembering that the desideratum of initial pitch lies somewhere within the mean of the voice, as near the natural key as possible, as this ensures resonance and a wider range of inflection.

The Differences of Speech and Song.—In song, the distance between sound and sound is marked and can be defined, but in speech sound glides into sound, and that in so subtle and indistinguishable a manner as to defy exact notation.

Speech sounds are concrete, as distinct from song sounds, which are discrete; that is to say, speech sounds

are made up of fractional parts of the notes which the voice uses in song. If these fractions of notes are each one of them purely produced—if the intonation is good—then the speech will be melodious, and yet quite distinct from song.

These fractions of notes are duly and accurately traversed by the voice, which takes no sudden leaps from sound to sound, but rather glides upwards or downwards, or combines both movements, as it were, upon curved lines, undulatory in character.

The power to intensify or diminish the sound at will at any point or series of points in the inflection; the ease in changing the key and the tone; the facility in inflection and varying attack, rate and intensity, constitute the modulation of the voice.

Modulation and expression do much to add variety to delivery, but the speaker should be able to change his key and so avoid monotony, even as a composer from time to time changes the key in music, and achieves variety.

Change of Key.—At first sight this may seem difficult, but with practice the student should be able to realise it, if he remembers that wherever there is a new division of subject, or the commencement of new matter; where different characters are supposed to be speaking (as when reading a play), or where one introduces metaphors or similes or parenthetical sentences, the key should be changed, as should also be the case in the portrayal of different emotions.

Literary beauty and excellence are wasted unless the reader reproduces, as it were, the spontaneity of the author, and speaks the written matter with those changes of voice and manner which best interpret its inner life and spirit.

The reader, having grasped his author's meaning, and

familiarised himself with the text, rather speaks than reads, or at any rate adopts so natural, direct and animated a delivery that it seems the book is no longer there, but the author himself.

Some voices may be described as melody, quite apart from the words spoken: would that the reverse were not too frequently the record of our hearing!

Vocal Quantity.—Just as the right pitch of the voice will depend upon the acoustic properties and other characteristics of an auditorium, so will the vocal quantity.

An experienced speaker can after a time gauge almost instinctively the amount of articulate sound necessary to the particular building to ensure his voice being well heard.

Good articulation and a stream of well-produced vocal sound will do more to realise this than any amount of shouting and physical exertion.

Value of a Gentle Commencement.—It has, with reason, been the practice of the best orators to commence gently and softly, with marked distinctness of utterance, rather than with loud voice. By this method the speaker has a reserve of sound of immense value to him later on, when some passage requires powerful delivery.

To commence fortissimo, continue fortissimo, and end fortissimo, has a monotony of assertion prejudicial to all true effect. There should be vocal proportion, voice balance, and by a gentle commencement this result can best be attained.

Travelling Quality of a Voice.—The travelling quality of a voice is often very misleading, and speakers not infrequently fancy because they fail to hear themselves loudly that they are unheard. But this fact often goes far to prove that there has been very little voice-waste, and that our utterance has reached its destination.

Each voice has its limit in the matter of power, beyond which it must never be forced.

The Tones of a Voice.—"The tones of the voice", said the late Mr Samuel Brandram, "form in fact a distinct language, the language of emotion, which, while greatly assisting and strengthening the language of the words, is yet almost as intelligible without it: the language of emotion is the language of Nature, and is understood by all the world alike."

The actual tone heard in the spoken word must possess a pure, open and unforced quality. To attain this there must be those complex adjustments of the vocal organs required in the utterance of each syllable, and this without any stiffening or rigidity of the throat or any part of the vocal mechanism; whilst the management of the breath in attacking, producing, developing, gradating or sustaining the tone must be completely under control.

Voice to Rest upon Breath.—The voice throughout its production must rest upon and be supported by the breath; the words seeming to float upon the aerial stream, no atom of which but finds its way into articulate speech. The breath must not pass through the words or between the words in its outward course, as is too frequently the case, with proportionate weakening of the utterance and physical exhaustion.

The right pitch of the voice, the control of tongue and soft palate, the opening of the mouth, the command of the overtones which reinforce the voice by the sympathetic vibration of the air in the nostrils and other cavities, and the healthy condition of throat, mouth, nose, etc., all enter largely into the building up of good resonant tone.

Resonance.—Absence of resonance is a characteristic of untrained, and even in many instances of trained speech.

In such cases there is little or no reinforcement of original laryngeal sound; the result being poorness of quality and an inability to make the voice carry.

The word "resonance" is derived from the Latin *resonare*, which means "to sound again", "to echo"; and the dictionary definition of the word is given as "capable of returning sounds; resounding; full of sounds; showing vibrations in response to a sound."

As an example of vibrations in response to sound, and consequent reinforcement of original sound, experiments may be made with tuning-forks of different notes held over tumblers more or less filled with water, and with the mouth of the glass more or less covered by pieces of cardboard; and note should be taken of the amount of reinforcement obtained under varying conditions.

It will be found in obtaining the fullest reinforcement of the sound, that a tuning-fork of one pitch will require the mouth of the tumbler to be more open, and also a greater height of the column of air in the glass, than is the case with a tuning-fork of some different pitch.

The truths learnt from these experiments may be applied to the speaking voice in reference to resonance.

Roughly speaking, the throat, mouth and nose—in fact the cavities above the larynx—may be likened to the tumbler; whilst the opening of the mouth may be compared to the adjustment of the cardboard in reference to the top of the glass—vocal resonance depending upon the size of the variable cavities, pharynx, mouth, nose, etc., above the larynx, and the actual extent and form of the mouth opening for the egress of the sound.

Many other facts hold sway in this setting up of co-vibrations reinforcing original laryngeal sound.

There must of necessity be a healthy condition of throat,

mouth and nostrils. From this it will be seen that enlarged tonsils, elongated uvula, adenoids or other nasal obstructions, or any inflamed or abnormal conditions of the surfaces or of the salivary and other glands, and of the muscles regulating this complex mechanism, will impede vocal resonance.

There must also be the requisite skill immediately to adjust tongue, palate, lips, to the size and shape in agreement with the pitch of the voice. Individual practice upon vowel sounds on different notes with a mirror in hand, keenly observing and keenly listening, should lead to a marked increase of this important quality of resonance.

A good deal doubtless depends in this reinforcement of sound upon the manner in which the air-blast is applied to the vibratory element of the larynx, and it is certain that it is impossible to overrate the value of breath control in relation to speech; but the fact remains that speakers who possess considerable skill in this matter of breathing are frequently woefully deficient in the use of the resonators of the voice—perhaps through lack of ear—at least in some cases.

All speakers are aware of the acoustic assistance which they derive from one building, as against the difficulties experienced in some other.

In the one case the voice travels with ease, and wholly satisfactorily, whilst in other halls the delivery of the same matter is one of considerable effort and hardly attained success.

Something akin to this takes place in the hall of the mouth and throat, and it is for us to construct spontaneously that variable cavity into a building, with its palate roof, its tongue floor, its cheek walls, its doors of lip, soft palate, and the rest, which shall enhance and enforce the

laryngeal sound at whatever pitch and intensity, and make it resounding, vibratory — in a word, endue it with resonance.

Without this quality there will always be, and appear to be, effort, with consequent discomfort, passing, after a time, in the case of those who publicly use the voice, into vocal breakdown and serious trouble. It is therefore highly incumbent for the teacher to inculcate the importance of resonance ; and it is worth strenuous effort on the student's part to attain what will always stand him in good stead, and add an invaluable charm to the actual sound of his speech.

CHAPTER V

ARTICULATION

LET me suppose that the student has attained two things, namely—control over the respiratory organs, and some skill in the management of the voice, considered as a musical instrument. His attention must now be directed to enunciation, so that each syllable of his utterance can be heard without troublesome effort.

The Use of the Mouth and Lips in Enunciation.—It is a national fault that we neither open our mouths sufficiently nor use our lips adequately, with the result that our lapses in articulation amount to downright mumbling. Unless the mouth is well opened the sound is muffled and indifferent in quality, and unless the lips perform their office of modelling the vocal element with flexibility and facility our utterance must be imperfect.

The weight of all good speaking is primarily borne by the lips, and it is extraordinary how little extra work need be sustained by the lungs and larynx, even when speaking in a large hall, if the resonance chambers of the voice are properly used, and the syllables are finely and freely moulded.

Anyone who would save himself physical fatigue from continuous speaking should remember to breathe frequently, to pitch the voice aright, to open the mouth well, and to be perfectly clear in enunciation.

The way in which we open or do not open our mouths leads to all sorts of vocal trouble and to faults of pronunciation. It is essential, therefore, to clearly realise what shape the variable cavity of the mouth is to take in reference to each individual syllable in the utterance of words. Experience, practice, and the observation of others who speak well, can alone give assurance with regard to this important matter.

If the teeth be kept together, due openness of sound remains an impossibility. The speaker is alarmed to find how little voice he is possessed of; whereas in reality the voice is a prisoner, and unable to pass the barriers imposed upon it.

Equally with the mouth, the lips are the cause of indistinctness and inaudibleness; where through ineffective or insufficient use they become stiff and unmanageable, indistinctness and bluntness of diction must result.

Eighteen Vowel Sounds.—In the creation of a perfect language each sound would possess its sign; with ours this is far from being the case. It is calculated that there are eighteen vowel sounds in the English language, and yet we have only five letters for indicating these eighteen positions of the mouth. To a foreigner our consonants must be equally bewildering, seeing that they perplex even ourselves. These multitudinous sounds, insufficiently indicated, result in much provinciality and even vulgarity of pronunciation.

Vowels are the continuous sounds, and as such the music of a language,—the consonants commencing, distributing or ending, or in some way interrupting that music. The student should be most careful to ensure a right production and pronunciation of each of these eighteen sounds.

Use of Mirror in Practice.—In all articulation practice a mirror should be used, and observation taken of the positions of tongue, soft palate, teeth and lips; forming the pronunciation as well by the eye as by the ear.

To correct a thick and imperfect articulation, read or speak at first very slowly, only accelerating the pace when certain that you can do so and yet remain clear. In each case the correct sound must be given, and this without allowing the speech to become too formal or too precise.

Such practice should be made with good, loud and sustained voice, paying marked attention to the commencement and the end of words.

Difficult Sentences.—When special difficulty in a word or phrase occurs, as is often the case, increase the difficulty in practice by at first whispering it in a forcible, audible whisper, and by thus giving the articulating organs additional work, the required facility of utterance will soonest be attained.

Indistinctness.—Pass the tongue from time to time over the surfaces of the lips, as by keeping them moist they will remain flexible. Indistinctness will result if the consonants are imperfectly or inadequately formed—that is to say, if the right positions of tongue and lips in relation to them are ignored, if there is an absence of strong muscular movement in forming them, and if the impact of the lips is weak and poor.

Take such words as:—

Mend	Bend	Falter	Very	Vast
Ferry	Ponder	Yonder	Tend	Vague, etc.

and carefully note with the eye what happens when speaking them correctly and forcibly

The final consonants are equally important, and must receive due pronunciation; the T's, D's, B's, L's, etc., etc.

In all these matters the value of good example and skilled criticism must be of great assistance to the student.

Nasal Intonation.—The letters N and M frequently lead to nasal intonation in the entire word in which they occur, and in adjacent words; for wherever nasal intonation commences, it is rarely confined to its immediate cause.

I suppose no speaker is ever infallibly correct in his pronunciation. It is well, therefore, for all of us to examine, to be on the watch, to compare, lest faults of pronunciation and errors of articulation, closely allied to voice production, creep into our speech.

It is certain that vocal tuition, study and practice tend to a better use of the voice in public, and the enhancement of what we have to speak by a better method in saying it; and it is equally true that a gentle and refined speech in private life is a possession of such value that we may well seek to attain it.

There are hundreds of men whose vocation calls for considerable and constant use of the speaking voice, who damage themselves physically, and their hearers mentally, by crude vocal efforts,—indistinct articulation and blind indifference to and ignorance of the fundamentals of elocutionary science.

CHAPTER VI

THE DELIVERY OF PROSE AND OF VERSE

Phrasing. — The necessity of frequent inspiration demands great care in the phrasing of sentences. In conversation a fresh breath is taken after speaking every few words, whereas in reading too often the reverse is the case, with the result that the delivery is dull, and the voice loses both power and quality.

By a good and skilful habit of dividing up the sentence, which gains in force rather than suffers from such method, the speaker is saved much unnecessary and trying exertion, his words being always launched upon a full aerial stream.

Necessity of Sufficient Breath to support Voice.—We have seen that a rich, even, smooth voice is impossible where the amount of inhaled air is insufficient, or where it is supplied too impetuously or too freely from the lungs, and that where there is no recognised economy in the expenditure of the breath, a personal sense of fatigue, in addition to vocal ineffectiveness, follows.

Varied Rate of Delivery.—The vitality of a speech is greatly enhanced by a variety in the rate of its delivery. However rapid the rate may be, the phrasing of sentences and the allowance of due time for breath must not be neglected, nor must the articulation suffer.

The speaker's thoughts may be quick and winged, and

his speech proportionately impetuous, but audiences frequently lack so immediate a grasp as this rapid delivery demands.

On the other hand, a drawling, crawling, lethargic pace is equally to be avoided, as both spiritless and wearisome in the extreme.

Speak or read thereof at a rate which admits of clear enunciation, and gives your listeners time to comprehend the full meaning of one phrase before the next is upon them.

Emphasis.—Some words, sometimes entire sentences, require more force, emphasis, and insistence which comes from a slackened pace and a more deliberate diction: other words, other sentences, may be spoken with advantage as rapidly as clear articulation will admit.

The elucidation of a sentence requires the use of emphasis to bring out its point, force and meaning. You can emphasise in many ways: by laying stress upon a word or group of words; by pausing before or after the emphatic word or clause; by becoming louder in tone, or by speaking more softly and slowly; by the use of the rhetorical pause, and by the inflections of the voice.

It will be very necessary to guard against falling into the fault of overcharging your sentences with emphasis. If you emphasise everything, it amounts to very little. Another undesirable result of over-emphasis is that the delivery sounds didactic, and is at the same time physically exhausting to the speaker.

Parenthesis.—Parenthetical sentences and interpolated explanations often cause obscurity.

The student should pause before and after the parenthesis, which should be spoken in a lower key and more quickly than the main sentences; the parenthesis spoken,

the voice resumes the exact pitch in continuing or completing the main sentence, at which it had previously arrived.

Rhythm.—All languages at their best have a recurrence at almost regular intervals of stress, very similar, and closely allied to musical accent. This is easily recognisable in rhymed or blank verse, whatever the metre may be, but a good delivery of prose equally requires the inclusion of this rhythmic movement maintained throughout the sentence, without which it would be dull and inharmonious.

However rapid the speech, however passionate the expression, there must be no omission of this quality of rhythm, except in dealing with sentences which are purposely rugged in style.

Take as an example of harmonious prose — indeed, almost blank verse—the following passage from Dickens' *Christmas Carol*:—

"In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door."

Punctuation.—It will be well to bear in mind that punctuation may be and frequently is incorrect, and consequently misleading as a guide to the right phrasing of sentences. A false position of comma or semicolon by the compositor may destroy the whole intention.

To read intelligibly, it is necessary to grasp the true meaning: then if the punctuation be incorrect, our own knowledge will show us where to pause, and how to phrase the sentence to the best advantage.

Delivery of Blank Verse.—It is most important, when reading or declaiming blank verse, to introduce those

pauses which show that we are delivering verse and not prose.

End of Line Pauses—Cæsura.—By suspending the voice (no fresh breath being taken) at the end of lines, even where there is no pause in the sense, and by a due recognition of the cæsura, the fact that we are speaking verse will be proclaimed.

As an example, take the first twenty-six lines of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, in sixteen of which the sense runs on into the next line; unless the value of the verse is to be destroyed, the delivery of these lines must include these slight final pauses, and this can be done without sacrificing the continuity of the phrase.

Rhetorical Pause.—Closely allied to the above, but wholly unindicated, is the Rhetorical Pause, in which again the voice is suspended, no new breath being taken during the silence, in order that what we are about to say may be heard with enhanced attention.

It depends for its introduction upon the judgment and taste of the speaker.

Such pauses must not be too frequent, or too long, or the delivery will be weakened instead of strengthened. Signor Talma observed: "The actor must have the art of thinking before he speaks" (equally applicable to speaker or reader). "By introducing pauses, he appears to meditate upon what he is about to say. But his physiognomy must correspond to the suspensions of his voice. His attitude and features must indicate that during these moments of silence his soul is deeply engaged: without this, his pauses will seem rather to be the result of defective memory than a secret of his art."

"It will be found," said Sir Henry Irving, "that the most seemingly accidental effects are obtained when the

working of the mind is visible before the tongue gives it words."

Self-consciousness often woefully mars delivery. It is a great gain for a speaker to lose himself in his subject. If uttering words originally spoken by another, one should bear in mind Coquelin's dictum and "re-cast one's individuality." Under such circumstances the Reader, Reciter or Actor, places himself mentally in the position of the original speaker, and accordingly his delivery gains in force, expression and directness.

It takes a speaker time before he can attain the power so far to lose himself in what he is saying as to be natural, and allow his sympathy and sensibility full sway, and his powers of expression full scope.

The fear to be thought affected or hypersentimental is the cause of much of the ineffective, inexpressive, unconvincing and wearisome speaking and reading so frequently heard, but whilst exaggerations of any sort, whether of pathos or humour, must be shunned, the possession of a luminous and expressive style is of incalculable value.

As a means of enchaining the attention of the young, and for awaking in them a love for what is best in literature, good reading, which embraces the natural expression of honest sentiment, must always be of immense utility and power.

Necessity of Practice.—There must be continued practice if the speaker is to attain and retain control over vocal technique. Then, too, the complex mechanism of speech requires the health of each particular organ, and the physical well-being of the entire body.

Vocal Hygiene.—Vocal hygiene does not require excessive care for its realisation, but only a reasonable application of common sense.

Fresh air in the house and out, by night as well as by day, is a necessity for all voice-users, who should avoid all atmospheric conditions of dust, smoke and closeness, which irritate the throat and lungs.

When suffering from cold or fatigue, it is well to avoid all public speaking, rest having a special value in accelerating vocal recovery.

It is certain that the voice is vastly improved by building up the bodily strength; for this reason,—a good nourishing diet and judicious exercise are both of importance. Whenever a speaker has some big vocal effort to make, he will do well to seek quiet, if not rest, as much as possible, for some hours beforehand.

CHAPTER VII

GESTURE

ALL effective speaking is accompanied by some amount of gesture, from which it gains both force and expression.

Gesture may be compared to the accompaniment of a song, by which the singing is enhanced; even so is delivery by well-chosen and significant action. There must be complete accord,—the accent of the voice corresponding to that of the gesture, except when the gesture purposely precedes the voice, with proportionate heightening of effect. In fact, the 'entente cordiale' existing between vocalist and accompanist is imitated by the speaker in his use of voice and action.

How to stand when speaking.—It is a great advantage when speaking to stand well: the feet should be somewhat apart, and the weight of the body rather upon one foot than upon both. By this method the speaker can more easily turn from side to side without attention being attracted to the movement. The head should be erect, the chest free and expanded, the shoulders well back, whilst the arms should not be allowed to touch the sides, as doing so, they would impede the respiratory movements of the chest.

The entire figure—head, body, arms, hands and feet—must be observed and regulated in order to realise a graceful, easy, varied and expressive bearing.

Calm bearing with deliberate movements.—Avoid any emphasis of word or sentence by head movements, and indeed, doing anything in the use of voice or action which may strike your audience as unnatural, exaggerated, eccentric or peculiar. A calm bearing with deliberate movements is what a speaker should strive to attain: mere restlessness of attitude and redundancy of meaningless gesticulation being most undesirable and inappropriate.

Head erect, eyes towards audience.—In addressing an audience, the eyes should not wander from individual to individual, or rest upon anyone in particular. Neither look downwards nor upwards, but rather ahead of you, so that your hearers may be able to read the expressions—the emotions of mind and soul, which should declare themselves in your eyes and countenance.

In reading, cultivate the habit of phrasing shortly, gathering the words in a phrase at a glance, then speak them with the head erect, and the eyes on the audience, and not on the book. This method ensures the voice being heard, instead of being half smothered in the book, as is certain to be the case if the eyes are kept upon the page and the head bent.

Avoidance of cramped gesture. — Any action which appears cramped, rigid, stiff or ungainly, must be discovered and avoided; hence the value of, at first, practising all gesture before a mirror, and severely criticising one's movements. After a time, familiarity with what is good, and also with that which is evidently bad, will enable us to move with tolerable certainty of effect.

Changes of positions to be effected unobtrusively.—All change of position and of gesture must be effected unobtrusively. By the observation of good examples, and the study of renowned statues and pictures, the student

may greatly extend, vary, and improve his action, reproducing those positions of head, arms, hands, and the rest which are convincing, and as such worthy of imitation.

The action should be graceful and appropriate, and must be in time with the words spoken, whilst, with rare exceptions, the eyes of the speaker should follow the direction of the gesture.

Use of arms and hands.—To be graceful, the action must be built upon curved lines, and should start from the shoulder. The elbow should be bent, and thus contribute to the curve of the arm. The fingers should generally be slightly separated, and the hand should rarely be shut. Finish in gesture greatly depends upon the management of the hands, and the lines taken by every part of the hands, from wrist to finger-tips. Suppleness of wrist is a grea gain, and this flexibility is not too easily acquired.

A too much deflected elbow (it should often be breast high and level with the wrist) is the cause of much amateurishness in action.

In moving the hands forward, they should start their course slightly downwards, and then upwards into position: the reverse way is too often the practice, with the result that the elbow is driven in towards the side, and the whole action appears angular and awkward.

With English people, good gesture is exceedingly rare, but, aided by example and criticism, much can be done, till after a time, action will seem natural to the student, who will be no longer content to express his meaning with his voice alone, but will harmonise his entire form and countenance to agree with the words he is speaking.

"The whole business of delivery should be *one;* everything should harmonise; the thought, the spirit, the

language, the tone and the action, should all be of a piece."

In his lectures to students, Mr Spurgeon once said: "Gesture should not be excessive: it should be appropriate and never grotesque. You ought to be so true, so real, so deeply in earnest, that mere mechanical movements will be impossible to you, and everything about you will betoken life, energy, concentrated faculty and intense zeal. . . . We would have our students think of Action while they are with us at College, that they may never have need to think of it in after days. . . . Our object is to remove excrescences of uncouth Nature, not to produce artificiality and affectation: we would prune the tree, and by no means clip it into a set form."

To enumerate the many gestures we should have at our command would be a long and fruitless task, but some few may be mentioned, remembering that all gesture requires the aid of the countenance and the expression of the eyes to give it its due significance.

With the hands we plead, summon, dismiss, threaten, display grief or joy, act the penitent, ask, deny or defy. By their aid we can express love, hatred or fear. With them we can indicate places, persons or things.

Sometimes gesture even takes the place of the voice, and equally well expresses the thought, becoming a universal language, a mute vocabulary common to all. By realistic action the narrator can portray abstract ideas, making the audience see what he mentally sees, as if that tree, that mountain, river or plain of which he speaks were actually before him. And just as clearly as the speaker sees that which he describes, and by apt and significant gesture refers to it, so proportionately will the audience realise the scene.

The thought illumines the face, the voice is in harmony, and the action is in agreement with both.

The panoply of the true speaker is well set forth in the following description of a great orator.

"As soon as he commences to speak, tones of perfect melody are heard. A voice, full, sweet and musical, falls on every ear, and awakens agreeable echoes in every soul which has sympathy with sounds. That wonderful voice is under perfect control, and can whisper or thunder at its possessor's will. The countenance speaks too; the entire form harmonises. To the influence of this powerful organ he adds that of a manner characterised by freedom and fearlessness, intensely earnest and strikingly natural."

In conclusion, I would say to treat things as by instinct, with force and with virility, and never to exaggerate; to be able to convey that mystery which underlies the beautiful in life, be it glad or be it sad; above all, never to allow our delivery to become turgid, and never to permit facial expression to degenerate into grimace or gesture to become meaningless or redundant, are matters which the speaker should ever keep clearly before him.

Study, practice, observation and experience will alone render art mature and ensure that appearance of spontaneity, that absence of deliberate and too obvious intention so necessary in an appeal to the intelligence, the imagination and the sympathy of an audience.

Exercises for Respiration, Tongue, Soft Palate, Lips

RESPIRATION EXERCISES

ALL exercise which tends to the development of the lungs will be of value in respiration—walking, swimming, fencing, rowing, in moderation, the movement of the arms backwards and forwards, the use of dumb-bells, expanders, etc., must be beneficial.

Control over the abdominal and intercostal muscles in contraction and relaxation is of the first importance: and the object of the following exercises is to attain this control.

The student must guard against over-doing respiratory exercises. Practice for five minutes at a time—say three times a day—is best. Nor should the exercises be undertaken immediately after a meal—food in the stomach impedes the movement of the diaphragm. The intake of the air must be through the nostrils.

It should be borne in mind that the object of all respiratory exercises is to get control over the pulmonary organs and not to abuse them. There are limits to the expansion of the lungs. It is a sufficient quantity of air—not an over-supply—that is the desideratum.

In the following exercises there must be no constriction of the throat and no attempt to control the exit of the breath by the larynx: expiration to be attained solely by the use of costal and abdominal muscles.

(1) Exercise for Inspiration

The air to be inhaled slowly and regularly through the nostrils. The shoulders must remain practically unmoved. Then by raising the middle and lower part of the breast-bone and by contracting the external intercostal muscles and by slightly drawing in the abdomen the lungs follow the movements of the chest and become duly inflated.

(2) Exercise for Expiration

By the unimpeded relaxation of the muscles used in Exercise 1, aided by the contraction of the abdominal muscles and the internal intercostal muscles the reverse action of the lungs is attained and the expiratory act completed.

(3) Exercise for the Retention of the Air in the Lungs

The inspiration as in Exercise 1, then by keeping the inspiratory muscles in position—the air is retained. Do not hold it for longer than 4 seconds at first, increasing at rate of 2 seconds per week up to 14 seconds.

(4) Exercise for Slow and Even Expiration

Expand the lungs as in Exercise 1, then by regulating the action of the expiratory muscles a complete control can be obtained over the outgoing breath.

There must be no jerkiness; no sudden fixing of the muscles, but a slow, gentle even egress of the air must be maintained throughout its entire expulsion.

(5) Take a rapid and deep inspiration followed by a rapid expiration.

(6) Take a rapid and deep inspiration followed by a slow and even expiration as in Exercise 4.

(7) Combine Exercises 3 and 4.

TONGUE EXERCISES

The shape of the tongue is marvellously alterable on account of its highly muscular character.

Open tone is impossible where there is stiffening of the root of the tongue with corresponding cramping of the throat and rigidity of jaw.

Practise the following exercises, mirror in hand, for not more than 3 or 4 minutes at a time.

Try to keep the lower jaw and the lips still.

(1) Let the tongue lie as flat and low in mouth as possible—its edges touching the lower teeth all round: then slowly raise tip of tongue till it touches upper palate against gums of front teeth. Repeat 3 times.

(2) Same as No. 1: then slowly move tip of tongue from side to side in mouth behind front teeth in a semi-circle. Repeat 3 times.

(3) Keep the tongue as flat and low in mouth as possible. Now raise edges all round, leaving a hollow space in the middle of the tongue.

(4) Practise the open vowels OO—O—AH, noting position of tongue and quality of tone. Breathe through nostrils.

(5) Practise LAH—KAH—KOO for control of tongue and avoidance of throaty sounds.

Note position of tongue and quality of tone. Breathe through nostrils.

CONSONANTS IN WHICH THE TONGUE PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART

Breath	Voice		Breath		Voice	
TH	TH	Lingua-dental	Thigh	Thick	Thy	Then
T	D	Lingua-palatal	Tame	Tan	Dame	Dane
...	N	„ „	...	...	Name	Nine
S	Z	„ „	Seal	Sun	Zeal	Azure
...	L	„ „	...	...	Light	Toil
...	R	„ „	...	...	Rough	Run
SH	ZH	„ „	Mission	...	Vision	...
K	...	Lingua-guttural	Kilt	Crime	...	...
...	G	„ „	...	...	Gorgeous	Gorse
...	NG	„ „	...	...	Gong	England

SOFT PALATE EXERCISES

In the production of vowel sounds the soft palate, the movements of which are exceedingly complex, plays an important part; whilst the consonantal sounds M—N, NG and NK depend for their correct pronunciation upon the accurate adjustment of the soft palate in relation to the tongue.

It would appear that there is also a sympathetic and automatic alteration in its position and tensity, in relation to each actual pitch of the voice.

In inhaling through the nostrils the soft palate falls down over the root of the tongue, shutting off more or less completely the mouth from the nose and throat.

In exhaling through the mouth the soft palate is raised and more or less shuts off the nose from the mouth and throat

The following exercises practised with mirror in hand

for about five minutes at each practice will tend to a more complete movement and control of the soft palate and the strengthening of the muscles used in its adjustments.

(1) Keep mouth slightly open—let the tongue be as flat as possible. Now inhale slowly through the nostrils and then exhale slowly through the mouth.

(2) Inhale slowly through the mouth. Exhale slowly through the nostrils—keeping tongue as flat as possible.

LIP EXERCISES

In the catalogue of consonant sounds according to the various organs used in their production we find both labials (P. B.) and Labio-dentals (F. and V.), but the lips enter largely into the formation of the majority of the other letters, their positions varying in accordance with the sound to be produced. Especially note their protrusion in pronouncing TH, SH, WH, W, etc. (*e.g.* Thrust, Shame, When, World).

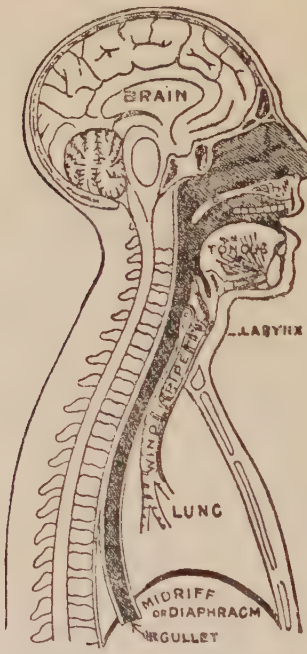
The actual opening of the mouth and the positions of the lips in reference to vowel sounds and to consonants also are equally important. Clearness of articulation depends upon accurate and immediate labial adjustment. To achieve the necessary flexibility and mobility of the lips—they should be kept moist by from time to time passing the tongue over their surfaces.

With mirror in hand speak the labials P. B. (Pan, Ban, etc.) and observe the preliminary contact of the lips.

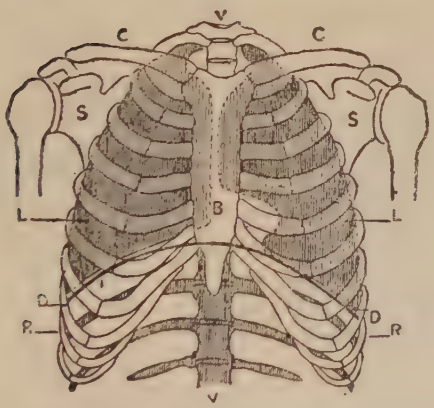
Speak the Labio-dentals F. and V. (Fine, Vine, etc.) and note the difference in position of the lower lip in contact with the bottom of the upper teeth.

Carefully read any page of prose, elaborately forming the words, syllable by syllable, and noting the movements of the lips, making sure that they bear their part in enunciation.

DIAGRAM SHOWING CHEST, NECK, AND THROAT WITH SECTION OF HEAD

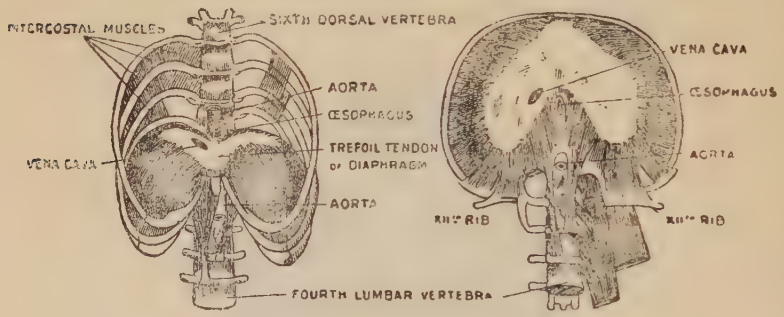


Diagrams showing Chest with Ribs and Muscles



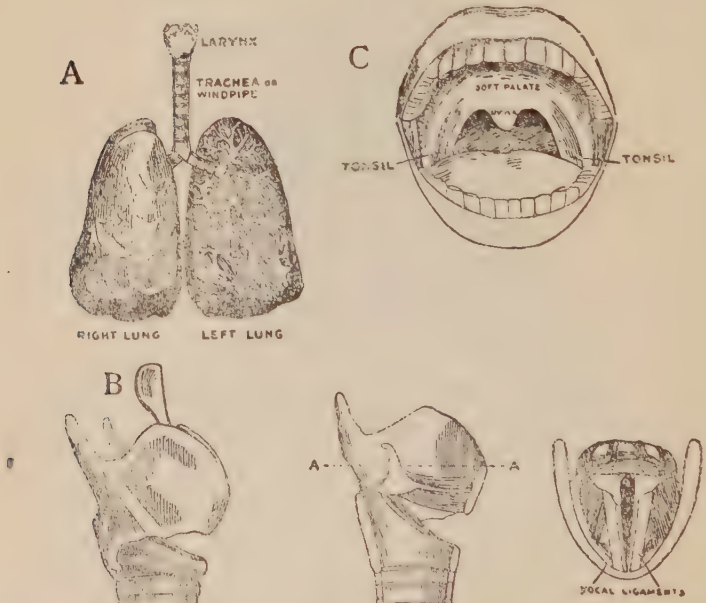
C Clavicle, or collar bone L Lungs R Ribs
S Scapula, or shoulder blade B. Sternum, or breast bone V. Vertebral column D. Midriff, or diaphragm.

Diagrams showing Lower Ribs, Diaphragm and Vertebræ



(FROM QUAIN'S ELEMENTS OF ANATOMY)

Diagrams showing A. Lungs with Trachea and Larynx. B. Larynx. C. Mouth



Articulation and Pronunciation

THE VOWEL SOUNDS

(EIGHTEEN IN NUMBER)

1.	a	ale.....fate	10.	i	it.....lid
		ape.....dale			if.....with
		ache....save.			ill.....ridge.
2.	a	ah.....palm	11.	o	oak.....woke
		bar.....father			old.....hope
		vast....half.			hoe.....coat.
3.	a	at.....pan	12.	o	on.....doll
		hap.....shall			off.....top
		sad.....hath.			of.....lot.
4.	a	all.....daub	13.	oo	too.....hoof
		ball.....thaw			ooze....goose
		jaw.....dawn.			boon...poor.
5.	ai	air.....fair	14.	oi	oil.....noise
		stair....care			joy.....boy
		dare....pair.			coin....voice.
6.	ee	ear.....need	15.	ow }	owl.....power
		eel.....meat		ou }	vow....bout
		she.....lease.			thou....town.
7.	e	end.....dell	16.	u	up.....sun
		led.....beg			bun....fur
		met.....then.			tub.....shut.
8.	e	err.....berth	17.	u	bull....butcher
		earth...firth			pull....pulpit
		girth...mirth.			full.....would.
9.	i	isle.....life	18.	u	rule....duke
		ice.....shy			tube....fugue
		die.....time.			dupe...yule.

Vowel sounds are free open sounds caused by the action of the vocal cords on the breath as it passes through the larynx. They are enlarged and increased in tone by the

resonance-chambers of the voice and modified according to the position of the mouth. As they form the music of the language, and all tone is produced on vowel sounds, it is of the utmost importance that the greatest care be taken by the student in attaining absolute purity in the original sound and in the position of the mouth when uttering the various vowels.

Any incorrect position of the lips will result in a completely inaccurate vowel very much in the same way as water being poured from a can with a bent or broken spout will emerge in an uneven stream instead of the pure stream that will flow out if the spout be a perfectly formed one.

In trying to correct any fault the student must cultivate his ear, and, by the use of a mirror note carefully the alteration taking place in the variable cavity of the mouth. The five vowels (*A*, *E*, *I*, *O*, *U*) have in all some eighteen sounds which are divided into

SIMPLE or MONOPHTHONGAL
COMPOUND or DIPHTHONGAL

The simple vowel sounds are made by one position of the mouth and have one unchanged sound throughout. The slightest unsteadiness of the lips or tongue, no matter how small, will completely mar the purity of production.

THE TWELVE SIMPLE VOWEL SOUNDS

A as in AH	E as in EEL	O as in ON
A „ AWE	E „ EPIC	OO „ OOZE
A „ AND	E „ ERGO	U „ PUT
AI „ AIR	I „ IN	U „ UP

The Compound Vowel sounds are made by two rapid positions of the tongue, that is to say, by the rapid blend-

ing of two or more of the simple vowels into a single sound.

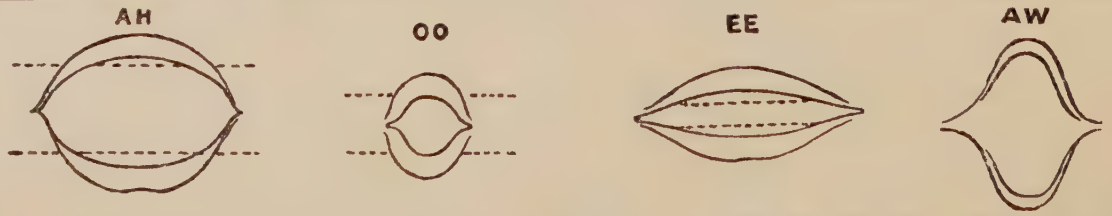
They are as follows:—

A as in ALE which begins with AYE and ends with a short E
I „ ISLE „ „ AH „ „ EE
O „ OLD „ „ OH „ „ OO
OI „ OIL „ „ AW „ „ EE
OU „ OUT „ „ AH, merging into OH and ending with OO
U „ UNIT „ „ a short I (as in IT) and ends with OO

I have appended overleaf simple diagrams of the relative positions of the mouth in some of the simple vowel sounds.

SOME OF THE SIMPLE VOWEL SOUNDS (LONG)

AH	OO	EE	AW
Mouth wide open.	Mouth well opened and lips forward.	Should not be pronounced too thinly: the teeth must not meet.	Mouth well opened and lips forward.
Tongue perfectly flat and tip lightly pressed against lower teeth.	Tongue flat, and the back of it very slightly raised. Tip against lower teeth.	Tip of tongue behind lower teeth, but the rest above level of lower teeth.	Tip of tongue behind lower teeth, but rest not quite so flat as in AH.



The above diagrams show approximately and relatively the actual opening and its shape formed by the lips in pronouncing these sustained vowel sounds. The dotted lines indicate the teeth in the upper and lower jaws. Note that in AH and EE the lips are more open than the teeth, whilst in OO the reverse is the case.

Last	Car	Coo	Ooze	Ear	Need	All	Daub
Star	Castle	Spoon	Group	Eel	Meat	Ball	Thaw
Far	Basket	Moon	Root	She	Lease	Jaw	Dawn
Mast	Casket	Booth	Boon	Scene	Leave	Pall	Walk
Father	Demand	Hoof	Tomb	Seam	Grieve	Yawn	Awe
Lath	Bar	Too	Move	Treat	Greed	Cause	Daw
Fast	Plant	Prove	Tooth	Cheat	Fleece	Form	Short

COMPOUND VOWEL SOUNDS

A

Begins with A as in Aye and ends with a short E.

Ale	Fate
Ape	Dale
Ache	Save
Ague	Vain
Blame	Range
Flame	Change
Shade	Chase

I

Two very rapid positions of the tongue.
Begins with AH and ends with E (short).

Isle	Life
Ice	Sky
Die	Time
Sign	Mild
Nigh	Child
My	Climb
Buy	Height

O

Begins with O as in Own and ends with OO.

Home	Own
Comb	Throne
Old	Blown
Cold	Blow
Bold	Only
Fold	Both
Told	Dome

OU (as in Our).

Three rapid positions of the tongue.
1. AH
2. O (as in Own)
3. OO.

Owl	Power
Thou	Bout
Vow	Town
Scowl	Plough
Fowl	Cow
Loud	Brown
Crowd	Frown

U (as in Tune).

Begins with a short I as in It and ends in OO as in Ooze.

Tune	Stew
Duke	Kew
Tuesday	Mute
Dew	Tube
Mew	

OI (as in Oil).

Begins with Aw and ends with a short I as in It.

Oil	Noise
Joy	Boy
Coin	Voice
Void	Point
Spoil	Annoy
Coil	Toy
Royal	Coy

SHORT VOWELS

A		E		I		O		U	
At	Pan	End	Dell	It	Lid	On	Do	Up	Sun
Hap	Shall	Lend	Beg	If	With	Off	Top	Bun	Fun
Sad	Hath	Met	Then	Ill	Ridge	Of	Lot	Tub	Shut
Gas	Than	Debt	Sell	City	Will	Shot	Lodge	Thunder	Nut
Have	Lack	Bread	Knell	Ditty	Nib	Yacht	Slot	Shudder	Club
Can	Black	Shed	Men	Pity	Hip	Pod	Toss	Mud	Rub

CONSONANTS

Consonants are formed by the action of the organs of articulation partly or completely stopping the current of breath in its passage through the mouth.

There are twenty-four consonantal sounds, nine of which are aspirate and fifteen vocal.

ASPIRATE			VOCAL		
P	as in *p*-ipe	Explosive	B	as in *b*-abe	Explosive.
T	,, *t*-ent		D	,, *d*-ead	
K	,, *k*-ick		G	,, *g*-ig	
S	,, *s*-izz	Sustained	V	,, *v*-ale	Sustained.
F	,, *f*-ife		Y	,, *y*-e	
H	,, *h*-e		Z	,, *z*-odiac	
WH	,, *w*-heel		W	,, *w*-oe	
TH	,, *th*-in		TH	,, *th*-em	
SH	,, *sh*-oot		NG	,, bri-*ng*	
			L	,, *l*-ull	
			M	,, *m*-ime	
			N	,, *n*-one	
			R	,, *r*-ate	
			R	,, wa-*r*	
			Z	.. a-*z*-ure	

The difference between aspirate and vocal consonants is merely that in the aspirate a certain amount of breath passes through the vocal cords unvocalised, consequently, the letter produced has a slightly breathy quality, whereas in the vocal all the breath is vocalised.

Consonants may be divided as follows :—

LABIAL	LINGUA-DENTAL	LIQUID or LINGUAL
LABIO-DENTAL	LINGUA-GUTTURAL	ORAL

LABIALS (*p. b.*) are produced by contact of the lip.

LABIO-DENTALS (*f. v.*) are produced by contact of the front upper teeth on the lower lip.

LINGUA-PALATALS (*t. d.*) are produced by partial or complete contact of the tip of the tongue with the gums of the upper teeth.

LINGUA-GUTTURALS (*g* [hard] *k*) are produced by the contact of the back of the tongue with the soft palate.

THE LIQUID OR LINGUAL (*l*). The tongue is the chief agency of production here, the tip just touching the gums of the upper teeth.

ORALS (*w* and *y*) are produced by the mere passage of air through the mouth. They are often practically equivalent to vowel sounds, although at the beginning of words or syllables they have a distinct sound of their own. H, although classified with orals, hardly really belongs to them as it only consists of forcing the breath through the open mouth.

NASALS (*m* and *n*). M is a labial sound in effect with nasal vibrations. N is a lingua-palatal sound in effect with nasal vibrations.

S and Z are sibilant lingua-dentals.
C Q X are redundant letters.

Great care should be taken with the sibilant S too often pronounced TH, and also with the liquid R frequently pronounced W, with or without a slight guttural sound attached to it.

The adjustment of the organs of speech in consonantal utterance must be immediate: upon this forceful quality in the formation of the consonants, single or joined,

whether at the commencement, middle or end of the word, will greatly depend the crispness of our speech.

Practice in all the vowel and consonant sounds of the language should be made by the student before he attempts recitation, in the same way as the vocalist, by detached exercises, laboriously trains the voice to execute the component parts of song.

Many educated people who would never add a superfluous aspirate, frequently are guilty of omitting the H in such sentences as these:—

Give it 'im, *for* Give it him.
I told 'er so, *for* I told her so.
He 'oo, *for* He who,
etc. etc.

M and N NG and NK.

Correct the tendency towards over nasality in pronunciation of words containing the letters M or N, or both.

Closely observe the character of the tone, and by the adjustment of the soft palate in relation to the tongue allow a large proportion of the sound to enter the mouth.

Practise the letters separately with the vowels before and after them, thus:

MO — OM NO — ON etc., etc.

Practise the following words:

Ma	Nab	Bring	Brink
Mamma	Nabob	Thing	Think
Make	Nadir	Clang	Crank
Manna	Nail	Long	Rank
Mammal	Name	Strong	Shrink
Mammoth	Native	Clung	Shrunk
Man	Namby	Flung	Sunk
Manacle	Nap		
Mammon	Nasal		
Manage	Nascent		

R (TRILLED)

The trilled R is made by the vibration of the tip of the tongue which is turned upwards. The vibration takes place behind the upper front teeth.

Prefix the syllable ER before the word commencing with a trilled R

thus ER + R un.

Speak at first slowly and only increase the rate when more vibratory movement is observable in the tip of the tongue.

Practise the following words, prefixing the syllable ER:

Run
Rain
Rent
Ruin
Rout
Rot
Rum
Rat, etc.

Afterwards take words for practice, commencing with labials and dentals followed by the letter R.

Prune	Train	Drain
Fruit	Through	etc.
Bruin	Serrate	
Virulent	Shriek	

S

Where too much sibilance attaches to the pronunciation of S, practise the following words:

Keep the tip of tongue back behind the barrier of the teeth; practise with mirror in hand.

Same	Hiss
Sister	Scene
Crisis	Schism
Thesis	Psalm
Theseus	Castle
Sum	Fast
Socrates	Goose
Sound	Loose
Emphasis	Sensation.

TH

For TH let the tip of tongue press against the front top teeth. Practise the following words with mirror in hand:

This	Think	Mother
That	Thigh	Brother
Then	Thy	Other
There	Third	Smother
Thwack	Three	Moth
Thing	Thorn	Cloth
Thread	Thrill	Froth
Thrum	Thrifty	Loth
Thimble	Throng	Sloth
The	Thrust	Both
These	Thumb	Troth
Thesis	Throne	With
Thick		Death

WORDS FOR EXAMINATION IN PRONUNCIATION

The student should examine his pronunciation of the following words with the aid of a good pronouncing dictionary. Some of the words given are selected on account of the true pronunciation of final or other syllables:—

A. Accomplish, Aerial, Aerie, Aeronaut.
Aerolite, Æsthetic, Alien, Allegro.
Ant, Applicable.

B. Bacilli, Bitumen.

C. Cicatrice, Cicerone, Clematis, Commissary.
Commonalty, Communal, Complex.
Compliance, Conduit, Consignee.
Contumely, Corollary, Critique, Cuirass.

D. Dalliance, Dance, Debauchee, Decorum.
Decorous, Deficit, Depreciate, Deshabille.
Detail, Digest, Digress, Dilate, Diverge.
Divide, Diligent, Disputable, Disputant.
Dissolve, Divan, Diverse, Divest.
Divert, Donor, Draught, Dreary.
Drought, Drouth, Duty, Dynasty.

E. Ear, Elegiac, Emerge, Enable, Enact.
Enamel, Enchant, English, Enthusiasm.
Epitaph, Exhale, Exhaust, Exhibit, Exhilarate.
Exhort, Exhume, Expletive, Expurgate, Extant.
Exude, Exult.

F. Falchion, Falcon, Fasten, Febrile, Fertile.
Fragile, Futile, February, Fidelity, Finale.
Finesse, Flaccid, Flagrant.

G. Gallant, Gaseous, Gaunt, Geyser, Glory.
Gradient, Gristly, Grisly, Gunwale.

H. Haunt, Herculean, Hiccough, Humour.

I. Idyl, Illustrate, Impious, Implacable.
Impost, Indecorous, Indisputable.
Indissoluble, Interstice, Irascible.
Irrefragable, Irrefutable, Irrevocable.
Irritant, Isthmus, Itinerant.

J. Jasmine, Jaunt, Jaundice, Jewel.
Jewellery, Jocund, Jostle, Juvenile.

K. Kiln, Knoll (verb), Knoll (noun), Krall.

L. Laboratory, Landward, Languor.
Laudanum, Laundry, Lichen.
Lineament, Listen, Listener, Livelong.
Longevity, Lugubrious, Lurid, Levee.

M. Masculine, Manacle, Masquerade, Milch.
Minute (adj.), Moccasin, Moisten, Monologue.
More, Morose, Mountain, Mulatto.
Musket, Muslin.

N. Naiad, Naïve, Naphtha, Nephew.
Nonpareil, Noose.

O. Obese, Obituary, Object, Occult, Offend.
Onerous.

P. Package, Packet, Palate, Palfrey, Parasite.
Pariah, Parson, Particular, Parvenu.
Pastel, Patchouli, Patent, Patron.
Patronage, Pendant, Pendent, Peninsula.
Pentecost, Percolate, Perfect.
Perhaps, Perjure, Perplex, Persist, Pessimist.
Pestilence, Pestle, Phaeton, Phalanx.
Phosphorous, Phthisis, Phthisical.
Piazza, Pilot, Piquant, Placable.
Placard, Plagiary, Plaid, Plait.
Plant, Plateau, Poignant, Poniard.
Poor, Porcelain, Porpoise, Posthumous.
Post-obit, Precedence, Prefatory, Premier.
Presage (verb), Presage (noun), Prestige.
Primer, Principal, Principle, Privacy.
Progress (noun), Progress (verb), Projectile
Prolix, Promulgate, Puisne, Puissant.

Pumice, Purport, Pursuit, Pyramid.
Pyrotechnic.

Q. Quadrille, Question, Quoth.

R. Radiant, Rapine, Rationale, Recondite.
Recreant, Recusant, Refutable, Regime.
Relevant, Relict, Remedial, Reptile, Reputable.
Respite, Retail (verb), Revocable, Rabid.

S. Saccharine, Sacrilege, Sacrilegious.
Sagittal, Salien, Salubrious, Salve, Satiate.
Satiety, Saviour, Saxon, Scallop, Scenic.
Sculpture, Semblance, Senile, Sentient.
Seraglio, Shore, Sleight.
Soften, Soldier, Solecism, Solstice, Sonorous.
Specialty, Spontaneity, Squadron.
Stereoscope, Stevedore, Stomacher, Stratagem.
Strategic, Suave, Succinct, Surveillance.
Synod.

T. Tenable, Tenet, Tensile, Testament.
Textile, Tiara, Timeous, Tirade.
Titular, Tourniquet, Toward, Trachea.
Trait, Transient, Tricolour, Tribune.
Trow, Tryst.

V. Vagary, Vehement, Vermicelli, Virile.
Viscid, Virulence.

W. Wainscot, Wednesday, Wont, Worsted.

Z. Zymotic.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES

A Selected List of those requiring Special Care in Pronunciation

PREFIXES

AB.	Abjure, Absurd, Abject, Abdicate, Abstain.
AC.	Accept, Acknowledge, Acquire, Acclaim, Acquaint.
AD.	Adhere, Address, Adduce, Admire, Advance.
AF.	Affirm, Affect, Affiance, Affront.
AG.	Aggregate, Aggressive, Aggravate, Aggregate.
AL.	Allude, Allege, Allow, Allure, Allied, Allot.
AN.	Annex, Announce, Annoy, Annihilate.
AP.	Applaud, Appease, Append, Appetite, Appoint.
AR.	Arrogant, Arraign, Arrive, Arrange.
AS.	Assume, Assay, Assault, Assert, Assure.
AT.	Attribute, Attire, Attract, Attest, Attune.
AMBI.	Ambidexter, Ambient, Ambiguity.
ANA.	Analysis, Anagram, Anabaptist.
ANT.	Antagonist, Antacid.
ANTE.	Anterior, Antecedent, Antedate.
ANTI.	Antidote, Antichrist, Anticlimax.
APO.	Apostate, Apoplexy, Apotheosis.
ARCH.	Archbishop, Archangel.
ARCHI.	Architect, Archidiaconal.
AUTO.	Autograph, Automatic, Autotype.
BE.	Beside, Beneath, Below.
BI.	Bicycle, Bisect, Biennial.
CATA.	Catacomb, Cataclysm, Catalepsy.
CATH.	Cathedral, Catholic.
CIRCUM.	Circumspect, Circumnavigate.
COM.	Combine, Compound, Command.
CONTRA.	Contradict, Contravene.

DE.	Descend, Denude, Depart.
DIA.	Diameter, Dialogue, Diapason.
EC.	Eccentric, Ecclesiastic, Ecstatic.
EF.	Effigy, Effectual, Effervesce, Efficient.
ENTER.	Enterprise, Entertain.
EPI.	Epilogue, Epilepsy, Epitaph, Epithet.
EU.	Eulogy, Euphemism, Euphony.
FOR.	Forbear, Forbid, Fordo.
HETERO.	Heterodox, Heterogeneous.
HOLO.	Holocaust, Holograph.
HYPER.	Hyperbole, Hyperborean, Hypercritical.
INTER.	Interject, Interlope, Interlude.
INTRO.	Introvert, Introspect.
MAL.	Malapert, Malcontent, Malformation.
META.	Metamorphosis, Metaphor, Metaphysics.
MIS.	Misapply, Misbehave, Mischance.
MONO.	Monody, Monogram, Monogamy.
MULTI.	Multifarious, Multiply, Multitude.
OB.	Object, Obligation, Obscure.
OC.	Occasion, Occupy, Occurrence.
OFF.	Offset, Offshoot, Offspring.
PER.	Percolate, Percussion, Perennial.
PERI.	Pericardium, Perimeter, Peripatetic.
PROTO.	Protomartyr, Protoplasm, Prototype.
RE.	Rebut, Recall, Recapitulate.
SUBTER.	Subterfuge, Subterranean.
SUPER.	Superabound, Superfine, Superfluous.
SUC.	Succeed, Succinct, Succumb.
SYN.	Synchronize, Syncopate.
SYL.	Syllable, Syllogism.
TRANS.	Translucent, Transmit, Transpose.
TRI.	Triangle, Triennial, Trichord.
WITH.	Withdraw, Withhold, Withstand.

SUFFIXES

—ABLE.	Rentable, Portable, Inevitable.
—AC.	Zodiac, Cardiac, Demoniac.
—ACEOUS.	Herbaceous, Farinaceous.
—ACY.	Legacy, Conspiracy, Prelacy.
—ADE.	Blockade, Lemonade, Masquerade.
—AGE.	Bondage, Cordage, Lineage.
—AL.	Annual, Filial, Herbal.
—ARD.	Poniard, Drunkard, Tankard.
—ARY.	Aviary, Breviary, Plenary.
—ATE.	Depreciate, Enunciate, Mediate.
—ATORY.	Predatory, Derogatory, Oratory.
—DOM.	Kingdom, Thraldom, Christendom.
—EE.	Assignee, Referee, Absentee.
—EER.	Buccaneer, Charioteer.
—EN.	Wooden, Beholden, Warden.
—ENCE.	Despondence, Audience, Resilience.
—EOUS.	Hideous, Courteous, Aqueous.
—ERLY.	Brotherly, Easterly, Cleverly.
—ESQUE.	Arabesque, Picturesque.
—ESS.	Authoress, Giantess, Countess.
—EST.	Interest, Eldest, Youngest.
—FOLD.	Blindfold, Threefold, Manifold.
—FUL.	Peaceful, Tuneful, Useful.
—FY.	Rarefy, Pacify, Modify.
—GENEOUS.	Homogeneous, Heterogeneous.
—HEAD.	Loggerhead, Godhead.
—IBLE.	Legible, Visible, Destructible.
—IC.	Magic, Tragic, Hydraulic.
—ILE.	Mobile, Agile, Puerile.
—ING.	Singing, Roaring, Dashing.
—ION.	Ignition, Apposition, Fruition.
—ISH.	Monkish, Mawkish, Popish.
—ISM.	Deism, Atheism, Altruism.
—IST.	Deist, Atheist, Altruist.
—ITY.	Veracity, Felicity, Precocity.

—LENCE.	Benevolence, Virulence, Turbulence
—LESS.	Pitiless, Merciless, Hopeless.
—LENT.	Benevolent, Virulent, Turbulent.
—MENT.	Preferment, Amendment.
—MOST.	Almost, Hindmost, Upmost.
—NESS.	Likeness, Wickedness, Brightness.
—SOME.	Handsome, Gladsome, Loathsome.
—TER.	Diameter, Pentameter, After.
—THER.	Father, Neither, Further.
—TUDE.	Desuetude, Longitude, Plenitude.
—ULE.	Schedule, Globule, Pilule.
—URE.	Measure, Pleasure, Figure.
—WARD.	Homeward, Seaward, Upward.
—WISE.	Likewise, Otherwise, Lengthwise.

WORDS COMPOSED OF VOWELS PRECEDED OR FOLLOWED BY TWO OR MORE CONSONANTS

LABIALS

B

BL.	Black, Bleak, Bluish, Able, Cable, Table.
BR.	Brown, Brush, Branch, Drink, Bride, Broach.
BD.	Webbed, Orbed, Daubed, Barbed, Probed.
BZ.	Cabs, Ribs, Tubs, Tribes, Robes, Scribes.

F

FL.	Flame, Flash, Flicker, Flung, Flag, Flat.
FN.	Often, Stiffen, Deafen, Soften.
FR.	Frame, Fray, Fragment, Fruit, Freak, Fraud.
FT.	Eft, Aft, Oft, Lift, Drift, Sift, Deftly.
FZ.	Chiefs, Oafs, Hoofs, Cuffs, Cliffs.

P

PL.	Plane, Plight, Plod, Apply, Rippling.
PN.	Open, Happen, Cheapen.
PR.	Prate, Prattle, Premises, Precede, Prance.
PT.	Kept, Adept, Slept, Adapt, Swept.
PTH.	Depth.
PS.	Crops, Cyclops, Hips, Chops, Hops.
PTZ.	Corrupts, Adepts.
PTHZ.	Depths.

V

VD.	Lived, Starved, Saved, Reserved, Resolved.
VZ.	Eaves, Selves, Fives, Staves, Beeves.
VN.	Seven, Haven, Oven.
VNZ.	Ovens, Havens, Ravens.

DENTALS

D

DR.	Drank, Drench, Dribble, Drive, Drop, Drone.
DL.	Cradle, Saddle, Idle, Muddle, Fiddle.
DLD.	Cradled, Saddled, Idled.

DLZ.	Cradles, Saddles, Idles.
DTH.	Width, Breadth, Thousandth.
DTHZ.	Widths, Breadths, Thousandths.
DW.	Dwindle, Dwell, Dwarf.
DZ.	Wads, Seeds, Toads, Bands, Winds.
S	
SF.	Sphere, Sphinx.
SL.	Slag, Slake, Sledge, Slim, Slide, Slope.
SM.	Smack, Smart, Smear, Smile, Smoke.
SN.	Snack, Snake, Sneer, Snipe, Snob.
SP.	Span, Space, Spent, Speed, Spoke, Sponge.
SPD.	Clasped, Gasped.
SPS.	Wisps, Wasps, Gasps, Clasps.
ST.	Stand, Staid, Stem, Stick, Stone, Stop.
SK.	Skate, Sketch, Skull, Scoff, Skin.
SH.	She, Shake, Sham, Shed, Shook, Shine.
SHR.	Shrapnel, Shrew, Shriek, Shrill, Shrine, Shrove.
SHT.	Blushed, Flashed, Wished, Washed.
T	
TH.	This, Then, Thy, Thou, Thereon, Thong.
THR.	Through, Thrice, Thrush, Thrash, Thrive, Throve.
THW.	Thwart, Thwack.
TCH.	Witch, Watch, Screech, Catch, Much, Slouch.
TL.	Beetle, Title, Gentle, Startle, Battle, Bottle.
TLZ.	Beetles, Battles, Bottles.
TN.	Sweeten, Flatten, Lighten, Shorten.
TNZ.	Sweetens, Flattens, Buttons.
TR.	Treason, Trap, Trod, Tropic, Trojan.
TW.	Twain, Twine, Twelfth, Twenty, Tweak.
TZ.	Nets, Boots, Knits, Knots, Butts.
Z	
ZL.	Weasel, Chisel, Ousel, Drizzle, Puzzle.
ZLZ.	Measles, Drizzles.
ZD.	Praised, Diseased, Advised, Housed, Oozed.
ZM.	Sarcasm, Spasm, Deism, Schism, Baptism.

ZMZ. Spasms, Prisms.
ZN. Frozen, Chosen, Waxen, Brazen, Dozen.
ZNZ. Dozens, Cousins, Tokens.

GUTTURALS

C

CH. Chain, Chaff, Cheap, Chest, Chip, Chirrup.
CHT. Arched, Fetched, Smirched, Pitched.

G

GD. Begged, Digged.
GL. Glad, Glade, Gleam, Glint, Gloat, Glutinous.
GLZ. Eagles, Giggles, Straggles, Struggles.
GR. Grave, Grammar, Greed, Groat, Grime, Grub.
GZ. Leagues.

K

KL. Clang, Clench, Climb, Cackle, Sickle, Buckle.
KLZ. Shackles, Sickles, Buckles.
KN. Shaken, Quicken, Darken, Broken.
KNZ. Quickens, Darkens.
KR. Cram, Crane, Cream, Crop, Cruise.
KT. Pickled, Hooked, Masked, Tusked.
KTZ. Facts, Sects, Picts, Acts, Inflicts, Infects.

LIQUIDS

L

LB. Alb, Bulb.
LBZ. Albs, Bulbs.
LD. Bald, Bold, Eld, Wild, Skilled, Schooled.
LDZ. Builds, Folds.
LF. Calf, Shelf, Golf, Gulf.
LGH. Bilge, Indulge.
LK. Walk, Elk, Milk, Yolk, Bulk.
LKS. Silks.
LKT. Milked.
LKTS. Mulcts.
LM. Realm, Film.

LN.	Kiln, Swoln.
LPS.	Scalps, Helps.
LS.	False, Else, Pulse.
LT.	Halt, Belt, Gilt, Colt, Insult.
LTH.	Wealth, Tilth.
LTS.	Halts, Colts, Insults.
LTHS.	Healths.
LV.	Twelve, Evolve.
LVZ.	Evolves, Wolves, Elves.
LZ.	Bales, Balls, Doles, Fails, Isles, Bowls.

M

MD.	Armed, Plumed, Famed, Helmed.
MTH.	Warmth.
MZ.	Arms, Times, Seams, Homes, Hems.

N

ND.	And, Bend, Command, Bind, Fund.
NCH.	Branch, Bunch, Bench, Inch, Haunch.
NDZ.	Lands, Demands, Amends, Grounds.
NG.	Ping-Pong, Gong, Thing, Bung.
NGH.	Strange, Cringe, Sponge, Vengeful.
NGZ.	Pangs, Things, Gongs, Bungs.
NK.	Dank, Ink, Monk, Bunk.
NKS.	Inks, Bunks.
NT.	Ant, Giant, Grant, Cent, Faint, Print.
NTH.	Corinth, Month, Plinth, Tenth.
NTHS.	Plinths, Months, Tenths.
NTZ.	Chintz, Plaints, Points, Wants.

R

RB.	Barb, Herb, Orb, Curb.
RBZ.	Barbs, Orbs.
RD.	Sward, Yard, Herd, Horde, Curd.
RDZ.	Cords, Swords.
RCH.	Arch, Perch, Porch.
RCHD.	Arched, Perched.
RF.	Scarf, Wharf, Turf.

RFS.	Scarfs, Wharfs.
RGH.	Large, Merge, Forge.
RGD.	Charged, Enlarged.
RK.	Mark, Irk, Stork, Murk.
RKS.	Marks, Storks, Works.
RL.	Snarl, Curl, Whirl.
RLD.	World.
RLDZ.	Worlds.
RM.	Farm, Germ, Form, Worm.
RMD.	Formed, Stormed.
RMZ.	Forms, Storms.
RN.	Torn, Barn, Burn.
RND.	Turned, Darned.
RNZ.	Turns, Barns.
RP.	Harp, Warp, Chirp.
RPZ.	Harps, Chirps, Warps.
RS.	Verse, Corse, Worse.
RST.	Worst.
RT.	Cart, Short, Blurt.
RTZ.	Carts.
RTHZ.	Births.
RV.	Serve, Carve.
RVS.	Serves, Carves.

PHRASING IN REFERENCE TO BREATH

N.B.—The vertical lines indicate where breath is to be taken.

Julius Cæsar

Exercise 1. *Act III, Scene* 1

Bru. By your pardon—
I will myself into the pulpit first, |
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death : |
What Antony shall speak, | I will protest
He speaks by leave | and by permission ; |
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rites | and lawful ceremonies. |
It shall advantage more than do us wrong. |
Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not. |
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body. |
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, |
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ; |
And say, you do't by our permission ; |
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. | And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, |
After my speech is ended. |
Ant. Be it so ; |
I do desire no more. |
Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, |
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers ! |
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man |
That ever lived in the tide of times. |
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood ! |
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— |
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips |
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,— |
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ; |
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife, |
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; |
Blood and destruction shall be so in use, |
And dreadful objects so familiar, |
That mothers shall but smile | when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war, |
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds : |
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, |
With Até by his side, come hot from hell, |
Shall in these confines | with a monarch's voice
Cry ' Havoc ! ' | and let slip the dogs of war ; |
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth |
With carrion men groaning for burial. |

Exercise 2. Act II, Scene 1

Bru. It must be by his death : | and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him, |
But for the general. | He would be crowned :— |
How that might change his nature, | there's the question : |
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, |
And that craves wary walking. | Crown him ?— | that ; |
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, |
That at his will he may do danger with. |
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : | and, to speak truth of Cæsar, |

I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. | But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, |
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ; |
But when he once attains the upmost round, |
He then unto the ladder turns his back, |
Looks in the clouds, | scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. | So Cæsar may : |
Then, lest he may, prevent. | And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is, |
Fashion it thus : | that what he is, augmented, |
Would run to these and these extremities : |
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, |
Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous ; |
And kill him in the shell. |

Dickens' Christmas Carol

Exercise 3

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, | that people ran about with flaring links, | proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, | and conduct them on their way. | The ancient tower of a church, | whose gruff old bell was always peeping slily down at Scrooge | out of a gothic window in the wall, | became invisible, | and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, | with tremulous vibrations afterwards, | as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. | The cold became intense. | In the main street, at the corner of the court, | some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, | and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, | round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered | warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. | The water-plug being left in solitude, | its overflowings suddenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. | The brightness of the shops | where holly

sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, | made pale faces ruddy as they passed. | Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke | a glorious pageant, | with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. | The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, | gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers | to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should, | and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday | for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, | stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret | while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef. |

Dickens' Christmas Carol

Exercise 4

It was a very low fire indeed ; | nothing on such a bitter night. | He was obliged to sit close to it, | and brood over it, | before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. | The fireplace was an old one, | built by some Dutch merchant long ago, | and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, | designed to illustrate the Scriptures. | There were Cains and Abels, | Pharaoh's daughters, | Queens of Sheba, | Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, | Abrahams, | Belshazzars, | Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, | hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts ; | and yet that face of Marley, | seven years dead, | came like the ancient Prophet's rod, | and swallowed up the whole. | If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, | with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, | there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. |

Macaulay's Essays on Lord Bacon

Exercise 5

Lord Bacon

| We all know how unwilling we are | to admit the truth of any disgraceful story | about a person whose society we like, | and from whom we have received favours ; | how long we struggle against evidence, | how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, | we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation | or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. | Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education | naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. | The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. | They have guided him to truth. | They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. | They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, | comforters in sorrow, | nurses in sickness, | companions in solitude. | These friendships are exposed to no danger | from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. | Time glides on | fortune is inconstant ; | tempers are soured | bonds which seemed indissoluble | are daily sundered by interest, | by emulation, | or by caprice. | But no such cause | can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. | That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. | These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces,—who are the same in wealth and in poverty, | in glory and in obscurity. | With the dead there is no rivalry. | In the dead there is no change. | Plato is never sullen. | Cervantes is never petulant. | Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. | Dante never stays too long. | No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. | No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet. |

Nothing, then, can be more natural | than that a person endowed with sensibility and imagination | should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men | with whose minds he holds daily communion. | Yet nothing can be more certain | than that such men have not always deserved to be regarded with respect or affection.

Paradise Lost

Exercise 6. *Book* iv, 32-110

'O thou | that, with surpassing glory crowned, |
Lookest from thy sole dominion | like the god
Of this new World | at whose sight | all the stars
Hide their diminished heads | to thee I call, |
But with no friendly voice, | and add thy name,
O Sun, | to tell thee how I hate thy beams, |
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, | how glorious once above thy sphere, |
Till pride | and worse ambition | threw me down, |
Warring in Heaven | against Heaven's matchless King! |
Ah, wherefore? | He deserved no such return
From me, | whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, | and with his good
Upbraided none; | nor was his service hard. |
What could be less than to afford him praise, |
The easiest recompense, | and pay him thanks,
How due? | Yet all his good proved ill in me, |
And wrought but malice. | Lifted up so high, |
I 'sdained subjection, | and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, | and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude, |
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received; |
And understood not | that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, | but still pays, | at once
Indebted and discharged | what burden then? |
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior Angel, | I had stood
Then happy | no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. | Yet why not? | Some other Power
As great might have aspired, | and me, though mean,

Drawn to his part. | But other Powers as great
Fell not, | but stand unshaken, | from within
Or from without | to all temptations armed ! |
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ? |
Thou hadst. | Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse, |
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ? |
Be then his love accursed, | since, love or hate
To me alike it deals eternal woe. |
Nay, cursed be thou ; | since against his thy will
Chose freely | what it now so justly rues. |
Me miserable ! | which way shall I fly |
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ? |
Which way I fly is Hell ; | myself am Hell ; |
And, in the lowest deep, | a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide, |
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven. |
O then, at last relent ! | Is there no place
Left for repentance, | none for pardon left ? |
None left but by submission ; | and that word
Disdain forbids me, | and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, | whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, | boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. | Ay me ! | they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain. |
Under what torments inwardly I groan. |
While they adore me on the throne of Hell, |
With diadem and sceptre high advanced, |
The lower still I fall, | only supreme
In misery : | such joy ambition finds ! |
But say I could repent | and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state | how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts | how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore ! | Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, | as violent and void |
(For never can true reconcilement grow |

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep) |
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall | so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, | bought with double smart. |
This knows my Punisher ; | therefore as far
From granting he, | as I from begging, peace, |
All hope excluded thus, | behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, | his new delight,
Mankind, created, | and for him this World ! |
So farewell hope, | and, with hope, farewell fear, |
Farewell remorse ! | All good to me is lost ; |
Evil, be thou my Good | by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold, |
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ; |
As man e'er long, and this new world shall know. |

PAUSES. CÆSURA

Julius Cæsar

Exercise 1. *Act II, Scene* 1

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath || if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls || the time's abuse, ||
If these be motives weak || break off betimes,
And every man || hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny || range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. || But if these,
As I am sure they do || bear fire enough
To kindle cowards || and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women || then, countrymen,
What need we any spur || but our own cause
To prick us to redress || what other bond
Than secret Romans || that have spoke the word
And will not palter || and what other oath
Than honesty || to honesty engaged,
That this shall be || or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards || and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions || and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs || unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt || but do not stain
The even virtue || of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle || of our spirits,
To think that or our cause || or our performance
Did need an oath || when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears || and nobly bears,
Is guilty || of a several bastardy
If he do break || the smallest particle
Of any promise || that hath passed from him.

Julius Cæsar

Exercise 2. *Act I, Scene* 1

Mar. Wherefore rejoice ? || What conquest brings he home ?
What tributaries || follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds || his chariot wheels ?
You blocks, you stones || you worse than senseless things ?
O you hard hearts || you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? || Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls || and battlements,
To towers and windows || yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms || and there have sat
The livelong day || with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey || pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw || his chariot but appear,
Have you not made || an universal shout,
That Tiber || trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication || of your sounds
Made || in her concave shores ?
And do you now || put on your best attire,
And do you now || cull out a holiday,
And do you now || strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph || over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !
Run to your houses || fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods || to intermit the plague
That needs must light || on this ingratitude.

SUSPENSION OF VOICE

(Indicated by Sign V)

Paradise Lost

Book I

Of man's first disobedience || and the fruit v
Of that forbidden tree || whose mortal taste v
Brought death into the world || and all our woe,
With loss of Eden || till one greater Man v
Restore us || and regain the blissful seat, v
Sing, heavenly Muse || that, on the secret top v
Of Oreb or of Sinai || didst inspire v
That shepherd || who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning || how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos || Or, if *Sion* hill v
Delight thee more || and Siloa's brook that flowed v
Fast by the oracle of God || I thence v
Invoke thy aid || to my adventurous song,
That with no *middle* flight || intends to soar v
Above the Aonian mount || while it pursues v
Things unattempted yet || in prose or *rhyme*.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit || that dost prefer v
Before all temples || the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest : || Thou from the first v
Wast present || and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like || satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant || what in me is dark, v
Illumine || what is low, raise and support ;
That to the highth of this great argument v
I may assert || eternal Providence,
And justify || the ways of God to men.

Say first || for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell || say first, what cause v
Moved our grand parents || in that happy state,
Favoured of heaven so highly || to fall off v
From their Creator || and transgress his will v
For one restraint || lords of the world besides ?
Who first seduced them || to that foul revolt ? ||
The infernal serpent || he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge || deceived v
The mother of mankind || what time his pride v
Had cast him out from heaven || with all his host v
Of rebel angels || by whose aid aspiring v
To set himself || in glory above his peers,
He trusted || to have equall'd the Most High,
If he opposed ; || and with ambitious aim v
Against the throne || and monarchy of God v
Raised impious war in heaven || and battle proud
With vain attempt. || Him the Almighty Power v
Hurled headlong || flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, || down v
To bottomless perdition || there to dwell v
In adamantine chains || and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

VOCAL CHANGE

Sometimes more a change of pitch than of key allied with an altered rate of utterance.

Examples from Shakespeare's play of *Julius Cæsar:*

Act I,	Scene 1,	61-64	at words	See whether, etc., *and* at Go.
	„ 2,	28-31	„ „	Let me not hinder.
	„ 3,	118-121	„ „	He had a fever.
Act II,	„ 1,	228-230	„ „	Boy—Lucius.
Act III,	„ 1,	150-153	„ „	I know not gentlemen.
	„ 1,	275-277	„ „	You serve.
	„ 1,	280-282	„ „	O Cæsar.
	„ 1,	282-285	„ „	Is thy master coming ?
Act IV,	„ 1,	39-41	„ „	And now Octavius.
	„ 1,	71-72	„ „	Give me thy hand.
	„ 3,	228-231	„ „	Farewell, etc., Good-night, etc.
	„ 3,	287-289	„ „	Boy Lucius — Varro — Claudius.

Inflection and Modulation

Brutus'	Speech	Act	II,	Scene	I,	77-85
Cassius'	„	„	I,	„	II,	135-161
Antony's	„	„	III,	„	I,	140-164
Antony's	„	„	III,	„	I,	255-276

Level Speaking

Example · Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Vocal Expression

Or utterance with a special tone or character in the voice.

Spirited	Act I,	Scene 2,		104-109	Cassius
				171-175	Brutus
Pleading	„ II,	„	1,	270-277	Portia
				48-54	Calpurnia
Scornful	„ IV,	„	3,	38-54	Brutus
	„ I,	„	2,	142-160	Cassius
	„ III,	„	2,	103-105	Antony
Joyful	„ II,	„	1,	224-228	Brutus
		„	3,	105-107	Cæsar
Contemptuous	„ IV,	„	1,	12-40	Antony
	„ I,	„	2,	234-274	Casca
Humorous	„ I,	„	1,		Second Commoner
Angry	„ IV,	„	3,	1-64	Cassius
	„ III,	„	1,	260-276	Antony
Commanding	„ III,	„	1,	245-252	Brutus
				281-298	Antony
	„ I,	„	1,	1-5	Flavius
Boastful	„ II,	„	2,	46-48	Cæsar
	„ III,	„	1,	58-73	Cæsar
Dignified	„ II,	„	1,	163-183	Brutus
	„ II,	„	2,	32-37	Cæsar
Satirical	„ I,	„	2,	119-131	Cassius
	„ II,	„	3,	96-101	Decius
Fear	„ I,	„	3,	3-10	Casca
	„ II,	„	2,	13-26	Calpurnia

Gesture and Facial Expression

Act III, Scene 2, Brutus
„ III, „ 2, Antony
„ III, „ 1, Antony

TABLE OF SIGNS FOR MARKING SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

The examples are from Shakespeare's play *Julius Cæsar.*

| Indicates the place where breath is to be taken.

Ex :—" Hence | home you idle creatures | get you home."

———— under word or phrase indicates emphasis.

Ex :—" Thou art a cobbler art thou ? "

||| Indicates that a pause should be made something longer than that made when only breath has to be taken.

Ex :—" What Lucius, Ho ? |||
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to-day. ||| Lucius I say ||| "

Indicates either change of key or change of pitch.

Ex :—" I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit which is in Antony.
Let me not hinder Cassius your desires.
I'll leave you."

|| Indicates Cæsura. See page 78.

v Indicates Suspension of Voice. See page 80.

..... Indicates that the voice should be well sustained.

Ex :—" as proper men as ever trod upon
" Neats leather have gone upon my handiwork."

⌒ Indicates rhetorical pause.

Ex :—"You ⌒ blocks, you ⌒ stones, you ⌒ worse than senseless things."

\ Indicates downward inflection of voice.

/ Indicates upward inflection of voice.

Indicates compound downward, upward and downward inflection.

Indicates compound upward, downward and upward inflection.

R H A	Indicates	Right Hand Action.
L H A	„	Left „ „
B H A	„	Both Hands „

Further notes for the rendering of a passage may be made by the use of musical terms, such as :—

Diminuendo (loud to soft)	Largo (very slowly)
Accelerando (quicker)	Adagio (slow)
Pianissimo (soft)	Allegro (cheerful : sprightly)
Fortissimo (loud)	Presto (quickly)

PROSODY

Some Metres and Examples of Poetic Feet

Feet of two Syllables.	Three Syllables.	Four Syllables.
Iamb ⏑ —	Amphibrach ⏑ — ⏑	Choriamb — ⏑ ⏑ —
Trochee — ⏑	Anapæst ⏑ ⏑ —	Antispast ⏑ — — ⏑
Spondee — —	Dactyl — ⏑ ⏑	Di-iamb ⏑ — ⏑ —
Pyrrhic ⏑ ⏑	Cretic — ⏑ —	Dispondee — — — —
	Bacchic — — ⏑	Ditrochee — ⏑ — ⏑
	Anti-bacchic ⏑ — —	Ionic *a majore* — — ⏑ ⏑
	Molossus — — —	Ionic *a minore* ⏑ ⏑ — —
	Tribrach ⏑ ⏑ ⏑	

The four principal measures used in English verse are the Iambic, Trochaic, Anapæstic and Dactyllic, and of these the one most generally in use is the Iambic, which consists of a short or unaccented syllable followed by a long or accented one. There is a dignity about this measure that readily adapts itself to all kinds of verse.

Examples of Iambic Feet

⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

Childe Harold—Byron.

⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —

"The world's great age begins anew."

Hellas—Shelley.

Blank verse usually consists of 5 foot Iambic lines, although there are exceptions to this.

Shakespeare uses this metre throughout his works, varying it only in the lyrics that occur in the course of

the plays, and occasionally in the blank verse, inverting some of the feet to suit the purpose he had in mind.

The following example shows a true ten-syllable Iambic line followed by one containing two inverted feet.

"For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times."

It will be seen in the first and fourth feet of the second line that a Trochee has taken the place of the Iamb.

TROCHEE.—One long syllable followed by a short. Another measure largely used in English verse. It conveys a very different feeling to the Iambic metre. It conveys almost too much fluency to the ear and suggests a tripping, dancing measure. It has been freely used by all poets, Longfellow being particularly addicted to it.

"O the long and dreary winter,
O the cold and cruel winter."

Hiawatha—LONGFELLOW.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit
Bird thou never wert ∧."

To a Skylark—SHELLEY.

ANAPÆST.—Two short syllables followed by a long. This metre strongly suggests movement—it seems to convey to the ear the galloping of horses' feet, as for instance :—

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."

or

∧ "I sprang to the stirrup and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three."

DACTYL.—One long syllable followed by two short, thus making this foot the reverse of an anapæst. It is used quite freely in English verse, and like the anapæst also gives a sense of movement.

— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
"Just for a handful of silver he left us ∧
— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat ∧ ∧."

Lost Leader—BROWNING.

— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
"Take her up tenderly
— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
Lift her with care ∧ ∧."

The Bridge of Sighs—HOOD.

AMPHIBRACH.—One short syllable, one long, followed by one short. Not very largely used as it is almost indistinguishable from an anapæstic foot once the poem has started marching. Thus, for instance:—

⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
"O young Lochinvar has come out of the west ∧
⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ∧"

might just as well be scanned in anapæsts, thus:—

⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
"∧ O young Lochinvar has come out of the west,"

or even in dactyls:—

— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
"∧ ∧ O young Lochinvar has come out of the west ∧ ∧."

SPONDEE.—Two long syllables. Cannot be used generally in verse, as with a very few exceptions, such as FAREWELL and AMEN and certain hyphen words, equal stressing of syllables is almost unknown in English. Spondees are, however, used with very good effect as sub-

stituting other kinds of feet on occasion, *e.g.* in Keats' "La Belle Dame sans merci."

"The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

James Elroy Flecker also used spondaic substitution in his fine poem "The Dying Patriot."

"With her fair | and flor | al air |
And the streets | where the great | men go." |

PYRRHIC. — Two short syllables. Also occasionally used for purposes of substitution.

"The treach | erous col | ours the | fair art | betrays."
0 0 1 1

The other metres in the foregoing table are to be found in English poetry and certain poets, notably Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne have used Ionics, Choriambs and Sapphics with brilliant effect, but for practical purposes they are little used. Examples will be found in the Glossary.

It is quite impossible to treat the subject of prosody anything like adequately in a single chapter, and these pages are only intended as a help and guide to students, who would do well to study carefully such manuals of prosody and metre as Professor Saintsbury's *Manual of English Prosody*, and Mr J. B. Mayor's *Modern English Metre.*

GLOSSARY

ACCENT.—A superior force given to one syllable over another in a word.

ALEXANDRINE.—A line of twelve syllables and six iambic feet. More to be found in French than English poetry. Browning used the Alexandrine in his "Fifine at the Fair."

Shakespeare occasionally used it, *e.g.* "Merchant of Venice."

⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

ALLITERATION.—The repetition of the same letter or letters or sound, usually an initial one, occurring in close juxtaposition with one another. It is used with much effect in poetry, as for instance in "The Listeners," by W. de la Mare.

"Never the lea*st st*ir made the li*st*eners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the *sh*adowiness of the *st*ill house."

And again in Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee."

"They *r*owed her in across the *roll*ing foam,
The *cruel, crawling foam*
The *cruel hungry foam*."

Or in "The Last Hero," by G. K. Chesterton.

"*S*ilence itself made *s*ofter by the *s*weeping of her dre*ss*."

ASSONANCE.—A kind of imperfect rhyme in which the vowel sounds resemble each other, such as "*blackness*" and "*dances*," "roaming" and "floating," etc.

BALLAD.—The most usual form of narrative poetry in England, consisting of quatrains and alternate octosyllables and hexasyllables; the even lines invariably rhyme and the odd generally speaking but not necessarily always.

> "It is an ancient Mariner,
> And he stoppeth one of three.
> By the long beard and glittering eye,
> Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

BALLADE (originally French). — It consists of three stanzas of eight or ten lines and an envoi, with a refrain at the end of each stanza.

CÆSURA (cutting).—Used as it is in English verse is equal to a pause, but is restricted to the principal pause in the line, sometimes at the end and sometimes in the middle.

CATALEXIS.—A catalectic line is one that is shortened by a syllable or half a foot. A hyper-catalectic line is one lengthened by an extra syllable or half-foot.

CHORIAMB.—The choriambic foot is a four syllable foot containing a trochee followed by an iamb (— ⏑ ⏑ —). The following example is by Rupert Brooke:—

> "*Here the* | *flame that was ash,* | *shrine that*
> *was void,* | *lost in the haunt* | *ed wood.*"

CONSONANCE.—Agreement of sound.

CONSONANTAL RHYME.—An innovation and not a very effective one. It consists of rhyming words bearing a consonantal resemblance, such as "*escaped*" and "*swooped.*"

COUPLETS.—Two lines of rhyming verse.

DIDACTIC POETRY.—Verse of a technical or instructive quality.

DIMITER.—A verse of two measures.

DISTICH.—A couplet of two lines of verse making complete sense.

DITHYRAMB.—Verse written in a wild, enthusiastic vein.

DOGGEREL.—Mean, undignified, irregular verse.

ELISION.—The cutting-off of a vowel or syllable for the sake of metre or euphony.

EMPHASIS.—A stress of vocal utterance given to words or clauses that are intended to be made of special importance to the audience. Can also be attained by pause or change of time in the rate of speech.

ENJAMBMENT.—The running of the sense of a verse beyond the limits of a couplet or the overlapping of the sense of one line into another.

EPIC.—Verse which treats in lofty narrative form the history of stirring events.

EPILOGUE.—A speech or short poem addressed to the audience after the play has ended, usually by one of the chief characters.

EQUIVALENCE.—The substitution of one poetic foot for another. Largely used in iambic verse.

EUPHONY.—The smooth, easy, agreeable enunciation of sounds.

EYE-RHYME.—A rhyme that satisfies the eye and not the ear:

E.g.—*Dove* and *Rove*
Word and *Sword*.

FEMININE-ENDING—FEMININE-RHYME.—Terms that are applied to the use of words at the end of a line with a final E (now mute).

FOOT.—The unit of measure used in verse. It usually consists of two or three syllables, the former being termed Diosyllabic and the latter Trisyllabic. Choriambic and Ionic feet contain four syllables.

HENDECASYLLABLE.—An eleven syllable line.

HEPTAMETER.—A line of fourteen syllables.

HEXAMETER.—A verse of six feet to the line, and containing dactyls and spondees.

HIATUS.—An opening or gap. The juxtaposition of vowel sounds in either the same word or at the end of one and the beginning of the next. There is a very prevalent tendency, greatly to be deplored, to bridge this gap in speech, *e.g.* "*I saw a man*" becomes "*I saw* (*r*) *a man*," "*Awe and majesty*" becomes "*Awe* (*r*) *and majesty*," "*No oak*" becomes "*No* (*w*) *oak*," "*We English*" becomes "*We* (*y*) *English*," etc.

IDYLL.—A short pastoral poem.

IONIC.—A four syllable foot consisting of a spondee and a pyrrhic. When the spondee comes first it is termed "Ionic *a majore*," and when the pyrrhic precedes the spondee "Ionic *a minore*." It is very little used in English verse.

LYRIC.—Verse that originally was intended to be spoken to the accompaniment of a lyre. Lyrical verse is always of a musical nature, expressing the thoughts and feelings of the poet or singer.

MONODY.—A mournful poem in which a single mourner expresses his grief.

MASCULINE RHYME. — One in which the rhyming syllable is single and ends with a consonant without any mute e following it.

ODE.—A dignified poem or song.

OCTAVE.—A stanza of eight lines.

ORTHŒPY.—The art of correct pronunciation.

ONOMATOPŒIA.—The theory that words are formed to resemble the sound made by the thing signified, *e.g.*, "*Rustling*," "*Shivering*," "Buzzing," etc. Very largely used in verse making.

PENTAMETER.—Correctly used means a line of five feet consisting of dactyls or spondees, divided into two parts of two and a half each.

The term Iambic Pentameter, as applied to a line of five iambic feet, which has grown very largely into use in recent times, is, strictly speaking incorrect, although it is generally taught and accepted in schools throughout the country and therefore cannot be wholly rejected.

PROLOGUE.—A preface or introduction to a discourse or a poem spoken before a dramatic performance begins.

QUATRAIN.—A verse of four lines rhyming alternately.

RHETORIC.—The science of oratory. It is often applied, however, to artificial eloquence.

REFRAIN.—A portion of a song or poem recurring at the end of each verse, the words being very often meaningless but always musical in sound.

SAPPHIC.—The classic verse-form as used by Sappho. It consists of three lines of five beats with a trisyllable in the centre and a short fourth line. It has been used very effectively in English by Algernon Charles Swinburne and others, notably by George Canning in his burlesque, "The Knife Grinder."

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast, your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches."

SESTET.—A stanza of six lines.

SONNET.—A poem of fourteen lines arranged in an octave and a sestet.

Shakespeare's sonnets consist of iambic metre, the first twelve lines rhyming alternately and the last two together.

STANZA.—An arrangement of lines standing together as a division of a poem and agreeing in the metre and rhyme with other stanzas in the same poem.

STRESS.—The extra force of voice given to a certain syllable or syllables. In verse it is stress that makes rhythm.

TERZA RIMA.—An arrangement in verse of a group of three lines, in which the first and third rhyme together and the middle one rhymes with the first and third of the next verse.

"O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence stricken multitudes: O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed."

Shelley's "Ode to West Wind."

TETRAMETER.—A verse consisting of long lines of eight iambs, anapæsts and trochees.

TRIPLET.—A group or verse of three lines which usually rhyme together.

TRUNCATION. — The cutting off of a syllable at the beginning or the end of a line. It occurs very often in verse and many poets have used it with conscious effect. Mr J. B. Mayor in his *Modern English Metre* says: "An unaccented syllable, preceding the initial accent or following the final accent of the normal line, is treated by the poets as non-essential to the rhythm, and may be added or omitted without necessarily changing the metre."

He gives the following excellent examples of initial truncation—

" ∧ Clear|and cool| ∧ clear|and cool|,
By laugh|ing shal|low and leap|ing pool|."

KINGSLEY.

" ∧ Break, ∧ Break, ∧ Break
At the foot|of thy crags|, O sea."

TENNYSON.

" ∧ Who|would be|
A mer|man bold
∧ Sit|ting alone|
∧ Sing|ing alone
∧ Und|er the sea.|"

TENNYSON.

THE
RECITER'S TREASURY OF VERSE

LOST AND FOUND

By Hamilton Aïdé

Some miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where—but the facts have filled
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away ; as when pearls are spilled
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor :)
—Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear in the dark at the earth's heart-core.
These men were at work, when their axes knocked
A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it ; and 'gan to creep
In, on all fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—" Here's a man asleep ! "

They all rushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled ; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old or near !

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he then ? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, was passed away !

Awestruck, they stood : then touched the skin
And handled the cloth. The flame o' the soul
Had been blown out, ere its lamp grew thin.

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole.

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, " Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmass :

Older than anyone here, I guess !
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry ! . . .
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky. . . .

" O Willie ! Willie ! my lad ! my lost !
The Lord be praised ! after sixty years
I see you again ! . . . The tears you cost,

O Willie darlin', were bitter tears ! . . .
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears !

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanished fra' sight and sound !

O darlin' ! a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then ! . . . And now I'm old.
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

Seeing ye there wi' yer locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

Between us ! . . . O Willie ! how strange it seems
To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft, . . .
Auver and auver again in dreams ! "

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rocked herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one !

The dead, with its undimmed fleshy grace,
At the end of threescore years ; the quick,
Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty ! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick !

Those bodies were just of one age ; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare !

But the moment was come ;—(as a moment will,
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill ;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in this vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear

Beside the eternal rest they know !)
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side !

[*From "Songs without Music" (George Bell & Sons, London) By Special Permission of the Author and Publishers.*]

GEORGE LEE

By Hamilton Aïdé

"Fire ! fire ! fire !"
That dread cry in dead of night
Rouses the sleepers with affright,
Adown the narrow squalid street ;
And while men stumble to their feet,
And snatch their earnings up with oaths,
Wives clasp their babes and tattered clothes,
And all run out into the ways,
On which the lurid firelight plays.
The faces of that crowd show plain
Starvation, misery, and pain :
Strange that to this sad life they cling
As much as placid priest, or king
Upon his throne may do ! Along
The street, from every open door
And court and alley, fresh streams pour,
To swell the dense excited throng.
The cry is "Water !" now. Below
The doomed house press the serried ranks,
And pass the buckets from the tanks ;
While the bewildered inmates throw
All that they can into the street.
The crowd screams out "Come down ! A sheet
Of flame is rising, and the smoke
Grows dense ! Come down before it choke
Your breath !" "Where are the engines ? See !
It spreads ! God help us ! Not alone
This house ; the entire street will be
A blaze if they are long delayed !
There's ne'er a hope for us but one—
The fire-brigade, the fire-brigade !"
Hark !—God be thanked !—at last ! D'you hear
That distant roar that grows more near ?
"Fire ! fire ! fire !" as on they tear
Down the close streets ; for dear life rushing,

Like a coal-black steed that is spurred to death—
To right, to left, the people crushing—
Sending sparks from its fiery breath,
The engine comes panting. Its riders draw up
Where the flames, now mounting to heaven, glow
On the pavement of human heads below,
And water is poured as into a cup,
On the seething walls and molten glass ;
And a smoke, as of hell, sweeps over all.
They have set the escape against the wall :
" There's never a soul there, mates ? " cries Lee,
The fireman (he who, three days hence,
With his strong right arm for competence,
Shall wed the girl he has loved from a boy),
" No soul within ? " The crowd cries, " None ! "
But e'en while they answer one halloos, " See,
There's a woman up there, in the topmost room ! "
Yes, at an open window, alone,
Looming out black against the glare,
Stands a shadow of hopeless, dull despair,
With folded hands, foreseeing her doom—
She is face to face with death.
One minute
Lee looks at her and the escape, no more ;
Then through the smoke that blinds the door
He springs over burning stair and floor,
Up to the roof, if he can but win it !
With tight-clenched lips that breathe no word,
Scorched and blinded, yet undeterred,
He struggles on. From below, men, seeing
The whole house now is one blazing stack,
Cry out, " It's never no use ! Come back ! "
But what is peril to sight or limb,
If the life of a helpless human being
Has yet a chance to be saved by him ?
So through the fumes that now oppress him,
Fainting, falling, he beats his way
To the room where the woman stands at bay,
With the flames, like bloodhounds, licking the edge
Of the window. They cry, " He's safe ! God bless him ! "
. . . *Is* he safe ? He has reached her, seized her, stands
With her form in his arms on the parapet-ledge.
Men hold their breath ; the sight appals
The stoutest hearts, for he reels ; his hands
Cannot reach the escape. " O God in heaven,
Let him not die ! " That prayer is given

With all men's hearts. He grasps a cleft
In the burning bricks, with just strength left
To save the woman, and then he falls !
A scream of horror runs down the street ;
George Lee lies dead at the people's feet !

[*From "Songs without Music" (George Bell & Sons, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publishers.*]

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR

By Sir Edwin Arnold

High on a throne of ivory and gold,
From crown to footstool clad in purple fold,
Lord of the east from sea to distant sea
The king Belshazzar feasteth royally :—
And not that dreamer in the desert cave
Peopled his paradise with pomp as brave.
Vessels of silver, cups of crusted gold
Blush with a brighter red than all they hold ;
Pendulous lamps, like planets of the night
Flung on the diadems a fragrant light,
Or slowly swinging in the midnight sky
Gilded the ripples as they glided by :—
And sweet and sweeter rang the cittern-string
Soft as the beating of a Seraph's wing,
And swift and swifter in the measured dance
The tresses gather and the sandals glance,
And bright and brighter at the festal board
The flagons bubble and the wines are poured.

It seemed no summer-cloud of passing woe
Could fling its shadow on so fair a show :
It seemed the gallant forms that feasted there
Were all too high for woe, too great for care :
Whence came the anxious eye, the altered tone,
The dull presentiment no heart would own,
That ever changed the smiling to a sigh
Sudden as sea-bird flashing from the sky :—
It is not that they know the spoiler waits
Harnessed for battle at the brazen gates ;
It is not that they hear the watchman's call
Mark the slow minutes on the leaguered wall ;
The clash of quivers and the ring of spears

Make pleasant music in a soldier's ears,
And not a scabbard hideth sword to-night
That hath not glimmered in the front of fight :—

The king hath felt it, and the heart's unrest
Heaved the broad purple of his belted breast.
Sudden he speaks—" What ! doth the beaded juice
Savour like hyssop that ye scorn its use ?
Wear ye so pitiful and sad a soul
That tramp of foeman scares ye from the bowl ?
Think ye the gods on yonder starry floor
Tremble for terror when the thunders roar ?
Are we not gods ? have we not fought with God ?
And shall we shiver at a robber's nod ?
No—let them batter till the brazen bars
Ring merry mocking of their idle wars ;
Their fall is fated for to-morrow's sun,
The lion rouses when his feast is done :
Crown me a cup—and fill the bowls we brought
From Judah's temple when the fight was fought—
Drink, till the merry madness fill the soul
To Salem's conqueror in Salem's bowl."

The last loud answer dies along the line,
The last light bubble bursts upon the wine ;
His eager lips are on the jewelled brink,
Hath the cup poison that he doubts to drink ?
Is there a spell upon the sparkling gold,
That so his fevered fingers quit their hold ?
Whom sees he where he gazes ? what is there
Freezing his vision into fearful stare ?
Follow his lifted arm and lighted eye,
And watch with them the wondrous mystery.—

There cometh forth a hand—upon the stone,
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown ;
Fingers like mortal fingers—leaving there
The blank wall flashing characters of fear ;—
And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow.—
Now the scroll endeth—now the seal is set—
The hand is gone—the record tarries yet.

As one who waits the warrant of his death,
With pale lips parted and with bridled breath—
They watch the sign, and dare not turn to seek

Their fear reflected in their fellows' cheek—
But stand as statues where the life is none,
Half the jest uttered—half the laughter done—
Half the flask empty—half the flagon poured,—
Each where the phantom found him at the board
Struck into silence—as December's moon
Curbs the quick ripples into crystal swoon.

With wand of ebony and sable stole
Chaldæa's wisest scan the spectral scroll :
Strong in the lessons of a lying art
Each comes to gaze, but gazes to depart :
And still for mystic sign and muttered spell
The graven letters guard their secret well :
Gleam they for warning—glare they to condemn—
God speaketh—but He speaketh not for them.—

Then in the silence of that awful hour,
When baffled magic mourned its parted power—
When kings were pale and satraps shook for fear,
A woman speaketh—and the wisest hear.
She—the high daughter of a thousand thrones
Telling with trembling lip and timid tones
Of him the Captive, in the feast forgot,
Who readeth visions—him, whose wondrous lot
Sends him to lighten doubt and lessen gloom,
And gaze undazzled on the days to come—
Daniel the Hebrew, such his name and race,
Held by a monarch highest in his grace,
He may declare—Oh ! bid them quickly send,
So may the mystery have happy end !

Calmly and silent as the fair full moon
Comes sailing upward in the sky of June—
Fearfully as the troubled clouds of night
Shrink from before the coming of its light—
So through the hall the Prophet passed along,
So from before him fell the festal throng.
By broken wassail-cup and wine o'erthrown
Pressed he still onward for the monarch's throne :
His spirit failed him not—his quiet eye
Lost not its light for earthly majesty ;
His lip was steady and his accent clear,
" The king hath needed me, and I am here."—

" Art thou the Prophet ? read me yonder scroll
Whose undeciphered horror daunts my soul—

There shall be guerdon for the grateful task,
Fitted for me to give, for thee to ask—
A chain to deck thee—and a robe to grace ;
Thine the third throne and thou the third in place."

He heard—and turned him where the lighted wall
Dimmed the red torches of the festival,
Gazed on the sign with steady gaze and set.
And he who quailed not at a kingly threat
Bent the true knee and bowed the silver hair,
For that he knew the King of kings was there ;
Then nerved his soul the sentence to unfold,
While his tongue trembled at the tale it told :

" Keep for thyself the guerdon and the gold—
What God hath graved, God's prophet must unfold ;
Could not thy father's crime, thy father's fate
Teach thee the terror thou hast learnt too late—
Hast thou not read the lesson of his life,
Who wars with God shall strive a losing strife ?
His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,
The sword his sceptre and the earth his throne—
The nations trembled when his awful eye
Gave to them leave to live or doom to die—
The Lord of Life—the Keeper of the grave,
His frown could wither and his smile could save—
Yet when his heart was hard, his spirit high,
God drave him from his kingly majesty,
Far from the brotherhood of fellow-men
To seek for dwelling in the desert den ;
Where the wild asses feed and oxen roam
He sought his pasture and he made his home,
And bitter-biting frost and dews of night
Schooled him in sorrow till he knew the right—
That God is ruler of the rulers still,
And setteth up as sovereign whom He will.
Oh ! hadst thou treasured in repentant breast
His pride and fall, his penitence and rest,
And bowed submissive to Jehovah's will,
Then had thy sceptre been a sceptre still.
But thou hast mocked the majesty of heaven,
And shamed the vessels to its service given ;
And thou hast fashioned idols of thine own—
Idols of gold, of silver, and of stone ;
To them hast bowed the knee, and breathed the breath,
And they must help thee in the hour of death

Woe for the sign unseen, the sin forgot—
God was among ye, and ye knew it not!
Hear what He sayeth thus: 'Thy race is run,
The years are numbered and the days are done;
Thy soul hath mounted in the scale of fate,
The Lord hath weighed thee and thou lackest weight;
Now in thy palace porch the spoilers stand,
To seize thy sceptre and divide thy land.'"

He ended—and his passing foot was heard,
But none made answer, not a lip was stirred—
Mute the free tongue and bent the fearless brow,—
The mystic letters had their meaning now!
Soon came there other sound—the clash of steel,
The heavy ringing of the iron heel—
The curse in dying, and the cry for life,
The storming voices of the battle strife.—
That night they slew him on his father's throne,
The deed unnoticed and the hand unknown;
Crownless and sceptreless Belshazzar lay,
A robe of purple round a form of clay.

[*From "Selected Poems" (Kegan Paul, Trübner, Trench & Co., Limited, London). By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

By Sir Edwin Arnold

In which calm home of happy life and love
Lived our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
Thus ofttimes when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.

Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound ; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that ;
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these :—

" We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which mourn for rest, and rest can never find ;
Lo ! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go,
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane ;
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain ?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss ?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this ;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son ! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings : we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know
This life they cling to is but empty show,
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh !
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain ;
Rise, Maya's child ! wake ! slumber not again !

We are the voices of the wandering wind :
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find ;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things ;
So say we ; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play."

But, when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord—which was to be—
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law
Which whoso hears—the same shall make him free

" I will depart," he spake ; " the hour is come !
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me ; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine : I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword :
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates ;
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do, because the woeful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world ;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
For which of all the great and lesser gods
Have power or pity ? Who hath seen them—who ?
Nay ; it may be some of the gods are good
And evil some, but all in action weak ;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.
For so our Scriptures truly seem to teach,
That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun—
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,

Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again ; so are we kin
To all that is ; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save !
And means must be ! There must be refuge ! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man ;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice ?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings ;
If one, not tired with life's long day, but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still ;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will : one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man ;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all :
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.

Oh, summoning stars ! I come ! Oh, mournful earth !
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen !
While life is good to give, I give, and go
To seek deliverance and that unknown Light ! "

[*From "The Light of Asia" (Kegan Paul, Trübner, Trench & Co., Limited, London). By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE CHURCH OF BROU

By Matthew Arnold

I

THE CASTLE

Down the Savoy valleys sounding,
Echoing round this castle old,
'Mid the distant mountain chalets,
Hark ! what bell for church is toll'd ?

In the bright October morning
Savoy's Duke had left his bride ;
From the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering,
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullion'd chamber casement
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
Here she came, a bride, in spring.
Now the autumn crisps the forest ;
Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance :
Off !—They sweep the marshy forests,
Westward, on the side of France.

Hark ! the game's on foot ; they scatter :—
Down the forest ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop.
Hark ! a shout—a crash—a groan !

Pale and breathless came the hunters—
On the turf dead lies the boar.
God ! the Duke lies stretch'd beside him—
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Cloth'd in smiles, beneath the dais,
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark ! below the gates unbarring !
Tramp of men and quick commands !
—" 'Tis my lord come back from hunting "—
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters ;
Stopp'd in darkness in the court.
—" Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters !
To the hall ! What sport, what sport ? "—

Slow they enter'd with their Master ;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains ;
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife ;
Bloody, 'neath the flaring sconces :
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna by the Danube
Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna by the Danube
Feast and dance her youth beguil'd.
Till that hour she never sorrow'd ;
But from then she never smil'd.

'Mid the Savoy mountain valleys,
  Far from town or haunt of man,
Stands a lonely Church, unfinish'd,
  Which the Duchess Maud began :

Old, that Duchess stern began it,
  In grey age, with palsied hands ;
But she died as it was building,
  And the Church unfinish'd stands.

Stands as erst the builders left it,
  When she sunk into her grave.
Mountain greensward paves the chancel,
  Harebells flower in the nave.

" In my Castle all is sorrow,"
  Said the Duchess Marguerite then :
" Guide me, vassals, to the mountains !
  We will build the Church again."—

Sandall'd palmers, faring homeward,
  Austrian knights from Syria came.
" Austrian wanderers bring, O warders,
  Homage to your Austrian dame."—

From the gate the warders answer'd :
  " Gone, O knights, is she you knew.
Dead our Duke, and gone his Duchess.
  Seek her at the Church of Brou."—

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers
  Climb the winding mountain way,
Reach the valley, where the Fabric
  Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing ;
  On the work the bright sun shines ;
In the Savoy mountain meadows,
  By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the Duchess
  Sate and watch'd her working train ;
Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
  German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey,
Her old architect beside—
There they found her in the mountains,
Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate and watch'd the builders,
Till the Church was roof'd and done.
Last of all, the builders rear'd her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two Forms they sculptur'd,
Lifelike in the marble pale—
One, the Duke in helm and armour;
One, the Duchess in her veil.

Round the tomb the carv'd stone fret-work
Was at Easter-tide put on.
Then the Duchess clos'd her labours;
And she died at the St. John.

II

THE CHURCH

Upon the glistening leaden roof
Of the new Pile, the sunlight shines
The stream goes leaping by.
The hills are cloth'd with pines sun-proof.
'Mid bright green fields, below the pines,
Stands the Church on high.
What Church is this, from men aloof?
'Tis the Church of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair
Crossing the stream the kine are seen
Round the wall to stray;
The churchyard wall that clips the square
Of shaven hill-sward trim and green
Where last year they lay.
But all things now are order'd fair
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray.
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime
Ride out to church from Chambery,

Dight with mantles gay.
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays too, a priest doth come
From the wall'd town beyond the pass,
Down the mountain way.
And then you hear the organ's hum,
You hear the white-rob'd priest say mass,
And the people pray.
But else the woods and fields are dumb
Round the Church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done,
The people to the nave repair
Round the Tomb to stray,
And marvel at the Forms of stone,
And praise the chisell'd broideries rare.
Then they drop away.
The Princely Pair are left alone
In the Church of Brou.

III

THE TOMB

So rest, for ever rest, O Princely Pair!
In your high Church, 'mid the still mountain air,
Where horn, and hound, and vassals never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb
From the rich painted windows of the nave
On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave:
Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
From the fring'd mattress where thy Duchess lies,
On autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
Coming benighted to the castle gate,
So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair!
And if ye wake, let it be then when fair
On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,

In the vast western window of the nave ;
And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby ;—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads.
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say—" What is this ? we are in bliss—forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven ! "—
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The Moon, through the clerestory windows shines,
And the wind washes in the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliag'd marble forest where ye lie.
" Hush "—ye will say—" it is eternity.
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the Heavenly Palaces."—
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

[*From "Early Poems" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London).*]

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

By Matthew Arnold

Come, dear children, let us away ;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay ;
Now the great winds shorewards blow ;
Now the salt tides seawards flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet
In a voice that she will know :
" Margaret ! Margaret ! "
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear :
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away.
This way, this way.
" Mother dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow pav'd streets where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
" Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh.
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder,
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low :
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.

Singing, " There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

[*From " Narrative Poems " (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London).*]

THE BURIED LIFE

By Matthew Arnold

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet !
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile !
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest.
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love ! thy inmost soul.

Alas, is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak ?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel ?
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved ;
I knew they lived and moved
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast !

But we, my love !—doth a like spell benumb
Our hearts, our voices ?—must we, too, be dumb ?

Ah ! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained ;
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained !

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be—
By what distractions he would be possessed,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity—
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey
Even in his own despite his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way ;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets
And often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life ;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course ;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves
But deep enough, alas ! none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power ;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves—
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast
But they course on for ever unexpressed.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true !
And then we will no more be racked
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power ;
Ah, yes, and they benumb us at our call !
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,

Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
When a belovèd hand is laid in ours
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur ; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

[*From "Lyric Poems" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London).*]

IF LOVE COULD LAST

By Alfred Austin

If love could last, if love could last,
The future be as was the past,
Nor faith and fondness ever know
The chill of dwindling afterglow.
O, then we should not have to long
The cuckoo's call and throstle's song,
But every season then would ring
With rapturous voices of the spring
In budding brake and grassy glade ;
The primrose, then, would never fade,
The windflower flag, the bluebell haze
Faint from the winding woodland ways.

But vernal hopes chase wintry fears,
And happy smiles and happier tears
Be like the sun and clouds at play,
If love could last.

AVE MARIA

By Alfred Austin

I

In the ages of Faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet
Ave Maria !

II

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side ;
Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria !

III

But when they up-got and wended home,
These up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk ;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,
Ave Maria !

IV

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,
While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,
Ave Maria !

V

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet ;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria !

VI

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,
Ave Maria !

VII

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet
As he slouched or sidled along the street !
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
Mother and child eschewed his eye ;
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
Ave Maria !

VIII

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria !

IX

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin ;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria !

X

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth ;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria !

XI

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely, outcast grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
Such as She bears to whom men cry,
Ave Maria

XII

None had planted it, no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew ;
Grew up strong, till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—
One pure lily, round which, behold !
Was written by God in veins of gold,
" Ave Maria ! "

XIII

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine ;
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,
Ave Maria !

XIV

Hunch-backed, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of Day,
So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria !

[*By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs Macmillan & Co., Limited, London.*]

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

By Alfred Austin

I

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes,
In smiles and tears, farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

II

Life's not worth living? Come with me,
Now that through vanishing veil
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea
And milk foams in the pail;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long, straight, scented swathes
Over the crescent scythe;
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse
And eglantine the lane;
Now rustic labour seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unweary feet
Carolling like the birds;

Now all, except the lover's vow
And nightingale, is still ;
Here in the twilight hour, allow
Life is worth living still.

III

When summer, lingering half forlorn,
On autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green ;
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump
And the dormouse makes its bed ;
When crammed are all the granary floors
And the hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors
And logs again alight ;
Aye, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind
And jugs are filled and clink ;
When children clasp their hands and pray,
" Be done Thy heavenly will ! "
Who doth not lift his voice and say,
" Life is worth living still " ?

IV

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight ;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh ;
Long as the tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget ;

So long as faith with freedom reigns
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives ;
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

V

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's trident-sceptre roams
Her territorial seas !
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's flag and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main
Or on Atlantic strand
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the motherland ;
So long as in this ocean realm
Victoria and her line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By loyalty divine ;
So long as flashes English steel
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

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EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

By William E. Aytoun

I

News of battle !—news of battle !
Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle? Who hath brought it?
  News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
  Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
  Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
  Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
  Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beckon
  Save when kings or heroes die.

II

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
  All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly
  Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
  Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
  Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
  Only one half-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded,
  And his cheek is pale and wan.
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
  In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
  Captain of the city band?

III

Round him crush the people, crying
  "Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
  Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
  Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
  Is it weal, or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
  Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer,
  Only with his armèd heel

Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride ;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
" By the God that made thee, Randolph !
Tell us what mischance hath come ; "
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

IV

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
" Your hands are weak with age," he said,
" Your hearts are stout and true ;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs shall thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town ! "

V

Then came in Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corselet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.

And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring :
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

VI

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsmen's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,
For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel,
All keen to do and dare ;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
" Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be !
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face :
Speak, though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace ! "

VII

Right bitter was the agony
That rung that soldier proud :
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.

Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—" That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land !
Ay ! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay ! ye may look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye ;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King ! "

VIII

Woe, woe, and lamentation !
What a piteous cry was there !
Widows, maidens, mothers, children
Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before !
" O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more ?
Woe to us and woe to Scotland !
O our sons, our sons and men !
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again ! "
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them !

[*From " Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers "* (*George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London*).]

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

By William E. Aytoun

Come hither, Evan Cameron !
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night !

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsay's pride ;
But never have I told thee yet
How the Great Marquis died !

A traitor sold him to his foes ;
O deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye ;—
The rabble rout forbode to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turn'd aside and wept.

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom :
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd :
Then, as the Græme looked upwards,
He met the ugly smile
Of him who sold his King for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle !

And a Saxon soldier cried aloud :
" Back, coward, from thy place !
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face."

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men—
Not all the rebels of the South
Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

"Now by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battlefield
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And He who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!"

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder, and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
He is coming ! he is coming !
God's mercy on his soul !
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming ! he is coming !
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die :
There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through :
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.

He would not deign them word nor sign,
  But alone he bent the knee ;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
  Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
  And cast his cloak away :
For he had ta'en his latest look
  Of earth, and sky, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
  Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
  As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
  And a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft,
  For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
  A hush and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—
  The work of death was done !

[*From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London).*]

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

By William E. Aytoun

On the heights of Killiecrankie
  Yester-morn our army lay :
Slowly rose the mist in columns
  From the river's broken way ;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
  And the pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
  From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
  And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
  And we proved them to be true ;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
  And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
  And we swore to do or die !

Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight !—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
" Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :
Ere the evening-star shall glisten
On Schiehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James !
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think on him whom butchers murder'd
On the field of Magus Muir :—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle !
Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth ;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their Prince's anger,
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike ! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee ! "

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
  Sounding in the pass below
And the distant tramp of horses,
  And the voices of the foe :
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
  Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer
  When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
  Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
  Marching to the tuck of drum ;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
  O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
  Till they gained the field beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert,—
  Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
  Start to life with armèd men !
Like a tempest down the ridges
  Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
  Flashed the broadsword of Locheil !
And the evening-star was shining
  On Schiehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
  And returned to count the dead.
There we found him, gashed and gory,
  Stretch'd upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
  In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
  For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
  And the clansmen's clamorous cheer :
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
  Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
  Passed the spirit of the Græme !

[*From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers"* (*George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London*).]

CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF CULLODEN

By William E. Aytoun

Take away that star and garter—
Hide them from my aching sight;
Neither king nor prince shall tempt me
From my lonely room this night;
Fitting for the throneless exile
Is the atmosphere of pall,
And the gusty winds that shiver
'Neath the tapestry on the wall.
When the taper faintly dwindles
Like the pulse within the vein,
That to gay and merry measure
Ne'er may hope to bound again,
Let the shadows gather round me
While I sit in silence here,
Broken-hearted as an orphan
Watching by his father's bier.
Let me hold my still communion
Far from every earthly sound—
Day of penance—day of passion—
Ever, as the year comes round!
Fatal day, whereon the latest
Die was cast for me and mine—
Cruel day, that quelled the fortunes
Of the hapless Stuart line!
Phantom-like, as in a mirror,
Rise the grisly scenes of death—
There before me, in its wildness,
Stretches bare Culloden's heath:
There the broken clans are scattered
Gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed
Hunger gnawing at their vitals,
Hope abandoned, all but pride—
Pride—and that supreme devotion
Which the Southron never knew,
And the hatred, deeply rankling,
'Gainst the Hanoverian crew.
Oh, my God! are these the remnants,
These the wrecks of the array,
That around the royal standard
Gathered on the glorious day,

When, in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands, on their bended knees,
Saw once more that stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze,
When the noble Tullibardine
Stood beneath its weltering fold,
With the Ruddy Lion ramping
In the field of tressured gold!
When the mighty heart of Scotland,
All too big to slumber more,
Burst in wrath and exultation,
Like a huge volcano's roar!
There they stand, the battered columns
Underneath the murky sky,
In the hush of desperation,
Not to conquer, but to die.
Hark! the bagpipe's fitful wailing:
Not the pibroch loud and shrill,
That, with hope of bloody banquet,
Lured the ravens from the hill,
But a dirge both low and solemn,
Fit for ears of dying men,
Marshalled for their latest battle,
Never more to fight again.
Madness—madness! Why this shrinking?
Were we less inured to war
When our reapers swept the harvest
From the field of red Dunbar?
Bring my horse, and blow the trumpet!
Call the riders of Fitz-James:
Let Lord Lewis head the column!
Valiant chiefs of mighty names—
Trusty Keppoch! stout Glengarry!
Gallant Gordon! wise Locheil!—
Bid the clansmen hold together,
Fast, and fell, and firm as steel.
Elcho! never look so gloomy—
What avails a saddened brow?
Heart, man, heart!—We need it sorely,
Never half so much as now.
Had we but a thousand troopers,
Had we but a thousand more!
Noble Perth, I hear them coming!—
Hark! the English cannons' roar.
God! how awful sounds that volley,
Bellowing through the mist and rain!

Was not that the Highland slogan ?
  Let me hear that shout again !
Oh, for prophet eyes to witness
  How the desperate battle goes !
Cumberland ! I would not fear thee,
  Could my Camerons see their foes.
Sound, I say, the charge at venture—
  'Tis not naked steel we fear ;
Better perish in the *mêlée*
  Than be shot like driven deer !
Hold ! the mist begins to scatter !
  There in front 'tis rent asunder,
And the cloudy bastion crumbles
  Underneath the deafening thunder ;
There I see the scarlet gleaming !
  Now, Macdonald—now or never !—
Woe is me, the clans are broken !
  Father, thou art lost for ever !
Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman,
  There they lie in heaps together,
Smitten by the deadly volley,
  Rolled in blood upon the heather ;
And the Hanoverian horsemen,
  Fiercely riding to and fro,
Deal their murderous strokes at random.—

  Ah, my God ! where am I now ?

Will that baleful vision never
  Vanish from my aching sight ?
Must those scenes and sounds of terror
  Haunt me still by day and night ?
Yea, the earth hath no oblivion
  For the noblest chance it gave,
None, save in its latest refuge—
  Seek it only in the grave !
Love may die, and hatred slumber,
  And their memory will decay,
As their watered garden recks not
  Of the drought of yesterday ;
But the dream of power once broken
  What shall give repose again ?
What shall charm the serpent-furies
  Coiled around the maddening brain ?

What kind draught can Nature offer
  Strong enough to lull their sting ?
Better to be born a peasant
  Than to live an exiled King !

[*From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London).*]

"ENGLAND, HO! FOR ENGLAND"

A FEDERATION SONG

By George Barlow

Old England needs her children,
  She needs them every one,
From India's morning-bugle
  To the last sunset-gun :
North, East, and South, she needs them,
  And in the furthest West,
And where the Channel waters
  Storm round her rocky breast.

The day is surely coming
  When all alike she'll need,
All far-off true descendants
  Of the old island-breed.
The day is surely coming
  When all may have to strike
For England, ho ! for England—
  So all must fare alike !

"For England, ho ! for England"—
  The great deep-throated cry
Rings far across the waters ;
  A million mouths reply,
"For England, ho ! for England,
  Till England's work be done,—
And England's work is timeless,
  And measured by the sun."

[*From "The Pageant of Life" (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publisher.*]

LOVE ON DECK

By George Barlow

" I never loved you much," she said,
" But I wanted to pass the time.
The hours pass slow, on a ship, you know,
In a lazy tropical clime.
Have I hurt you much ? Forgive me, then,
If I own that I was wrong.
Cure the smart, and heal your heart,
By writing it all in a song."
The waves flowed free, and the waves flowed wide,
As they sat and whispered side by side.

" I never cared much for you," he said,
" But I wanted a subject fit.
I'd verses to make, and I thought I could take
Your heart, and model from it.
Have I pained you much ? Forgive me, dear,
A ship is a dreary place :
It is wrong to flirt, but you aren't much hurt,
And you *have* a lovely face ! "
The waves flowed free, and the waves flowed strong,
And the good ship bore them both along.

Each looked at each. They did not smile :
The tears were in either's eyes.
And the cliffs of England rose the while
From the waves, a white surprise.
Hand sought for hand—" Shall we gravely end
What first was a freak of the heart ?
Shall we meet once more on the English shore,
But, this time, never to part ? "
The cliffs rose white from the sunny seas,
And the church-bells sounded on the breeze.

[*From " From Dawn to Sunset " (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publisher.*]

THE COMPACT

By George Barlow

" If only I were a man," she said,
" What wonderful deeds I'd do !
With a general's plume, and a coat of red,
I'd harry my foes till my foes fell dead,
And I'd travel the wide world through.
Sword in hand, I'd traverse the land
(How I hate this ivory fan !)—
Hearts should ache, and hearts should break,
If only I were a man ! "

" If only I were a girl," he said,
" How pleasant this life might be.
Lovely dresses of Indian red !
Beautiful bonnets and caps on my head !
Beautiful men to tea !
How I would flirt, at dinner, dessert
(Head-dress of ruby and pearl !)—
That would be brave. What a time I would have,
If only I were a girl ! "

They looked at each other, and laughed outright :
Brown eyes laughed into the grey.
Then he said, " And why should the dream take flight ?
Marry me, darling, and we'll unite
Our powers,—the world we'll sway ! "
Grey eyes smiled back their " Yes " to the brown
(And she played with the hated fan)—
" I think that I'm glad I'm a girl," she said,
" Now I'm loved by a love of a man ! "

[*From " From Dawn to Sunset " (H. J. Glaisher, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publisher.*]

THE BUILDING OF S. SOPHIA

By S. Baring-Gould

Justinian, Emperor, and Augustus, bent
On the imperial city's due embellishment,
Whilst musing, sudden started up, and cried :
" There is no worthy minster edified

Unto the Ruler of earth, sea and skies,
The One eternal, and the only wise.
Solomon the Great a temple built of old
To the Omnipotent, at cost untold.
Great was his power, but mine must his surpass
As ruddy gold excels the yellow brass.
I, too, a costly church will dedicate
To preach God's Majesty and tell my state."

They called the Emperor an artist skilled,
With sense of beauty and proportions filled,
And said, " In the name of Wisdom, build.
Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare,
The cost entire my private purse shall bear.
Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,
But I, Justinian, build the church alone.
Then go, ye heralds ! forth to square and street.
With trumpet blare, and everywhere repeat,
That a great minster shall erected be
By our august, pacific Majesty ;
And bid none reckon in the work to share,
For we ourself the whole expense will bear."
And as Justinian lay that night awake,
Weary, and waiting for white day to break,
The thought rose up, " Now when this flesh is dead,
My soul, by its attendant spirit led,
Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,
Behold ! Justinian comes, magnifical,
Who to the Eternal Wisdom, uncreate,
A church did build, endow and consecrate,
The like of which by man was never trod :
Then rise, Justinian ! to the realm of God."

Now day and night the workmen build ; apace
The church arises, full of form and grace ;
The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide
Are traced, the marble benches down each side,
The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers ;
The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn,
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.
Next, white as mountain snow, the mighty dome
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.
Then, on a slab above the western door,
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour.
That all may see and read, the sculptors grave :—
" This House to God, Justinian Emperor gave."

And now, with trumpet blast and booming gong,
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng,
The imperial procession sweeps along.
To dedicate his church doth Cæsar ride
In all his splendour, majesty, and pride.
Now shrill the silver clarions loud and long,
And clash the cymbals, bellows hoarse the gong,
A wild barbaric crash. Then on the ear
Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear :
" Lift up your heads ye gates, and open swing
Ye everlasting doors before the King ! "
Back start the valves—in sweeps the train,
Next throng the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian entering, halts a little space,
With haughty exultation on his face,
And, at a glance, the stately church surveys.
Then reads above the portal of the nave—
" This House to God, Euphrasia widow gave."
" Silence ! " he thunders, with a burst of ire,
As to his face flashes a scarlet fire ;
" Where is the sculptor ? Silence, all you choir !
Where is the sculptor ? "

Ceases the choral song,
A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.
" Bring forth the sculptor who yon sentence wrought ;
His merry jest he'll find full dearly bought."

Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,
The graver. " Cæsar, God preserved ! " he said,
" I carved not that ! exchanged has been the name
From that I chiselled. I am not to blame.
This is a miracle, for no mortal hand
Could banish one and make another stand,
And on the marble leave nor scar nor trace,
Where was the name deep cut, it did efface.
Beside the letters, Sire ! the stone is whole."
" Ha ! " scoffed the Emperor ; " now, by my soul,
I deemed the sacred age of marvels passed away ! "
Forth stepped the Patriarch and said, " Sire, I pray
Hearken ! I saw him carve, nor I alone,
Thy name and title which have fled the stone ;
And I believe the finger was Divine
Which set another name and cancelled thine—

The finger that, which wrote upon the wall
Belshazzar's doom, in Babel's sculptured hall ;
The finger that which cut in years before,
On Sinai's top, on tables twain, the Law."

Justinian's brow grew dark with wrath and fear :
" Who is Euphrasia widow, I would hear,
The lady who my orders sets at naught,
And robs me of the recompense I sought.
Who is Euphrasia ? "

But none spake a word.
" What ! of this wealthy lady have none heard ? "
" What ! no man know ! Go some the city round,
And ask if such be in Byzantium found."

Then said a priest, and faltered : " Of that name
Is one, but old and very poor, and lame,
Who has a cottage close upon the quay ;
But she, most surely, Sire, it cannot be."

" Let her be brought." Then some the widow seek,
And lead the aged woman tottering weak,
With tattered dress, and thin white straying hair,
Bending upon a stick, and with feet bare.

" Euphrasia," said the monarch sternly, " speak !
Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break,
Contributing against my orders to this pile ? "
The widow answered simply, with faint smile :
" Sire ! it was nothing, for I only threw
A little straw before the beasts which drew
The marble from the ships, before I knew
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire ! I had been ill
Three weary months, and on my window-sill
A little linnet perched, and sang each day
So sweet, it cheered me as in bed I lay
And filled my heart with love to Him who sent
The linnet to me ; then, with full intent
To render thanks, when God did health restore,
I from my mattress pulled a little straw

And cast it to the oxen—I did nothing more."
" Look ! " said the Cæsar, " read above that door !
Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,
And is accepted of our King above ;
And mine rejected as the gift of pride
By Him who humble lived and humble died.
Widow, God grant hereafter, when we meet,
I may attain a footstool at thy feet ! "

[*From "The Silver Store" (Skeffington & Son, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publishers.*]

BISHOP BENNO AND THE FROGS

By S. Baring-Gould

At the closing of the day
Bishop Benno took his way,
With his book beneath his arm,
Through the meadows for a stroll,
The disturbance of his soul
To reduce again to calm.

Walking by a marish bank,
Where the yellow iris lank
Shot its bluish, bending sheath,
Whilst upon the surface light,
Floated chalices of white,
Anchored to the slime beneath.

Where about the margin grew
Clusters of celestial blue,
And the bog-bean speckled pink,
And the mare-tails with their spines
Stood and shook in shadowy lines
Wavering along the brink.

Clearly from the minster tower
Tolling at the twilight hour,
Salutation spoke the bell.*
Then the Bishop slowly took,
And unclasped his Office book,
To recite his Canticle.

* The Angelus rings at noon and sunset.

Walking in the meadow grass,
By the water still as glass,
He could lift his voice and pray ;
Reading in his Breviary,
Repeating Benedicite
As he wended on his way.

Perched on broken bulrush shaft,
Crouched on lily's leafy raft,
Sitting in a row on logs,
Squatted on each muddy ledge,
Sentinelled along the edge
Of the water, were the frogs ;

With their voices very shrill,
In a loud prolonging thrill,
Half a chirrup, half a cry ;
Every little gullet shakes,
As its clamour from it breaks,
Deafening the passer-by.

Bishop Benno halting stood,
Looking on them in a mood
Discontented ; he could find,
Saying the Three Children's Song,
As he paced the bank along,
No tranquillity of mind.

" O ye frogs ! when Bishops praise
God, ye should amend your ways,
And be quiet for a while."
Thus he spake, and at the word
They were silent, naught was heard.
He continued, with a smile :

" All ye green things on the earth,
Bless the Lord who gave you birth,
And for ever magnify.
All ye fountains that are poured
From your sources, praise the Lord,
And for ever magnify.

" All ye seas and floods that roll,
Praise the Lord, from pole to pole,
And for ever magnify.
All ye teeming things that dwell
In the waters, praise as well,
And for ever magnify."

Sudden Benno stopped. A flame
Started to his brow, in shame,
As he did within debate :
" What ! doth the Creator love
Praises from the things that move,
And from things inanimate ?

" Fie upon me ! Am I sure
My intent is half as pure,
Praises as acceptable,
As the strain, though loud and harsh,
Of these dwellers in the marsh ?
What am I, that I can tell ? "

Turning to the swamp, he cried :
" Sitters by the water-side,
Do not ye your hymns forego.
I release you from the ban,
Praise the God of Frog and Man—
Cantate fratres Domino."

[*From "The Silver Store" (Skeffington & Son, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publishers.*]

AN INCIDENT

By Harold Begbie

In his uniform soaking and draggled, with the blood in his sleepless eyes,
Hungry and dirty and bearded, he looks at the morning skies,
He feels for his pipe in the blanket, he calls to his chum for a light—
When a bugle sounds on the chilling air, and he stands in his boots upright.

There is jingling of chains and the straining of harness, the clashing of steel,
And the gunner swings off at a gallop as he buckles the spur to his heel,
There are whispers, and jestings, and laughter—then the scream of a rushing shell,
And the crash of the guns from the trenches that fling back the gateways of Hell.

In his uniform soaking and grimy he stands with his gun in his place,
While the bullets peck at the riven ground and spit up the earth in his face ;
He stands as he stood in a scarlet coat with a crowd at the barrack gate,
But the colonel knows what his heart is at, and he whispers : " It's coming. Wait ! "

So he glares at the smoke from the trenches, so he chats to his chum on his right,
Muddy and thirsty and frozen—but setting his teeth for the fight,
And he stands like a rock through the morning with the butt of his gun at his toe—
Till the bugles ring and he leaps to the front with his bayonet-point at the foe.

To the mouth of the sputtering cannon, to the ridge where the rifles flame,
On ! with a shout that is strong as the blow—though he's tortured and spent and lame,
Through the line of the reeling foemen, through the hail of the hissing lead—
He wins to the rocks with his bayonet-point and staggers among the dead.

In his uniform soaking and tattered he lies with the mist in his eyes,
The sun has set and the air is still, but he looks no more on the skies ;
The lips of the cannon are frothless, there is rest in the worn brigade,
And the only sound on the stricken field is the noise of his comrade's spade.

[*From "The Handy Man, and other Verses" (Grant Richards, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publisher.*]

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

By Henry Glassford Bell

Part I

I look'd far back into other years, and lo ! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls ;
And o'er the antique dial-stone, the creeping shadows passed ;
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please ;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names, held none more dear than theirs ;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line.
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon ;
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng ;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth is she, the new-made bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighted up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah ! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers ?

Part II

THE scene was changed. It was a barque that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay ;
And on its deck a lady sat who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the far-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth ;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne.
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France,
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance !
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her barque ;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark !

One gaze again—one long last gaze—" Adieu, fair France, to thee ! "
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now—
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field,
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar.
They half beguiled her of her cares, they sooth'd her into smiles,
They won her thought from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.
But hark ! the tramp of armèd men, the Douglas' battle-cry !
They come—they come—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye !
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !

Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell !
" Now for my father's arm ! " she said ; " my woman's heart, farewell ! "

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line :
" My lords ! my lords ! " the captive said, " were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes ! "
A red spot burned upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses down—
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown.

Part III

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more ;
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars, it dies away ;
And Mary's troops, and banners now, and courtiers—where are they ?
Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone.
O God ! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won !
Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part ;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrows in thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb !
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone—
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone—

I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold—
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould !
Even now I see her far away in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born !
Alas ! the change ! She placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block *alone !*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed !
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has passed away ;
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay !
The dog is moaning piteously ; and as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor !
The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the heart-blood of a queen.—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen—
Lapp'd by a dog ! Go, think of it, in silence and alone ;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne !

THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR

By Joel Benton

In an attic deserted, stowed safely away,
A Little High Chair I discovered to-day,
In a dingy dark corner, with cobwebs o'ergrown—
But, who was its owner, is something unknown.

A round or two broken, a break from the seat,
The back partly patched up, and nowhere complete,
With the paint strangely tortured by patches quite bare,
Make lone and pathetic the Little High Chair.

The child who sat in it, I venture to say,
Is a tottering old man if he's living to-day ;
What fields he has conquered, what prospects found fair,
No record or person is here to declare.

Yet, born with his youth, this one relic remains
From a far distant time, when life's contests and pains
Stood far in abeyance, and naught could impair
The career that should start from the Little High Chair.

Did its subject tied up there, so proud on its throne,
Go out through the world a great power, or unknown ?
Was the joy that youth promised fulfilled, or a snare ?
No answer comes back from the Little High Chair.

The mother who cherished the child that it bore,
And all who once knew it have gone on before ;
But a history of some sort, forbidding or fair,
Begins every day from some Little High Chair.

MY WILL

By Arthur C. Benson

I would live, if I had my will,
In an old stone grange on a Yorkshire hill,
Ivy-encircled, lichen-streaked,
Low and mullioned, gable-peaked,
With a velvet lawn, and a hedge of yew,
An apple orchard to saunter through,
Hyacinth-scented in spring's clear prime
And rich with roses in summer-time,
And a waft of heather over the hill,
Had I my will.

Over my tree-tops, grave and brown,
Slants the back of a breezy down ;
Through my fields, by the covert edge,
A swift stream splashes from ledge to ledge
On to the hamlet, scattered, gray,
Where folk live leisurely day by day ;
The same old faces about my walks ;
Smiling welcomes and simple talks ;
Innocent stories of Jack and Jill ;
Had I my will.

How my thrushes should pipe ere noon,
Young birds learning the old birds' tune ;
Casements wide, when the eve is fair,
To drink the scents of the moonlit air.
Over the valley I'd see the lights
Of the lone hill-farms, on the upland heights ;
And hear, when the night is alert with rain,
The steady pulse of the labouring train,
With the measured gush of the merry rill,
Had I my will.

Then in the winter, when gusts pipe thin,
By a clear fire would I sit within,
Warm and dry in the ingle nook,
Reading at ease in a good, grave book ;
Under the lamp, as I sideways bend,
I'd scan the face of my well-loved friend ;
Writing my verses with careless speed,
One, at least, would be pleased to read ;
Thus sweet leisure my days should fill,
Had I my will.

Then when the last guest steps to my side—
May it be summer, the windows wide—
I would smile as the parson prayed,
Smile to think I was once afraid ;
Death should beckon me, take my hand,
Smile at the door of the silent land,
Then the slumber, how good to sleep
Under the grass where the shadows creep,
Where the headstones slant on the wind-swept hill !
I shall have my will !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

MY OLD FRIEND

By Arthur C. Benson

It seems the world was always bright
With some divine unclouded weather,
When we, with hearts and footsteps light,
By lawn and river walked together :

There was no talk of me and you,
Of theories with facts to bound them,
We were content to be and do,
And take our fortunes as we found them.

We spoke no wistful words of love,
No hint of sympathy and dearness,
Only around, beneath, above,
There ran a swift and subtle nearness.

Each inmost thought was known to each
By some impetuous divination :
We found no need of flattering speech,
Content with silent admiration.

I think I never touched your hand,
I took no heed of face or feature,
Only, I thought on sea or land
Was never such a gracious creature.

It seems I was not hard to please,
Where'er you led I needs must follow ;
For strength you were my Hercules,
For wit and lustre my Apollo.

The years flew onward : stroke by stroke
They clashed from the impartial steeple,
And we appear to other folk
A pair of ordinary people.

One word, old friend : though fortune flies,
If hope should fail—till death shall sever—
In one dim pair of faithful eyes
You seem as bright, as brave as ever.

[*From "Lord Vyet" (John Lane, London). By Special Permission of the Author.*]

AWAKE, MY HEART, TO BE LOVED

By Robert Bridges

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake !
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky : unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee ;
For thee would unashamèd herself forsake :
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake !

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree :
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake ;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee :
She looketh and saith, ' O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved : awake, awake ! '

[*By kind Permission of the Author and the Publisher, Mr John Murray.*]

THE WINNOWERS

By Robert Bridges

Betwixt two billows of the downs
The little hamlet lies,
And nothing sees but the bald crowns
Of the hills, and the blue skies.

Clustering beneath the long descent
And grey slopes of the wold,
The red roofs nestle, oversprent
With lichen yellow as gold.

We found it in the mid-day sun
Basking, what time of year
The thrush his singing has begun,
Ere the first leaves appear.

High from his load a woodman pitched
His faggots on the stack :
Knee-deep in straw the cattle twitched
Sweet hay from crib and rack :

And from the barn hard by was borne
A steady muffled din,
By which we knew that threshèd corn
Was winnowing, and went in.

The sunbeams on the motey air
Streamed through the open door,
And on the brown arms moving bare,
And the grain upon the floor.

One turns the crank, one stoops to feed
The hopper, lest it lack,
One in the bushel scoops the seed,
One stands to hold the sack.

We watched the good grain rattle down,
And the awns fly in the draught ;
To see us both so pensive grown
The honest labourers laughed :

Merry they were, because the wheat
Was clean and plump and good,
Pleasant to hand and eye, and meet
For market and for food.

It chanced we from the city were,
And had not gat us free
In spirit from the store and stir
Of its immensity :

But here we found ourselves again.
Where humble harvests bring
After much toil but little grain,
'Tis merry winnowing.

[*By kind Permission of the Author and the Publisher, Mr John Murray.*]

THE SOUTH WIND

By Robert Bridges

The south wind rose at dusk of the winter day,
The warm breath of the western sea
Circling wrapp'd the isle with his cloke of cloud,
And it now reached even to me, at dusk of the day.
And moan'd in the branches aloud :
While here and there, in patches of dark space,
A star shone forth from its heavenly place,
As a spark that is borne in the smoky chase ;
And, looking up, there fell on my face—
Could it be drops of rain
Soft as the wind, that fell on my face ?
Gossamers light as threads of the summer dawn.

Suck'd by the sun from midmost calms of the main,
From groves of coral islands secretly drawn,
O'er half the round of earth to be driven,
Now to fall on my face
In silky skeins spun from the mists of heaven.

Who art thou, in wind and darkness and soft rain
Thyself that robest, that bendest in sighing pines
To whisper thy truth ? that usest for signs
A hurried glimpse of the moon, the glance of a star
In the rifted sky ?
Who art thou, that with thee I
Woo and am wooed ?
That robing thyself in darkness and soft rain
Choosest my chosen solitude,
Coming so far
To tell thy secret again,
As a mother her child, in her folding arm
Of a winter night by a flickering fire,
Telleth the same tale o'er and o'er
With gentle voice, and I never tire,
So imperceptibly changeth the charm,
As Love on buried ecstasy buildeth his tower,
—Like as the stem that beareth the flower
By trembling is knit to power ;—
Ah ! long ago
In thy first rapture I renounced my lot,
The vanity, the despondency and the woe,
And seeking thee to know
Well was't for me, and ever more
I am thine, I know not what.

For me thou seekest ever, me wondering a day
In the eternal alternations, me
Free for a stolen moment of chance
To dream a beautiful dream
In the everlasting dance
Of speechless worlds, the unsearchable scheme,
To me thou findest the way,
Me and whomsoe'er
I have found my dream to share
Still with thy charm encircling ; even to-night
To me and my love in darkness and soft rain
Under the sighing pines thou comest again,
And staying our speech with mystery of delight,

Of the kiss that I give a wonder thou makest,
And the kiss that I take thou takest.

[*By kind Permission of the Author and the Publisher, Mr John Murray.*]

THE VOICE

By Rupert Brooke

Safe in the magic of my woods
I lay, and watched the dying light.
Faint in the pale high solitudes,
And washed with rain and veiled by night,

Silver and blue and green were showing.
And the dark woods grew darker still;
And birds were hushed; and peace was growing;
And quietness crept up the hill;

And no wind was blowing . . .

And I knew
That this was the hour of knowing,
And the night and the woods and you
Were one together, and I should find
Soon in the silence the hidden key
Of all that had hurt and puzzled me—
Why you were you, and the night was kind,
And the woods were part of the heart of me.

And there I waited breathlessly,
Alone; and slowly the holy three,
The three that I loved, together grew
One, in the hour of knowing,
Night, and the woods, and you—

And suddenly
There was an uproar in my woods.
The noise of a fool in mock distress,
Crashing and laughing and blindly going,
Of ignorant feet and a swishing dress,
And a Voice profaning the solitudes.

The spell was broken, the key denied me.
And at length your flat clear voice beside me
Mouthed cheerful clear flat platitudes.

You came and quacked beside me in the wood.
You said, " The view from here is very good ! "
You said, " It's nice to be alone a bit ! "
And, " How the days are drawing out ! " you said.
You said, " The sunset's pretty, isn't it ! "

. . . . .

By God ! I wish—I wish that you were dead !

[*From " Poems." By kind Permission of the Publishers, Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.*]

THE ONE BEFORE THE LAST

By Rupert Brooke

I dreamed I was in love again
With the One Before the Last,
And smiled to greet the pleasant pain
Of that innocent young past.

But I jumped to feel how sharp had been
The pain when it did live,
How the faded dreams of Nineteen-ten
Were Hell in Nineteen-five.

The boy's woe was as keen and clear,
The boy's love just as true,
And the One Before the Last, my dear,
Hurt quite as much as you.

. . . . .

Sickly I pondered how the lover
Wrongs the unanswering tomb,
And sentimentalizes over
What earned a better doom.

Gently he tombs the poor dim last time,
Strews pinkish dust above,
And sighs, " The dear dead boyish pastime !
But *this*- -ah, God !—is Love ! "

—Better oblivion hide dead true loves,
Better the night enfold,
Than men, to eke the praise of new loves,
Should lie about the old !

. . . . .

Oh ! bitter thoughts had I in plenty
But here's the worst of it—
I shall forget, in Nineteen-twenty,
You ever hurt a bit !

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THE KING AND THE HUNTSMAN

By W. Stopford Brooke

The king and his huntsman are gone to the chase
And the huntsman's son with them,
Two nights they lay, and two days they rode,
Till they came to the forest's hem.

"O what are these meadows," the king he said,
"And this stream that runs in flood,
And why is the grass as green as a copse,
And the stream as red as blood ?

"Is this the meadow and this the stream "—
And he laughed both loud and free—
"Where it's twenty years I loved a maid,
And sorely she loved me ? "

Then up and spake the huntsman dark,
And he was deadly fell,
"Now draw your dagger, my son," he said,
"And send this king to hell.

"Revenge burns slow, but it flames at last—
The maiden was my daughter ;
She broke her heart for thee and shame,
And died in this wild water.

"Nor wife, nor child, but the carrion crow,
Shall hear thy dying groan,
And Ellen's stream shall be red with thy blood,
And the wolves strip thy breast-bone."

Then the king grew pale as the snow at dawn,
And he bared his hunting-knife ;
" O woe that I left my good deer-hound,
For I should not lose my life."

" I slew him first," the huntsman said—
And fierce at the king he ran ;
" Strike down at his back, my son, strike hard,
For he shall not die like a man."

And they washed their hands in the red, red blood,
And over the seas to Spain ;
And the only sextons that buried the king
Were the wild beasts and the rain.

[*From " Poems " (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London). By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE STOCKHORN AND THE VALLEY

By W. Stopford Brooke

The Stockhorn looked down on the Valley,
And cried : " O give me your heart."
But the Valley loved only herself, and said,
" Our lives are too far apart."

The Stockhorn heard, and he hid his head
Far up in the lonely air ;
" A pleasure has gone," the Valley said,
" From my life—but I do not care."

Then the Stockhorn gathered, in wrath, his clouds,
And rained on the Valley, and flared ;
And the Valley said, " If you had done this
At first, I might have cared."

Then the Valley began to dream, and Love
Crept into her like pain ;
" I wish he were back," the Valley said,
" And I'm weary of this rain."

And the rain it ceased, and the Stockhorn shook
The clouds from his haughty head ;
" Look down upon me, and love me now,
For I repent," the Valley said.

But the Stockhorn had fallen in love with the Dawns
And over the mountains rove ;
And he heard not the streams of the Valley sob,
Nor knew that she died of love.

[*From "Poems" (Macmillan & Co., Limited, London). By Special Permission of the Author.*]

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river ;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

THE SLEEP

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift of grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it floateth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
" He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed, in such a rest to keep ;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*.—
" He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who " giveth His beloved sleep ! "

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, " Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep."

THE LADY'S YES

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

" Yes ! " I answered you last night ;
" No ! " this morning, sir, I say !
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No !*

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you !*

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high ;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

THE MASK

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I HAVE a smiling face,—she said,
I have a jest for all I meet ;
I have a garland for my head,
And all its flowers are sweet,—
And so you call me gay, she said.

Grief taught to me this smile, she said,
And Wrong did teach this jesting bold ;
These flowers were plucked from garden-bed
While a death-chime was tolled—
And what now will you say ?—she said.

Behind no prison-grate, she said,
Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Are captives so uncomforted,
As souls behind a smile.
God's pity let us pray, she said.

I know my face is bright, she said,—
Such brightness, dying suns diffuse !
I bear upon my forehead shed,
The sign of what I lose,—
The ending of my day, she said.

If I dared leave this smile, she said,
And take a moan upon my mouth,
And tie a cypress round my head,
And let my tears run smooth.—
It were the happier way, she said.

And since that must not be, she said,
I fain your bitter world would leave.
How calmly, calmly, smile the Dead,
Who do not, therefore, grieve !
The yea of Heaven is yea, she said.

But in your bitter world, she said,
Face-joy's a costly mask to wear,
And bought with pangs long nourished
And rounded to despair.
Grief's earnest makes life's play, she said.

Ye weep for those who weep ?—she said—
Ah fools !—I bid you pass them by ;
Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled,
What time their eyes were dry !
Whom sadder can I say ?—she said.

A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

She has laughed as softly as if she sighed ;
She has counted six and over,
Of a purse well filled, of a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover !
They " give her time ; " for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving :
She will lie to none with her fair red lip—
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling ;
With a glance for *one*, and a glance for *some*,
From her eyelids rising and falling.
—Speaks common words with a blushful air ;
—Hears bold words, unreproving :
But her silence says—what she never will swear—
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady! lean to the night-guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer;
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
At the voice of an in-door singer!
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly, on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries—
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think when the song is done.
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men beside go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

By Robert Browning

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design: for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depths and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, " Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or " Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat : " such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say ?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one ! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good ! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling ? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, " Just this
Or that in you disgusts me ; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark "—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and make excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping ; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her ; but who passed without
Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise ? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbrück cast in bronze for me ?

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

[16—.]

By Robert Browning

I

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
" Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew ;
" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the light sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

IV

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

V

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight !

VIII

" How they'll greet us ! " and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone would save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

By Robert Browning

I

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,—"
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him ! " The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

V

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
" You're wounded ! " " Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
" I'm killed, Sire ! " And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

By Robert Browning

I

I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness !
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame,
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

II

My mistress bent that brow of hers ;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two
With life or death in the balance : right !
The blood replenished me again ;
My last thought was at least not vain :
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.
Who knows but the world may end to-night ?

III

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's and evening star's at once—
And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !—
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear !
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

IV

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.
What need to strive with a life awry ?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me ? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell !
Where had I been now if the worst befell ?
And here we are riding, she and I.

V

Fail I alone in words and deeds ?
Why, all men strive, and who succeeds ?
We rode ; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought,—All labour, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past !
I hoped she would love me ; here we ride.

VI

What hand and brain went ever paired ?
What heart alike conceived and dared ?
What act proved all its thought had been ?
What will but felt the fleshly screen ?
We ride and I see her bosom heave.

There's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
My riding is better, by their leave.

VII

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm you tell
What we felt only; you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best,
And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
'Tis something, nay 'tis much: but then,
Have you yourself what's best for men?
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who have never turned a rhyme?
Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

VIII

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn!
You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you grow grey
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
"Greatly his opera's strains intend,
But in music we know how fashions end!"
I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

IX

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being—had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,
Have a bliss to die with, dim descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

X

And yet—she has not spoke so long !
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide ?
What if we still ride on, we two,
With life for ever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity,—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride ?

EVELYN HOPE

By Robert Browning

I

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead !
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
Little has yet been changed, I think :
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

II

Sixteen years old when she died !
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;
It was not her time to love ; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

III

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—

And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told ?
We were fellow-mortals, naught beside ?

IV

No, indeed ! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love :
I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
Much is to learn, much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you.

V

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay ?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

VI

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me :
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
What is the issue ? let us see !

VII

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !
My heart seemed full as it could hold ;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep :
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand !
There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

THE LOST LEADER

By Robert Browning

I

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch when the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

By Robert Browning

I

O Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

II

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

III

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what you call
. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival:
I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

IV

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

V

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

VI

Well, and it was graceful of them; they'd break talk off and afford
—She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he, to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

VII

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—"Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can but try!"

VIII

"Were you happy?"—"Yes"—"And are you still as happy?"—"Yes. And you?"
—"Then more kisses!"—"Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed so few?"
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

IX

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!"

X

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

XI

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from Nature's close reserve,
In I come with your cold music till I creep thro' every nerve.

XII

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:
"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.
The soul, doubtless, is immortal,—where a soul can be discerned.

XIII

"Yours for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not die, it cannot be!

XIV

" As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop :
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop ?

XV

" Dust and ashes ! " So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms ? I feel chilly and grown old.

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

By Robert Browning

I

The rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake,
I listened with heart fit to break.

II

When glided in Porphyria ; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;
Which done, she rose, and from her form

III

Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,

IV

She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,—

V

Murmuring how she loved me—she,
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever.

VI

But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain :
So, she was come through wind and rain.

VII

Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud ; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me ; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.

VIII

That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good : I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,

IX

And strangled her. No pain felt she ;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids ; again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.

X

And I untightened next the tress
About her neck ; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss :
I propped her head up as before.
Only, this time my shoulder bore

XI

Her head, which droops upon it still :
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead

XII

Porphyria's love : she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word !

THE CONFESSIONAL

[SPAIN]

By Robert Browning

I

It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,
Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there ! through my door
And ceiling, there ! and walls and floor,
There, lies, they lie—shall still be hurled
Till spite of them I reach the world !

II

You think Priests just and holy men !
Before they put me in this den
I was a human creature too,
With flesh and blood like one of you,
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
Like lilies in your world outside.

III

I had a lover—shame avaunt!
This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned,
By lips the truest love e'er turned
His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
My soul out in a burning mist.

IV

So, next day when the accustomed train
Of things grew round my sense again,
"That is a sin," I said: and slow
With downcast eyes to church I go,
And pass to the confession-chair,
And tell the old mild father there.

V

But when I falter Beltran's name,
"Ha!" quoth the father; "much I blame
The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
Despair not,—strenuously retrieve!
Nay, I will turn this love of thine
To lawful love, almost divine.

VI

"For he is young, and led astray,
This Beltran, and he schemes, men say,
To change the laws of Church and State;
So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll
Its cloud away and save his soul.

VII

"For, when he lies upon thy breast,
Thou may'st demand and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal,
That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge."

VIII

That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed bright;

I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.

IX

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of Heaven or fear of Hell ;
And I lay listening in such pride !
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning-light
To save his soul in his despite.

X

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams ;
" And now make haste," I said, " to pray
The one spot from his soul away ;
To-night he comes, but not the same
Will look ! " At night he never came.

XI

Nor next night : on the after-morn,
I went forth with a strength new-born.
The church was empty ; something drew
My steps into the street ; I knew
It led me to the market-place :
Where, lo, on high, the father's face !

XII

That horrible black scaffold drest,
That stapled block . . . God sink the rest,
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed,
And, on the neck these arms caressed. . . .

XIII

No part in aught they hope or fear !
No Heaven with them, no Hell !—and here,
No Earth, not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens
But shall bear God and Man my cry,
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie !

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION

By Robert Browning

THERE's heaven above, and night by night,
I look right through its gorgeous roof ;
No suns and moons though e'er so bright
Avail to stop me ; splendour-proof
I keep the broods of stars aloof :
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For on God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory, past,
I lay my spirit down at last.
I lie where I have always lain,
God smiles as He has always smiled ;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thunder-girt, or piled
The heavens, God thought on me his child ;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest ; ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere He fashioned star or sun.
And having thus created me,
Thus rooted me, He bade me grow,
Guiltless for ever, like a tree
That buds and blooms, nor seeks to know
The law by which it prospers so :
But sure that thought and word and deed
All go to swell His love for me,
Me, made because that love had need
Of something irrevocably
Pledged solely its content to be.
Yes, yes, a tree which must ascend,
No poisoned-gourd foredoomed to stoop !
I have God's warrant, could I blend
All hideous sins, as in a cup,
To drink the mingled venoms up,
Secure my nature will convert
The draught to blossoming gladness fast,
While sweet dews turn to the gourd's hurt,
And bloat, and while they bloat it, blast,
As from the first its lot was cast.

For as I lie, smiled on, full fed
  By unexhausted power to bless,
I gaze below on Hell's fierce bed,
  And those its waves of flame oppress,
Swarming in ghastly wretchedness ;
Whose life on earth aspired to be
  One altar-smoke, so pure !—to win
If not love like God's love to me,
  At least to keep His anger in ;
And all their striving turned to sin.
  Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown white
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,
  The martyr, the wan acolyte,
The incense-swinging child,—undone
Before God fashioned star or sun !
God, whom I praise ; how could I praise,
  If such as I might understand,
Make out and reckon on His ways,
  And bargain for His love, and stand,
Paying a price, at His right hand ?

'DE GUSTIBUS—'

By Robert Browning

I

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
    (If our loves remain)
    In an English lane,
By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
    Making love, say,—
    The happier they !
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will too soon,
    With the beanflowers' boon,
    And the blackbird's tune,
    And May, and June !

II

What I love best in all the world,
Is, a castle, precipice-encurled,

In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicalas die of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'er-crusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge. For, what expands
Before the house, but the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea without a break?
While, in the house, for ever crumbles
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
And says there's news to-day—the king
Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:
—She hopes they have not caught the felons.
Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her, Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she;
So it always was, so shall ever be!

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL

By Robert Browning

A PICTURE AT FANO

I

Dear and great Angel, would'st thou only leave
That child when thou hast done with him for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

II

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
—And suddenly my head is covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world ; for me, discarding
Yon Heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door !

III

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God ! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread ?

IV

If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

V

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired !
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O, world, as God has made it ! all is beauty :
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared !

VI

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach
(Alfred, dear friend !)—that little child to pray,
Holding the little hands up, each to each
Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away
Over the earth where so much lay before him
Of work to do, though Heaven was opening o'er him
And he was left at Fano by the beach.

VII

We were at Fano, and three times we went
To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our soul's content
—My angel with me too : and since I care
For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dower,
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent),

VIII

And since he did not work so earnestly
At all times, and has else endured some wrong—
I took one thought his picture struck from me,
And spread it out, translating it to song.
My Love is here. Where are you, dear old friend ?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end ?
This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

A LIGHT WOMAN

By Robert Browning

I

So far as our story approaches the end,
Which do you pity the most of us three ?—
My friend, or the mistress of my friend
With her wanton eyes, or me ?

II

My friend was already too good to lose,
And seemed in the way of improvement yet,
When she crossed his path with her hunting-noose
And over him drew her net.

III

When I saw him tangled in her toils,
A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
The hundredth, for a whim !

IV

And before my friend be wholly hers,
How easy to prove to him, I said,
An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
Though she snaps at the wren instead !

V

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
  My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
And round she turned for my noble sake,
  And gave me herself indeed.

VI

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
  The wren is he, with his maiden face.
—You look away and your lip is curled ?
  Patience, a moment's space !

VII

For see—my friend goes shaking and white ;
  He eyes me as the basilisk :
I have turned, it appears, his day to night,
  Eclipsing his sun's disk.

VIII

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief :
  ' Though I love her—that he comprehends—
One should master one's passions, (love, in chief)
  And be loyal to one's friends ! '

IX

And she,—she lies in my hand as tame
  As a pear late basking over a wall ;
Just a touch to try and off it came ;
  'Tis mine,—can I let it fall ?

X

With no mind to eat it, that's the worst !
  Were it thrown in the road, would the case assist ?
'Twas quenching a dozen blue-flies' thirst
  When I gave its stalk a twist.

XI

And I,—what I seem to my friend, you see—
  What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess.
What I seem to myself, do you ask of me ?
  No hero, I confess.

XII

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own.
Yet think of my friends, and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone!

XIII

One likes to show the truth for the truth;
That the woman was light is very true:
But suppose she says,—Never mind that youth—
What wrong have I done to you?

XIV

Well, anyhow, here the story stays,
So far at least as I understand;
And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand!

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

By W. C. Bryant

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link,* bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat:
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat of mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

* An American bird of passage.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

By Robert Buchanan

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

The breath of the World came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
That made a gentle moan—
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury them deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in,
It floated light as wool.

The third place that he journeyed to
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

For days and nights he wander'd on,
All thro' the Wood of Woe ;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walk'd the silent night ;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

And the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam ;
And the mists came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The Bridegroom in His robe of white
Sat at the table-head—
" Oh, who is he that moans without ? "
The blessèd Bridegroom said.

And one look'd forth from the lighted hall,
And answer'd fierce and low,
" 'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in His hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And He was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded His eyes and look'd,
And His face was bright to see—
" What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins ? " said He.

And the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood there black, and bare—
" I have wandered many nights and days ;
There is no light elsewhere."

But the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
" Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night ! "

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And He waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that He waved His hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

And the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at His feet.

[*From " Poetical Works " (Chatto & Windus, London). By Special Permission of Miss Harriet Jay and the Publishers.*]

THE GREEN GNOME

A MELODY

By Robert Buchanan

Ring, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! through the dales and dells !
Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white as milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk,
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in shining drops of dew ;
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I went ;
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seem'd to die away ;
And beside a silver runnel, on a lonely heap of sand,
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand ;
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me on the ground :
O crimson, crimson, were his locks, his face was green to see,
But he cried, " O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound to marry me ! "
He claspt me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or speak ;
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men !

Ring, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! through the dales and dells !
Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !
O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
So faintly, faintly, faintly, rang the bells afar away ;
And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
The ugly green green Gnome became a tall and comely man !
His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes.
His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose ;
A pensive light from Faëryland still linger'd on his cheek,
His voice was like the running brook when he began to speak :
" O you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me,
Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free !
O I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
And by those sweetly shining eyes we twain will wedded be ! "

Back we gallop'd, never stopping, he before and I behind,
And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind,
And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,
And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

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PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP

A TALE OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS

By Robert Buchanan

We were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we'd had a blaze of luck,
More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck;
Like men gone wild we t'iled and t'iled, and never seemed to tire,
The hot sun beamed, and our faces streamed with the sweat of a mad desire.

I was Captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious life,
For a wilder set I never met at derringer and knife;
Nigh every day there was some new fray, a bullet in someone's brain,
And the viciousest brute to stab and to shoot, was an Imp of Hell from Maine.

Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to make you skeer'd,
His face all scabb'd, and twisted and stabb'd, with carroty hair and beard;
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nick'd him in the heel.

But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, he always fought most fair,
With as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any there :
Of honour too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not so keen,
Would rather be riddled thro' and thro', than do what he thought mean.

But his eddication to his ruination had not been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice ;
With anything white he'd drink, or he'd fight in fair and open fray ;
But to murder and kill was his wicked will, if an Injin came his way !

" A sarpent's hide has pison inside, and an Injin's heart's the same,
If he seems your friend for to gain his end, look out for the sarpent's game ;
Of the snakes that crawl, the worst of all is the snake in a skin of red,
A spotted Snake, and no mistake ! " that's what he always said.

Well, we'd jest struck our bit of luck, and were wild as raving men,
When who should stray to our camp one day, but Black Panther, the Cheyenne ;
Drest like a Christian, all a-grin, the old one joins our band,
And tho' the rest look'd black as sin, he shakes *me* by the hand.

Now, the poor old cuss had been good to us, and I knew that he was true—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd trust *you ;*
For tho' his wit was gone a bit, and he drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined, as even a white could wish.

Food had got low, for we didn't know the run of the hunting-ground,
And our hunters were sick, when, jest in the nick, the friend in need was found ;
And I reckon that day and the next we didn't want for food,
And only one in the camp looked vext—that Imp of Hell, Phil Blood.

Nothing would please his contrairy idees ! an Injin made him rile !
He didn't speak, but I saw on his cheek a kind of an ugly smile ;

And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the Panther apart,
For the Injin he was too blind to see the dirt in a white man's heart!

Well, one fine day, we a-resting lay at noon-time by the creek,
The red sun blazed, and we felt half-dazed, too beat to stir or speak;
I dreamed and dozed with eyes half-closed, and felt like a three-year child,
And, a plaintain blade on his brow for a shade, even Phil Blood look'd mild.

Back, jest then, came our hunting men, with the Panther at their head,
Full of his fun was everyone, and the Panther's eyes were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had a drop that day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squeal'd and skirl'd, in the foolish Injin way.

To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his knife in his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eyeballs stare, and I knew how fierce he felt,—
When the Injin dances with grinning glances around him as he lies,
With his painted skin and his monkey grin,—and leers into Phil Blood's eyes!

Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood was on his feet,
And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart began to beat;
And, "Git out o' the way," he heard them say, "for he means to hev your life!"
But before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash of the knife.

"Run, Panther, run!" cried each mother's son, and the Panther took the track;
With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood sprang at his back,
Up the side so steep of the cañon deep the poor old critter sped,
And the devil's limb ran after him, till they faded overhead.

A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up to the crags on high,
And along that path the Injin fled, swift as a man could fly.

Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white beast back ;
But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying Injin's track.

Right above you, the crags, Lord love you ! are bare as this here hand,
And your eyes you wink at the bright blue chink, as looking up you stand.
If a man should pop in that trap at the top, he'd never rest arm or leg,
Till neck and crop to the bottom he'd drop—and smash on the stones like an egg !

" Come back, you cuss ! come back to us ! and let the critter be ! "
I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood grinning at them and me . . .
But up they went, and my shots were spent, and at last they disappeared,—
One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had leapt and *cleared !*

A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear,—and the bloodiest grave below !
But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like a bolt from a bow !
Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as dark as death,
But when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused for breath !

For breath at the brink ! but—a white man shrink, when a red had passed so neat ?
I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead beat !
He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the slippery ledge,
And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul ! just touches the tother edge !

One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call, from the men that stand and stare,—
Back in the blue where the sky looks thro', he staggers, dwarf'd up there ;
The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—our eyes grow dim—
I turn away—what's that they say ?—he's a-hanging on to the brim !

. . . On the very brink of the fearful chink a ragged shrub there grew,
And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and the blue,
And as soon as a man could run I ran the way I'd seen them flee,
And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what do you think I see ?

All up ? Not quite. Still hanging ? Right ! But he'd torn away the shrub ;
With lolling tongue he clutch'd and swung—to what ? ay, that's the rub !
I saw him glare and dangle in air,—for the empty hole he trod,—
Help'd by a *pair of hands* up there !—The Injin's ? Yes, by God !

I held my breath—so nigh to death Phil Blood swung hand and limb,
And it seem'd to us all that down he'd fall, with the Panther after him,
But the Injin length put out his strength—and another minute past,—
—Then safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phil Blood, at last ! !

Saved ? True for you ! By an Injin too !—and the man he meant to kill !
There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing still ;
Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a great mad bull at bay,
And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeer'd smile, ready to spring away.

What did Phil do ? Well, I watched the two, and I saw Phil Blood turn back,
Bend over the brink and take a blink right down the chasm black,
Then stooping low for a moment or so, he sheath'd his bowie bright,
Then threw it down, and watch'd with a frown, as the knife sank out of sight !

Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful and grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes on him,

Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by the mountain track,
With his lips set tight and his face all white, and the Panther at his back.

I reckon they stared when the two appeared! but never a word Phil spoke,
Some of them laughed and others jeered,—but he let them have their joke;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his eyes too bright,
And for many a week, in spite of their cheek, he never offered to fight.

And after that day he changed his play, and kept a civiller tongue,
But whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head he hung;
And whenever he heard the lying word, "*It's a* LIE!" Phil Blood would groan;
"*Dirt is Dirt and Snakes is Snakes, but an Injin's flesh and bone!*"

[*From "Poetical Works" (Chatto & Windus, London). By Special Permission of Miss Harriet Jay and the Publishers.*]

FRA GIACOMO

By Robert Buchanan

I

ALAS, Fra Giacomo,
Too late! but follow me . . .
Hush! draw the curtain—so!
She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady! she lies,
All the light gone out of her eyes!
But her features still wear that soft,
Gray, meditative expression,
Which you must have noticed oft,
Thro' the peephole, at confession.
How saintly she looks, how meek!
Though this be the chamber of death,
I fancy I feel her breath,
As I kiss her on the cheek.

Too holy for *me*, by far !—
As cold and as pure as a star,
  Not fashioned for kissing and pressing,
But made for a heavenly crown ! . . .
Ay, Father, let us go down—
  But first, if you please, your blessing.

II

. . . Wine ? No ! Come, come, you must !
  Blessing it with your prayers,
You'll quaff a cup, I trust,
  To the health of the Saint upstairs.
My heart is aching so !
  And I feel so weary and sad,
  Through the blow that I have had !
You'll sit, Fra Giacomo ? . . .

III

Heigho ! 'tis now six summers
  Since I saw that Angel and married her—
  I was passing rich, and I carried her
Off in the face of all comers . . .
So fresh, yet so brimming with Soul !
  A sweeter morsel, I swear,
Never made the dull black coal
  Of a monk's eye glitter and glare . . .
  Your pardon—nay, keep your chair !—
A jest ! but a jest ! . . . Very true,
  It is hardly becoming to jest,
  And that Saint upstairs at rest,—
Her Soul may be listening, too !
To think how I doubted and doubted,
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted
That golden-hair'd Angel, and solely
Because she was zealous and holy !—
Night and noon and morn
  She devoted herself to piety—
Not that she seemed to scorn,
  Or shun, her husband's society ;
But the claims of her Soul superseded
All that I asked for or needed,
And her thoughts were far away
From the level of sinful clay,
And she trembled lest earthly matters
Interfered with her *aves* and *paters !*

Sweet dove! she so fluttered, in flying
To avoid the black vapours of Hell,
So bent on self-sanctifying,—
That she never thought of trying
To save her poor husband as well!
And while she was named and elected
For place on the heavenly roll,
I (beast that I was) suspected
Her manner of saving her Soul—
So half for the fun of the thing,
What did I (blasphemer!) but fling
On my shoulders the gown of a monk
(Whom I managed for that very day
To get safely out of the way),
And seat me, half-sober, half-drunk,
With the cowl drawn over my face,
In the Father Confessor's place.
Eheu! benedicite!
In her beautiful sweet simplicity,
With that pensive gray expression,
She sighfully knelt at confession,—
While I bit my lips till they bled,
And dug my nails in my palm,
And heard, with averted head,
The horrible words come calm—
Each word was a serpent's sting;
But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,
I sat like a marble thing
As she uttered *your* name. SIT DOWN!

IV

More wine, Fra Giacomo?
One cup—as you love me! No?
Come, drink! 'twill bring the streaks
Of crimson back to your cheeks.
Come! drink again to the Saint,
Whose virtues you loved to paint,
Who, stretched on her wifely bed,
With the soft, sweet, gray expression
You saw and admired at confession—
Lies *poisoned*, overhead!

V

Sit still—or, by Heaven, you die!
Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
Have settled accounts, in a fine
Pleasant fashion, over our wine—

Stir not, and seek not to fly—
Nay, whether or not, you are mine!
Thank Montepulciano for giving
Your death in such delicate sips—
'Tis not every monk ceases living
With so pleasant a taste on his lips—
But lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
Take this!—and this!—and this!

VI

. . . Raise him; and cast him, Pietro,
Into the deep canal below:
You can be secret, lad, I know . . .
And, hark you, then to the convent go—
Bid every bell of the convent toll,
And the monks say mass for your mistress' soul.

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CHARMIAN

By Robert Buchanan

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Give me to drink mandragora!
—*Anthony and Cleopatra.*

In the time when water-lilies shake
Their green and gold on river and lake,
When the cuckoo calls in the heart o' the heat,
When the Dog-star foams and the shade is sweet;
Where cool and fresh the River ran,
I sat by the side of the Charmian,
And heard no sound from the world of Man.

All was so sweet and still that day!
The rustling shade, the rippling stream,
All life, all breath dissolved away
Into a golden dream;
Warm and sweet the scented shade
Drowsily caught the breeze and stirred,
Faint and low through the green glade
Came hum of bee and song of bird.

We did not break the happy spell
With tender tone or syllable.

But to ease our hearts and set thought free,
We pluckt the flowers of a red rose-tree,
And, leaf by leaf, we threw them, Sweet,
Into the River at our feet,
And in an indolent delight
Watch'd them glide onward, slowly, out of sight.

Sweet, had I spoken boldly then,
How might my love have garner'd thee !
But I had left the paths of men,
And sitting yonder, dreamily,
Was happiness enough for me !
Seeking no gift of word or kiss,
But looking in thy face, was bliss !
Plucking the rose-leaves in a dream,
Watching them glimmer down the stream,
Knowing that eastern heart of thine
Shared the dim ecstasy of mine !

Then, while we linger'd, cold and gray
Came Twilight, chilling soul and sense ;
And you arose to go away,
Full of divine indifference !
I missed the spell—I watched it break,—
And such come never twice to man :
In a less golden hour I spake,
And did *not* win thee, Charmian !

For wearily we turned away
Into the world of everyday,
And from thy heart the fancy fled
Like the rose-leaves on the River shed ;
But to me that hour is sweeter far
Than the world and all its treasures are :
Still to sit on, so close to thee,
Were Paradise enough for me !
Still to sit on, in a green nook,
Nor break the spell by word or look !
To reach out happy hands for ever,
To pluck the rose-leaves, Charmian !
To watch them fade on the gleaming River,
And hear no sound from the world of Man !

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THE STARLING

By Robert Buchanan

I

The little lame tailor
  Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
  Was the tailor's darling?
To none of his kind
Was he well-inclined,
  But he doted on Jack the starling.

II

For the bird had a tongue,
  And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
  Just over the door.
And he saw the people,
  And heard the roar,—
Folk coming and going
  Evermore,—
And he looked at the tailor,—
  And swore.

III

From a country lad
  The tailor bought him,—
His training was bad,
  For tramps had taught him;
On ale-house benches
  His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
  Made jests obscene,—
But he learn'd, no doubt,
  His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
  With kettle and bellows,
And three or four,
  The roundest by far
That ever he swore,
  Were taught by a tar.
And the tailor heard—
  "We'll be friends!" said he.

" You're a clever bird,
And our tastes agree—
We both are old,
And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
Things out of place,
And we're lonely too,
And full of care—
So what can we do
But swear ?

IV

" The devil take you,
How you mutter !—
Yet there's much to make you
Swear and flutter.
You want the fresh air
And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
Feels dreary and sad,
And here I frown
In a prison as dreary,
Hating the town,
And feeling weary :
We're too confined, Jack,
And we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack,
And so do I !
And then, again,
By chance as it were,
We learn'd from men
How to grumble and swear ;
You let your throat
By the scamps be guided,
And swore by rote—
All just as I did !
And without beseeching,
Relief is brought us—
For we turn the teaching
On those who taught us ! "

V

A haggard and ruffled
Old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled
In ragged black,

And his coat was rusty
And never neat,
And his wings were dusty
With grime of the street,
And he sidelong peer'd,
With eyes of soot,
And scowl'd and sneer'd,—
And was lame of a foot!
And he long'd to go
From whence he came;—
And the tailor, you know,
Was just the same.

VI

All kinds of weather
They felt confined,
And swore together
At all mankind;
For their mirth was done,
And they felt like brothers,
And the swearing of one
Meant no more than the others.
'Twas just a way
They had learn'd, you see,—
Each wanted to say
Only this—"Woe's me!
I'm a poor old fellow,
And I'm prison'd so,
While the sun shines mellow,
And the corn waves yellow,
And the fresh winds blow,—
And the folk don't care
If I live or die,
But I long for air,
And I wish to fly!"
Yet unable to utter it,
And too wild to bear,
They could only mutter it,
And swear.

VII

Many a year
They dwelt in the city,
In their prisons drear,
And none felt pity,

And few were sparing
  Of censure and coldness,
To hear them swearing
  With such plain boldness ;
But at last, by the Lord,
  Their noise was stopt,—
For down on his board
  The tailor dropt,
And they found him dead,
  And done with snarling,
And over his head
  Still grumbled the starling ;
But when an old Jew
  Claim'd the goods of the tailor,
And with eye askew
  Eyed the feathery railer,
And, with a frown
  At the dirt and rust,
Took the old cage down,
  In a shower of dust,—
Jack, with heart aching,
  Felt life past bearing,
And shivering, quaking,
  All hope forsaking,
  Died, swearing.

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THE SONG OF THE MARKET-PLACE

By James Buckham

Gay was the throng that poured through the streets of the old French town ;
The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags tossed up and down.
"Vive l'roi ! Vive l'roi !" the shout of the people rent the air,
And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells were all ablare.

But, crouched by St Peter's font, a beggar with a child,
Weary, and faint, and starved, with eyes that were worn and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried, as it went and came,
"Alms, for the love of God ! Pity, in Jesu's name !"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she bore,
But she looked at her starving babe, and cried from her heart the more :
" Alms, for the love of God ! Mother of Jesu, hear ! "
The steeples shook with bells, and the prayer was drowned in a cheer.

But see ! Through the thoughtless crowd comes one with a regal face ;
He catches the beggar's prayer, and turns with a gentle grace :
" Alms thou shalt have, poor soul ! Alas ! not a soul to share !
But stay "—and he doffs his hat, and stands in the crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the South,
A far-off cradle song that fell from his mother's mouth.
And the din was hushed in the square, and the people stood as mute
As the beasts in the Thracian wood, when Orpheus touched his lute.

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the list'ners came ;
" Mario ! " cried a voice, and the throng caught up the name ;
" Mario ! " and the coins rained like a shower of gold,
The singer's hat o'erflowed, like Midas' chest of old.
" Thank you," he said, and turned to the beggar crouching there,
" Take it, the gold is thine ; Jesu hath heard thy prayer " ;
Then kissed the white-faced child, and smiling went his way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts and the joy of holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous tenor's face,
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and stormed at with flowers he stood
Like a dark and noble pine, when the blossoms blow through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he had sung in the square.
Raising his hand, he smiled, and a silence filled the place,
While he sang that simple air, with the love-light on his face.

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died away ;
Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won that day !
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake,
Song of the market-place, tribute of laurel take.

THE GOAL OF LIFE

By Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn
From mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

BEFORE PARTING

By Robert Burns

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

By Robert Burns

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the airth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

THE OCEAN

By Lord Byron

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !
Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being ? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee.
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

SIEGE OF CORINTH

By Lord Byron

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The morning from her mantle grey,
And the noon will look on a sultry day.
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're born ;
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, " They come ! they come ! "
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein,
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
The cannon are pointed and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before :
Forms in his phalanx each janizar ;
Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar ;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post ;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu !
Up to the skies with that wild halloo !
As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,

He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die :
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent ;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
Shiver'd by the shot that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more :
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levell'd plain ;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.
As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below ;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renew'd
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heap'd by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
Nothing there, save death, was mute :
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter or for victory.
" O God ! when died she ? "—" Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight :
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on ! "—That challenge is in vain—
Alp's already with the slain !

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone ;
Their names were on the graven floor
But now illegible with gore ;
The carved crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's vein diffuse,
Were smeared and slippery,—stain'd, and strown
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown :
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row ;

You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate ;
But War had entered their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead :
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christian's chiefest magazine ;
To these a late form'd train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.
The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain :
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had bless'd.
To the high altar on they go ;
Oh, but it made a glorious show !
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold ;
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes :
That morn it held the holy wine,
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,
To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray.
Still a few drops within it lay :
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast ;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
When old Minotti's hand
Touch'd with the torch the train—
'Tis fired !
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
In one wild roar expired !

All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd :
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth and tore his rein ;
The bull-frog's note from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound :
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

By Lord Byron

O God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,

Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray ;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear ;
I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him :—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too :
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,

And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist ;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey ;
It was not night, it was not day ;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place ;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death :
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

A light broke in upon my brain,—
  It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
  The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track ;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud—
  A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

By Lord Byron

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! they come ! they come ! "

And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering " rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with light hope shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

——

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

By Lord Byron

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd:
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

THE DYING GLADIATOR

By Lord Byron

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power !
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure—Wherefore not ?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot ?
Both are but theatres where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony ;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low ;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—

There were his young barbarians all at play ;
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday :
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

By Thomas Campbell

Wizard. Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array ;
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in flight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far !
'Tis thine, oh, Glenullin ; whose bride shall await
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate ;
A steed comes at morning, no rider is there,
But his bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden ; that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultantly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight—
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims;
Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter ; I trust not the tale.
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

By Thomas Campbell

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry ;
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now who be ye would cross Loch Gyle,
This dark and stormy water ? "
" Oh ! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together ;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? "

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight :
" I'll go, my chief—I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

" And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
His wrath was turned to wailing.

For sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

LEPANTO

By Gilbert Keith Chesterton

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;

There is laughter like the fountains in the face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass ;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass ;
From evening isles fantastical rings fain the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.
Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes,
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain—hurrah !
Death-light of Africa !
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn ;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be ;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl ;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, " Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk
can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done ;
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago :
It is he that saith not ' Kismet ' ; it is he that knows not Fate ;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate !
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth :
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
Sudden and still—hurrah !
Bolt from Iberia !
Don John of Austria
Is gone by Alcalar.

St Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north,
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*)
Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone ;
The noise is gone through Normandy ; the noise is gone alone ;
The North is full of tangled things and texts of aching eyes,
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse,
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha !
Domino gloria !
Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck,
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.*)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.
He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,
He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon.
And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey,
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,
And death is the phial and the end of noble work,
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.
Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—
Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.
Gun upon gun, ha ! ha !
Gun upon gun, hurrah !
Don John of Austria
Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery ;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark ;
They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St Mark ;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell,
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle line !*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,

Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea,
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania !
Domino Gloria !
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free !

Cervantes on the galley sets the sword back in the sheath,
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath,*)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade . . .
(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

[*By kind Permission of the Author and the Publishers, Messrs Burns. Oates & Washburn.*]

THE WICKED GROCER

By Gilbert Keith Chesterton

" God made the wicked Grocer
For a mystery and a sign,
That men might shun the awful shops
And go to inns to dine ;
Where the bacon's on the rafter
And the wine is in the wood,
And God that made good laughter
Has seen that they are good.

The evil-hearted Grocer
Would call his mother ' Ma'am,'
And bow at her and bob at her
Her aged soul to damn,
And rub his horrid hands and ask
What article was next,
Though *mortis in articulo*
Should be her proper text.

His props are not his children,
But pert lads underpaid,
Who call out ' Cash ! ' and bang about
To work his wicked trade ;

He keeps a lady in a cage
Most cruelly all day,
And makes her count and calls her ' Miss '
Until she fades away.

The righteous minds of innkeepers
Induce them now and then
To crack a bottle with a friend,
Or treat unmoneyed men ;
But who hath seen the Grocer
Treat housemaids to his teas
Or crack a bottle of fish-sauce
Or stand a man a cheese ?

He sells us sands of Araby
As sugar for cash down ;
He sweeps his shop and sells the dust
The purest salt in town,
He crams with cans of poisoned meat
Poor subjects of the King,
And when they die by thousands
Why, he laughs like anything.

The wicked Grocer groces
In spirits and in wine,
Not frankly and in fellowship
As men in inns do dine ;
But packed with soap and sardines
And carried off by grooms,
For to be snatched by Duchesses
And drunk in dressing-rooms.

The hell-instructed Grocer
Has a temple made of tin,
And the ruin of good innkeepers
Is loudly urged therein ;
But now the sands are running out
From sugar of a sort,
The Grocer trembles ; for his time,
Just like his weight, is short."

[*From "The Flying Inn." By kind Permission of the Author and the Publishers, Messrs Methuen & Co.*]

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

By S. T. Coleridge

Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mount Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the glaciers the *gentiana major* grows in immense numbers with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In its steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake,
My heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn

Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And ye, you five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns, called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice ! yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth God and fill the hills with praise !
Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast,
Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain ! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,

Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth,
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices, praises God.

KUBLA KHAN

S. T. Coleridge

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But O! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the threshers' flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE PASSIONS *—AN ODE FOR MUSIC

By William Collins

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

* "The Passions" : suggested by a MS. Essay by Joseph Warton.

Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.
First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
  Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
  E'en at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rush'd ; his eyes on fire,
  In lightnings own'd his secret stings.
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
  And swept with hurried hand the strings :
With woful measures wan Despair—
  Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
  'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
  And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
  And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
  And where her sweetest theme she chose,
  A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
                Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
  Dejected Pity at his side,
  Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fix'd :
  Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,
  And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
  And dashing soft from rocks around,
  Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
    Round a holy calm diffusing,
    Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
  Her bow across her shoulder flung,
  Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
  The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
  Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
  Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
  First to the lively pipe his hand addrest :
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
  Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
  They would have thought, who heard the strain,
    They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
    Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
  Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
  Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess, why to us denied ?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph, endear'd !
Can well recall what then it heard :
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

SONG FROM "POUR LA COURONNE"

By François Coppée

TRANSLATED BY JOHN DAVIDSON

At sixteen years she knew no care;
How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies all white.

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew;
And lo, there came from out the skies
Butterflies all blue.

Before she guessed, her heart was gone;
The tale of love was swiftly told;
And all about her wheeled and shone
Butterflies of gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn;
She wept and sobbed, "Oh love, come back!"
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies all black.

THE ROYAL GEORGE

By William Cowper

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

By William Cowper

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine!—thy own sweet smile I see!
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails; else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown—
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went ;
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor :
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightest know me safe, and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
—Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere ;
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear—
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no !—what here we call our life is such—
So little to be loved, and thou so much—
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile ;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below ;
While airs, impregnated with incense, play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—
So thou—with sails how swift !—has reached the shore,
" Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some currents thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course,
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth :
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

REPORT

By William Cowper

OF AN ADJUDGED CASE NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage, or countenance, had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then, shifting his side as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes,
And what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one if or but—
That whenever the Nose put the spectacles on
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut.

A SEA-SONG

By Allan Cunningham

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle fre
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the seal.

A BALLAD OF HELL

By John Davidson

" A letter from my love to-day !
Oh, unexpected, dear appeal ! "
She struck a happy tear away,
And broke the crimson seal.

" My love, there is no help on earth,
No help in heaven ; the dead-man's bell
Must toll our wedding ; our first hearth
Must be the well-paved floor of hell."

The colour died from out her face,
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone ;
She cast dread looks about the place,
Then clenched her teeth and read right on.

" I may not pass the prison door ;
Here must I rot from day to day,
Unless I wed whom I abhor,
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

" At midnight with my dagger keen,
I'll take my life ; it must be so.
Meet me in hell to-night, my queen,
For weal and woe."

She laughed although her face was wan,
  She girded on her golden belt,
She took her jewelled ivory fan,
  And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, " And am I mad ? " she said .
  She broke her fan, her belt untied ;
With leather girt herself instead,
  And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room,
  Till sleep had fallen on all the house.
She never flinched ; she faced her doom :
  They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went,
  And stooping crept by hedge and tree ;
Her rosebush flung a snare of scent,
  And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space ;
  She tore the sward in her distress ;
The dewy grass refreshed her face ;
  She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost
  Once when the moon came out and stood
To watch the naked road she crossed,
  And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak ;
  A live thing shrieked ; she made no stay.
She hurried to the trysting oak—
  Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast,
  And drove her dagger home and fell.
And lay like one that takes her rest,
  And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,
  And near the centre took her post ;
From all sides to her ears there came
  The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side,
  Comely, and tall, and black as jet.
" I am young Malespina's bride ;
  Has he come hither yet ? "

" My poppet, welcome to your bed."
" Is Malespina here ? "
" Not he ! To-morrow he must wed
His cousin Blanche, my dear ! "

" You lie, he died with me to-night."
" Not he ! it was a plot." " You lie."
" My dear, I never lie outright."
" We died at midnight he and I."

The devil went. Without a groan
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,
Took root in hell's midst all alone,
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell ;
But when she felt his perfidy,
She marched across the floor of hell ;
And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink :
She shook him off ; she cried, " Away ! "
" My dear, you have gone mad, I think."
" I was betrayed : I will not stay."

Across the weltering deep she ran ;
A stranger thing was never seen :
The damned stood silent to a man ;
They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair ;
And flowers sprang up about her feet ;
She entered heaven ; she climbed the stair ;
And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear ;
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.

[*From "Ballads and Songs" (John Lane). By Special Permission of the Author.*]

HOUSE OF HARLEQUIN

By Lily Dean

Harlequin House, your door stands wide,
Wide to the summer night.
An echo of mischievous laughter within,
And the fluttering hands of Harlequin
Reach from the doorway to beckon me in
To the house of strange delight!

Harlequin windows aflame with light,
Shine, where the night-winds call.
Fain would I stay till the dawn arise,
To dance, ere the light and the music dies,
For the light in Harlequin's mocking eyes
Is holding my heart in thrall!

You who linger, yet would not stay,
Pass by the door, and go your way;
For once o'er the threshold, you may not win
From the clinging hands of Harlequin!

[*By kind Permission of Editor of "The Novel Magazine."*]

LASCA

By Frank Desprez

It's all very well to write reviews,
And carry umbrellas, and keep dry shoes,
And say what every one's saying here,
And wear what every one else must wear;
But to-night I'm sick of the whole affair,
I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The melley of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath, and the blue above;
And dash and danger, and life and love,
And Lasca!
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-grey mustang close to my side.

With blue *serapé* * and bright-belled spur ;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her !
Little knew she of books or of creeds—
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs ;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion : a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips ;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet ;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One evening in San Antonia,
She drew from her garter a keen little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp—it made me stagger !
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night ;
But she sobbed—and sobbing so swiftly bound,
That I quite forgave her.
Scratches don't count in Texas,
Down by the Rio Grande.

Why did I leave the fresh and the free,
That suited her and suited me ?
Listen awhile, and you will see ;
But this be sure—in earth or air,
God and God's laws are everywhere,
And Nemesis comes with a foot as fleet
On the Texas trail as in Regent Street.

. . . . . .

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and quite forgot :

* Cloak.

Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas Norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon ;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop their flight ;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who fall in front of their mad stampede !

. . . . . .

Was that thunder ? No, by the Lord !
I sprang to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,
Away ! on a wild chase down the wind !
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on :
There was one chance left, and you have but one :
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse ;
Crouch under his carcase, and take your chance ;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your stars ; if not good-bye
To the quickening kiss, the long drawn sigh,
To the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande !

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest ?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise,
Lasca was dead.

. . . . . .

I hollowed a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep ;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows ;

For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head ;
And the little grey hawk hangs aloft in the air ;
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in the cottonwood tree ;
And the buzzard sails on and comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea ;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my life lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande ?

[*By Special Permission of Mr J. W Arrowsmith, of Bristol.*]

THE C'RRECT CARD

A RACING LYRIC

By Frank Desprez

" C'RRECT card, sir ? C'rrect card, sir ? What ! You've seen my face before ?
Well, I dare say as now you have, sir ; and so have many more ;
But they passes me by without a word—but perhaps it's just as well :
A poor crippled chap like me, sir, ain't fit company for a swell.
But I've seen the time when they all was proud with me to be talking seen—
When I rode for Lord Arthur Forester and wore the black and green.

" How did it happen ? I'll tell you, sir. You knew little Fanny Flight—
Old Farmer Flight's one daughter—always so pretty and bright ?
You used to joke with her sometimes, sir, and say as if you she'd marry,
You'd set up a ' pub ' together, an' pitch your folks to Old Harry.
You was just down for the holidays, sir, from Oxford, where you was at school ;
But *you* only played at being in love, while *I* . . . was a cursed fool !

" Well, there was lots of 'em after her, sir, what with her ways and her face ;
But I was in earnest, you see, sir, and rode a waiting race.

'Twas one fine April morning, when she came out to see us train,
And just as she stood with her little hand holding on by my horse's mane,
I felt as how I could do it, and came with a rush, you see,
An' I said to her—all of a tremble, sir—' Fan, will you marry me ? '
And she blushed, an' smiled, an' whinnied, and after a bit she agreed
That, as soon as I found the money to pay for our keep and feed,
Why, we'd run in harness together. We'd ha' made a tidyish pair ;
For I weren't a bad-looking colt at the time, an' *she*—such a nice little mare !
Such a mouth ! such a forehand ! such action ! Ah ! well, let 'em say what they may,
That's the sort to make running with us, sir—but there, sir ! they never can *stay*.

" Well, the time went on, and I rode my best, an' they called me a 'cuteish chap,
And Lord Arthur put me up to ride for the Leicestershire Handicap.
Lord Arthur, he was a *gentleman*—never was stingy or mean—
An' he said, ' I'll give you five hundred, my man, if you win with the black and green.'
Well, the horse I rode was Rasper ; perhaps you remember him well ?
Black, all but one white foot, sir ; *and* a temper !—he'd pull like h—l ;
But jump like a bird if he had a mind—plenty of power and pace—
And I knew he had it in him and I swore I'd win the race.

" The night before the race came off I went down to Farmer Flight's—
They'd got to expect me regular now on Tuesday and Friday nights—
And I told her what Lord Arthur said, and how, if I chanced to win,
We'd go into double harness on the strength of his lordship's tin.
An' she put my colours in her hair and her arms around my neck,
And I felt . . . well, there, sir ! a chap's a fool as can't keep his feelings in check.
But then, you see, sir, I *was* a fool—a big one as ever was seen—
But then I was only twenty when I rode in the black and green.

" I got up early next morning, an' felt as light as a feather,
And I went to start for the stables ; and mother she asked me whether
I'd not take my flask in my pocket, in case it might come in handy ;
But, ' Mother,' I says, ' when a chap's in love, he don't feel to want any brandy.'
And I thought, as I put on a new pair o' spurs and a jacket bran new and clean,
That I'd give long odds that I'd pull it off—ten to one on the black and green.

" Well, Lord Arthur gave me my orders and a leg up on to my horse,
And I just had taken my canter, an' was coming back up the course,
When who should I spy but Fanny, in a stylish sort of trap,
Talking away like blazes to a dark, long-whiskered chap !
But I hadn't time to think of more, for we got the word to start,
And Rasper gave a thundering tear that nearly pulled out my heart ;
An' then I pulled him together, for mine was a waiting race,
And I knew that what was to win it was Rasper's turn of pace.

" Well, I got round all right the first time ; the fences were easy enough—
At least, to a couple like *we* were ; the only one that was tough
Was a biggish hedge, with a post and rails ; but the taking-off was fair,
And I shouldn't call it a dangerous jump, as long as you took it with care.
And Rasper !—that very morning I said to Lord Arthur, I said,
' I think as that horse there could jump a *church* if he took the thing into his head ' ;
An' that morning he went like a lady, and looked as bright as a bean,
And I knew, if it only lasted, I'd win with the black and green.

" I was riding Rasper easy, when, just as we passed the stand,
It struck me the carriage that Fanny was in was somewhere upon my right hand ;
And I took a pull at Rasper and a glance towards that side,
And I saw what made me forget the race and forget the way to ride—
Only a kiss ! An' what's a kiss to the like of him and her ?
But I couldn't help letting Rasper feel that I wore a long-necked spur ;

An' though I set my teeth to be cool and steadied him with the rein,
I knew that the devil in Rasper was up, and couldn't be laid again ;
An' the very next fence, though I kept him straight, and he went at after the rest,
I could feel that he meant to do his worst ; and I couldn't ride my best.
For, you know, when a man feels desperate-like, he's no more head than a child ;
And it's all *u p* with a jock, you see, if he goes at his fences wild.

" Over the next fence—over the next—till I thought, as my teeth I set,
If I only could keep my head to my work, I might pull through with it yet ;
And I took a pull at Rasper, an' fell back a bit to the tail,
For I'd never forgot the one difficult spot—the hedge with the post and rail.
How it all comes back ! We're in the field—now for a rattling burst,
For the race is half won by the horse and man that crosses that fence the first.
I run up to my horses and pass them—I've given Rasper his head ;
I can hear, some lengths behind me, the trampling and the tread ;
And now I send him at it, firmly but not too fast—
He stops—lays his ears back—REFUSES ! *The devil's come out at last !*
And I dig in the steel and let him feel the sting of stout whale-bone,
And I say, ' You *shall* do it, you devil ! if I break your neck and my own.'
And the brute gives a squeal, and rushes at the post and rail like mad—
No time to rise him at it—not much use if I had ;
And then . . . well, I feel a crash and a blow, and hear a woman scream,
And I seem to be dying by inches in a horrid sort of a dream.

. . . . . .

" No, thank ye—I'd rather not, sir. You see they ain't all like you ;
These gents as has plenty of money don't care who they gives it to ;
But as for stopping an' saying a word, an' hearing a fellow's tale,
They'd rather give him a crown, sir, or stand him a quart of ale.

But it brings back old times to be talking to you. Ah! the jolly
old times as I've seen,
When I ride for Lord Arthur (c'rrect card, sir?), and wore the
black and green!"

[*By Special Permission of Mr J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol.*]

THE LISTENERS

By Walter de la Mare

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

NOD

By Walter de la Mare

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with brier,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no more pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again."

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

SUPPOSE

By Walter de la Mare

Suppose . . . and suppose that a wild little Horse of Magic
Came cantering out of the sky,
With bridle of silver, and into the saddle I mounted,
To fly—and to fly:

And we stretched up into the air, fleeting on in the sunshine,
A speck in the gleam,
On galloping hoofs, his mane in the wind out-flowing,
In a shadowy stream ;

And oh, when, all lone, the gentle star of evening
Came crinkling into the blue,
A magical castle we saw in the air, like a cloud of moonlight,
As onward we flew ;

And across the green moat on the drawbridge we foamed and we snorted,
And there was a beautiful Queen
Who smiled at me strangely ; and spoke to my wild little Horse, too—
A lovely and beautiful Queen ;

And she cried with delight—and delight—to her delicate maidens,
' Behold my daughter—my dear ! '
And they crowned me with flowers, and then to their harps sate playing,
Solemn and clear ;

And magical cakes and goblets were spread on the table ;
And at window the birds came in ;
Hopping along with bright eyes, pecking crumbs from the platters,
And sipped of the wine ;

And splashing up—up to the roof-tossed fountains of crystal ;
And Princes in scarlet and green
Shot with their bows and arrows, and kneeled with their dishes
Of fruits for the Queen ;

And we walked in a magical garden with rivers and bowers,
And my bed was of ivory and gold ;
And the Queen breathed soft in my ear a song of enchantment—
And I never grew old. . . .

And I never, never came back to the earth, oh, never and never ;
How mother would cry and cry !
There'd be snow on the fields then, and all these sweet flowers in the winter
Would wither, and die. . . .

Suppose . . . and suppose . . .

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

MOLLY TREFUSIS

By Austin Dobson

" Now the Graces are four, and the Venuses two,
And ten is the number of Muses ;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,
My dear little Molly Trefusis."

So he wrote, the old bard of an " old magazine,"
As a study it not without use is,
If we wonder a moment who she may have been,
This same " Little Molly Trefusis."

She was Cornish. We know that at once by the " Tre " ;
Then of guessing it scarce an abuse is,
If we say that where Bude bellows back to the sea
Was the birthplace of Molly Trefusis.

And she lived in the era of patches and bows,
Not knowing what rouge or ceruse is ;
For they needed (I trust) but her natural rose,
The lilies of Molly Trefusis.

And I somehow connect her (I frankly admit
That the evidence hard to produce is)
With Bath in its heyday of Fashion and Wit,
This dangerous Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her, radiant in ribbon and knot
(How charming that old-fashioned puce is !),
All blooming in laces, fal-lals and what not,
At the Pump Room—Miss Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her reigning—a Beauty—a Toast,
Where Bladud's medicinal cruse is ;
And we know that at least of one bard it could boast,
The Court of Queen Molly Trefusis.

He says she was " Venus." I doubt it ; besides
(Your rhymer so hopelessly loose is !),
His " little " could scarce be to Venus applied,
If fitly to Molly Trefusis.

No, no. It was Hebe he had in his mind ;
And fresh as the handmaid of Zeus is,
And rosy, and rounded, and dimpled you'll find,
Was certainly Molly Trefusis !

Then he calls her " a Muse." To the charge I reply
That we all of us know what a Muse is ;
It is something too awful,—too acid,—too dry,
For sunny-eyed Molly Trefusis.

But " a Grace ! " There I grant he was probably right
(The rest but a verse-making ruse is) ;
It was all that was graceful,—intangible,—light,
The beauty of Molly Trefusis.

Was she wooed ? Who can hesitate much about that
Assuredly more than obtuse is ;
For how could the poet have written so pat
" *My* dear little Molly Trefusis."

And was wed ? That I think we must plainly infer,
Since of suitors the common excuse is
To take to them Wives. So it happened to her
Of course,—" little Molly Trefusis ! "

To the Bard ? 'Tis unlikely. Apollo, you see,
In practical matters a goose is,
'Twas a knight of the shire, and a hunting J.P.
Who carried off Molly Trefusis !

And you'll find, I conclude, in the *Gentleman's Mag.*,
At the end where the pick of the news is,
" On the (blank) at ' the Bath,' to Sir Hilary Bragg,
With a Fortune, Miss Molly Trefusis."

Thereupon . . . but no further the student may pry ;
Love's temple is dark as Eleusis,
So here, at the threshold, we part, you and I,
From " dear little Molly Trefusis."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE OLD SEDAN CHAIR

By Austin Dobson

What's not destroyed by Time's devouring hand ?
Where's Troy and where the Maypole in the Strand ?

It stands in the stable-yard, under the eaves,
Propped up by a broom-stick, and covered with leaves :
It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,
But now ! 'tis a ruin,—that old Sedan chair !

It is battered and tattered,—it little avails
That once it was lacquered, and glistened with nails ;
For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square,
Like a canvas by Wilkie,—that old Sedan chair !

See,—here came the bearing-straps ; here were the holes
For the poles of the bearers—when once there were poles ;
It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with hair,
As the birds have discovered,—that old Sedan chair !

" Where's Troy ? " says the poet ! Look—under the seat,
Is a nest with four eggs,—'tis the favoured retreat
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare swear,
Quite an army of chicks in that old Sedan chair !

And yet—can't you fancy a face in the frame
Of the window,—some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan chair !

Can't you fancy Sir Plume as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,
With his cinnamon coat, with his laced solitaire,
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan chair.

Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague ;
Stout fellows !—but prone, on a question of fare,
To brandish the poles of that old Sedan chair !

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played ;
It has waited by Heidegger's " Grand Masquerade " ;
For my Lady Codille, for my Lady Bellair,
It has waited—and waited, that old Sedan chair !

Oh, the scandals it knows ! Oh, the tales it could tell
Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle,—
Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare !)
Of Fête-days at Tyburn, that old Sedan chair !

" Heu ! quantum mutata," I say as I go.
It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though ;
We must furbish it up, and despatch it,—" With Care "
To a Fine Art Museum—that old Sedan chair !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

TU QUOQUE

AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY

By Austin Dobson

Nellie

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

Frank

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

Nellie

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish
If I were you!

Frank

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best,—the mildest "honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

Nellie

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review";—

Frank

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

Nellie

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,—
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you!

Frank

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

NELLIE

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!
Where shall it be? To China—or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?—

FRANK

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

[Waltz—*Exeunt.*

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

BEFORE SEDAN

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

"The dead hand clasped a letter."
—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves ;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves :
So this man's eye is dim ;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side ?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died ;—
Message or wish, maybe ;—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled !—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child ;—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss :
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. " Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain !
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain !
If the grief died ;—But no ;—
Death will not have it so.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

" GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE ! "

By Austin Dobson

" Si vieillesse pouvait !—"

Scene.—*A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire chair sits a white-haired old gentleman.*

Monsieur Vieuxbois. Babette.

M. Vieuxbois (*turning querulously*).

Day of my life ! Where *can* she get ?
Babette ! I say ! Babette !—Babette !

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*)

Coming, M'sieu' ! If M'sieu' speaks
So loud, he won't be well for weeks !

M. VIEUXBOIS

Where have you been ?

BABETTE

Why M'sieu' knows :—
April ! . . . Ville-d'Avray ! . . . Ma'am'selle ROSE.

M. VIEUXBOIS

Ah ! I am old,—and I forget.
Was the place growing green, BABETTE ?

BABETTE

But of a greenness !—yes, M'sieu' !
And then the sky so blue !—so blue !
And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
How the birds sang !

(*Lifting her apron to her eyes*)

This poor Ma'am'selle !

M. VIEUXBOIS

You're a good girl, BABETTE, but she,—
She was an Angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet ;
And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
Betwixt the curtains . . .
Where's the draught ?

(*She gives him a cup*)

Now I shall sleep, I think, BABETTE ;—
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE (*sings*)

" *Once at the Angelus*
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed ;—
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head."

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*)

" She was an Angel " . . . " Once she laughed " . . .
What, was I dreaming ? . . .
Where's the draught ?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*)

The draught, M'sieu' ?

M. VIEUXBOIS

How I forget !
I am so old ! But sing, BABETTE !

BABETTE (*sings*)

" *One was the Friend I left*
Stark in the snow ;
One was the wife that died
Long—long ago ;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know ? "

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*)

Ah, PAUL ! . . . old PAUL ! . . . EULALIE too !
And ROSE . . . And O ! " the sky so blue ! "

BABETTE (*sings*)

" *One had my mother's eyes,*
Wistful and mild ;
One had my father's face ;
One was a child :
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled ! "

(He is asleep !)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*)

" How I forget ! "
" I am so old ! " . . . " Good-night, BABETTE ! "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*";
He smiles as he goes to the *fleuriste* Rose,
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
Where the noisy fish-wives call;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui!*"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard,
To the furrier's daughter Lou;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red
And a "*Bon Dieu garde, M'sieu!*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan:—

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

A BALLAD TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

of the Spanish Armada

By Austin Dobson

King Philip had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;

Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main ;
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us ;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us ;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain ?

Let his Majesty hang to St James
The axe that he whetted to hack us ;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us ;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain ;
Alas ! that his Greatness should lack us !—
But where are the galleons of Spain ?

ENVOY

Gloriana ! the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain ;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

[*By kind Permission of "The Clarendon Press."*]

THE WATER OF GOLD

By Austin Dobson

" Buy,—who'll buy ? " In the market-place,
Out of the market din and clatter,
The quack with his puckered persuasive face
Patters away in the ancient patter.

" Buy,—who'll buy ? In this flask I hold—
In this little flask that I tap with my stick, sir—
Is the famed, infallible Water of Gold,—
The One, Original, True Elixir !

" Buy,—who'll buy ? There's a maiden there,—
She with the ell-long flaxen tresses,—
Here is a draught that will make you fair,
Fit for an Emperor's own caresses !

" Buy,—who'll buy ? Are you old and gray ?
Drink but of this, and in less than a minute,
Lo ! you will dance like the flowers in May,
Chirp and chirk like a new-fledged linnet !

" Buy,—who'll buy ? Is a baby ill ?
Drop but a drop of this in his throttle,
Straight he will gossip and gorge his fill,
Brisk as a burgher over a bottle !

" Here is wealth for your life,—if you will but ask ;
Here is health for your limb, without lint or lotion ;
Here is all that you lack, in this tiny flask ;
And the price is a couple of silver groschen !

" Buy,—who'll buy ? " So the tale runs on :
And still in the Great World's market-places
The Quack, with his quack catholicon,
Finds ever his crowd of upturned faces ;

For he plays on our hearts with his pipe and drum,
On our vague regret, on our weary yearning ;
For he sells the thing that never can come,
Or the thing that has vanished, past returning.

[*By kind Permission of "The Clarendon Press."*]

THE BALLAD OF "BEAU BROCADE"

By Austin Dobson

Seventeen hundred and thirty-nine :—
That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great George was buried and gone ;
George the Second was plodding on.

London then, as the " Guides " aver,
Shared its glories with *Westminster ;*

And people of rank, to correct their " tone,"
Went out of town to *Marybone.*

Those were the days of the War with *Spain*,
PORTO-BELLO would soon be ta'en ;

WHITEFIELD preached to the colliers grim,
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him ;

WALPOLE talked of " a man and his price " ;
Nobody's virtue was over-nice :—

Those, in fine, were the brave days when
Coaches were stopped by . . . *Highwaymen !*

And of all the knights of the gentle trade
Nobody bolder than " BEAU BROCADE."

This they knew on the whole way down ;
Best,—maybe,—at the " *Oak and Crown*."

(For timorous cits on their pilgrimage
Would " club " for a " Guard " to ride the stage,

And the Guard that rode on more than one
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March day fine,
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

There was Barber DICK with his basin by ;
Cobbler JOE with the patch on his eye ;

Portly product of Beef and Beer,
JOHN the host, he was standing near.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,
Lumbering came the " *Plymouth Fly* " ;—

Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath*,
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth ;

Passengers heavily armed inside ;
Not the less surely the coach had been tried !

Tried !—but a couple of miles away,
By a well-dressed man !—in the open day !

Tried successfully, never a doubt,—
Pockets of passengers all turned out !

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,—
Even an ensign's wallet stripped !

Even a Methodist hosier's wife
Offered the choice of her Money or Life !

Highwayman's manners, no less polite,
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right ;—

Sorry to find the company poor,
Hoped next time they'd travel with more ;—

Plucked them all at his ease, in short :—
Such was the " *Plymouth Fly's* " report.

Sympathy ! horror ! and wonderment !
" Catch the Villain ! " (But Nobody went.)

Hosier's wife led into the Bar ;
(That's where the best strong waters are !)

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one
Things that Somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of BRAGG's) made a terrible clangour :
But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger !

Robber, of course, was " BEAU BROCADE " ;
Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid.

Devonshire DOLLY, plump and red,
Spoke from the gallery overhead ;—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard :—
" Why didn't you shoot then, GEORGE the Guard ? "

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute :—
" GEORGE the Guard, why didn't you shoot ? "

Portly JOHN grew pale and red,
(JOHN was afraid of her, people said ;)

Gasped that " DOLLY was surely cracked "
(JOHN was afraid of her—that's a fact !)

GEORGE the Guard grew red and pale,
Slowly finished his quart of ale :—

" Shoot ? Why—Rabbit him !—didn't he shoot ? "
Muttered—" The Baggage was far too cute ! "

" Shoot ? Why he'd flashed the pan in his eye ! "
Muttered—" She'd pay for it by and by ! "
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,
For GEORGE *was in league with* " BEAU BROCADE " !

And JOHN the Host, in his wakefullest state,
Was not—on the whole—immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice
When WALPOLE talked of " a man and his price " ;

And wherever Purity found abode,
'Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.

II

" Forty " followed to " Thirty-nine."
Glorious days of the *Hanover* line !

Princes were born, and drums were banged ;
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

" Glorious news ! "—from the *Spanish Main ;*
PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.

" Glorious news ! "—for the liquor trade ;
Nobody dreamed of " BEAU BROCADE."

People were thinking of *Spanish Crowns ;*
Money was coming from seaport towns !

Nobody dreamed of " BEAU BROCADE,"
(Only DOLLY the Chambermaid !)

Blessings on VERNON ! Fill up the cans ;
Money was coming in " *Flys* " and " *Vans.*"

Possibly JOHN the Host had heard ;
Also, certainly, GEORGE the Guard.

And DOLLY had possibly tidings, too,
That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,
With a fixed intention to warn the " *Fly.*"

Lingering only at JOHN his door,
Just to make sure of a jerky snore ;

Saddling the gray mare, *Dumpling Star ;*
Fetching the pistol out of the bar ;

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet ;*)

Loading with powder that maids would use,
Even in " Forty," to clear the flues ;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her, away in *Devonshire*.

These she wadded—for want of better—
With the B—SH—P of L—ND—N's " Pastoral Letter " ;

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY
Clattered away to " *Exciseman's Folly* " ;—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,
As soon as she saw it, to warn the " *Fly*."

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest ;

And under his silver-gray surtout,
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to *London Spaw*,
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)
" Stand and Deliver, O ' BEAU BROCADE ' ! "

But the BEAU rode nearer, and would not speak,
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek ;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide ;
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

So never a word he spoke as yet,
For he thought 'twas a freak of MEG or BET ;—
A freak of the " *Rose* " or the " *Rummer* " set.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)
" Stand and Deliver, O ' BEAU BROCADE ' ! "

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,
Hit the BEAU in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went none knows where,
But it carried away his *solitaire ;*

Button the second a circuit made,
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade ;—
Down from the saddle fell " BEAU BROCADE " !

Down from the saddle and never stirred !—
DOLLY grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*) ;

Came like the wind to the old Inn door ;—
Roused fat JOHN from a three-fold snore ;—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .
Briefly, the " *Plymouth Fly* " was saved !

Staines and *Windsor* were all on fire :—
DOLLY was wed to a *Yorkshire* squire ;
Went to Town at the K—G's desire !

But whether His M—J—STY saw her or not,
HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot ;

And something of DOLLY one still may trace
In the fresh contours of his " *Milkmaid's* " face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea :
JOHN had a fit—of perplexity ;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state ;—
But JOHN was never immaculate.

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,
When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide ;*

Served—for a day—as the last of " sights "
To the world of *St James's Street* and " *White's*,"

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers :—
Bouquet of pinks at *St Sepulchre's;*

Flagon of ale at *Holborn Bar ;*
Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—
(" t " is omitted where HEROES are !)

Everyone knows the speech he made ;
Swore that he " rather admired the Jade ! "—

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced hat :
Talked to the Chaplain after that ;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .
This was the finish of " BEAU BROCADE " !

And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide
In the leaves of a dusty " LONDONER'S GUIDE " ;

" *Humbly Inscrib'd* (*with curls and tails*)
By the Author to FREDERICK, *Prince of* WALES :—

" *Published by* FRANCIS *and* OLIVER PINE ;
Ludgate Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine."

[*By kind Permission of " The Clarendon Press."*]

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

BY SARAH DOUDNEY

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth ;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed ;
The plea for mercy gently breathed
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss ;
If with a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell ;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell ;
The hard repulse that grieves the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do ;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true ;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel-voices say to thee—
" These things shall never die."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL

By Sarah Doudney

Listen to the water-mill ;
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away !
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves ;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast—
" The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gatherèd ;
Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
Tranquil, deep, and still ;
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill ;
Truly speaks that proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
" The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
True and loving heart ;
Golden youth is fleeting by,
Summer hours depart ;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away !
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
" The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will !
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill ;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy " to-day " ;
Power, and intellect, and health
May not always last—
" The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

O the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by !
O the good *that might have been*—
Lost, without a sigh !
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word,

Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard;
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

CORPORAL DICK'S PROMOTION

A BALLAD OF '82

By Sir A. Conan Doyle

The Eastern day was well-nigh o'er
When, parched with thirst, and travel sore,
Two of McPherson's flanking corps
Across the Desert were tramping.
They had wandered off from the beaten track
And now were wearily harking back,
Ever staring round for the signal jack
That marked their comrades camping.

The one was Corporal Robert Dick,
Bearded and burly, short and thick,
Rough of speech and in temper quick,
A hard-faced old rapscallion.
The other, fresh from the barrack square,
Was a raw recruit, smooth-cheeked and fair,
Half grown, half drilled, with the weedy air
Of a draft from the home battalion.

Weary and parched and hunger-torn,
They had wandered on from early morn,
And the young boy-soldier limped forlorn,
Now stumbling and now falling.
Around the orange sand-curves lay,
Flecked with boulders, black or grey,
Death-silent, save that far away
A kite was shrilly calling.

A kite? Was *that* a kite? The yell
That shrilly rose and faintly fell?
No kite's, and yet the kite knows well
The long-drawn wild halloo.

And right athwart the evening sky
The yellow sand-spray spurtled high,
And shrill and shriller swelled the cry
Of " Allah ! Allahu ! "

The Corporal peered at the crimson West,
Hid his pipe in his khaki vest.
Growled out an oath and onward pressed,
Still glancing over his shoulder.
" Bedouins, mate ! " he curtly said ;
" We'll find some work for steel and lead,
And maybe sleep in a sandy bed,
Before we're one hour older.

" But just one flutter before we're done.
Stiffen your lip and stand, my son ;
We'll take this bloomin' circus on :
Ball-cartridge load ! Now, steady ! "
With a curse and a prayer the two faced round,
Dogged and grim they stood their ground,
And their breech-blocks snapped with a crisp clean sound
As the rifles sprang to the " ready."

Alas for the Emir Ali Khan !
A hundred paces before his clan,
That ebony steed of the prophet's breed
Is the foal of death and of danger.
A spurt of fire, a gasp of pain,
A bluish blur on the yellow plain,
The chief was down, and his bridle-rein
Was in the grip of the stranger.

With the light of hope on his rugged face,
The Corporal sprang to the dead man's place,
One prick with the steel, one thrust with the heel,
And where was the man to outride him ?
A grip of his knees, a toss of his rein,
He was settling her down to her gallop again,
When he stopped, for he heard just one faltering word
From the young recruit beside him.

One faltering word from pal to pal,
But it found the heart of the Corporal.
He had sprung to the sand, he had lent him a hand,
" Up, mate ! They'll be 'ere in a minute ;
Off with you ! No palaver ! Go !
I'll bide be'ind and run this show.
Promotion has been cursed slow,
And this is my chance to win it."

Into the saddle he thrust him quick,
Spurred the black mare with a bayonet prick,
Watched her gallop with plunge and with kick
Away o'er the desert careering.
Then he turned with a softened face,
And loosened the strap of his cartridge-case,
While his thoughts flew back to the dear old place
In the sunny Hampshire clearing.

The young boy-private, glancing back,
Saw the Bedouins' wild attack,
And heard the sharp Martini crack.
But as he gazed, already
The fierce fanatic Arab band
Was closing in on every hand,
Until one tawny swirl of sand,
Concealed them in its eddy.

. . . . . .

A squadron of British horse that night,
Galloping hard in the shadowy light,
Came on the scene of that last stern fight,
And found the Corporal lying
Silent and grim on the trampled sand,
His rifle grasped in his stiffened hand,
With the warrior pride of one who died
'Mid a ring of the dead and the dying.

And still when twilight shadows fall,
After the evening bugle call,
In bivouac or in barrack-hall,
His comrades speak of the Corporal,
His death and his devotion.
And there are some who like to say
That perhaps a hidden meaning lay
In the words he spoke, and that the day
When his rough bold spirit passed away
Was the day that he won promotion.

[*From "Songs of Action." By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE SPANISH MOTHER

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A VETERAN FRENCH OFFICER

By Sir Francis H. Doyle

Yes! I have served that noble chief throughout his proud career,
And heard the bullets whistle past in lands both far and near—
Amidst Italian flowers, below the dark pines of the north,
Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle forth.

'Twas *then* a splendid sight to see, though terrible I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the machine;
Wide-sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that lived to kill,
Were but the echoes of his voice, the body of his will.

But *now* my heart is darkened with shadows that rise and fall,
Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden and appal;
The woeful things both seen and done, we heeded little then,
But they return, like ghosts, to shake the sleep of agèd men.

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow;
Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched, remain
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding soul of Spain.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain stream;
The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet silver eye,
And the chestnut woods were still and calm, beneath the deepening sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,
Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the ground;—
Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each trailing vine,
Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,
And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome day,
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no more,
But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he lay ;
His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and wrenched
away ;
They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and cursings
grim,
" Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from
limb."

The woman shaking off *his* blood, rose raven-haired and tall,
And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all ;
" Both food and wine," she said, " I have ; I meant them for
the dead,
But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought, out of a secret
place,
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbour's
face ;
Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill indifferent mien,
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene :

She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering eyes,
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor surprise ;
At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sate, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet ;
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our
feet ;
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,
And we like marble statues glared—a chill unmoving line,

All white, all cold ; and moments thus flew by without a breath,
A company of living things where all was still—but death—
My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there unnerved I stood
And watched the only thing that stirred—the ripple of the blood.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn spell,
And human fear displacing awe upon our spirits fell—
" Ho ! slayers of the sinewless, ho ! tramplers of the weak !
What ! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought wine ye
seek ?—

" Feed and begone, I wish to weep—I bring you out my store ;
Devour it—waste it all—and then, pass, and be seen no more—
Poison ! is that your craven fear ? " she snatched a goblet up,
And raised it to her queenlike head, as if to drain the cup—

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist, " No ! woman, no ! " he said,
" A mother's heart of love is deep.—Give it your child instead."
She only smiled a bitter smile,—" Frenchmen, I do not shrink ;
As pledge of my fidelity—behold the infant drink."—

He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning the inmost soul,
But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl.
And we, with lightsome hardihood dismissing idle care,
Sat down to eat and drink and laugh, over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and light—
But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night ;
I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain
Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of pain—

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer,
To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a frozen spear.
" Ay," shrieked the woman, darting up, " I pray you trust again
A widow's hospitality, in our unyielding Spain.

" Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God himself I swore
To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor.
Yon secret place *I* filled, to feel, that if ye did not spare,
The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

" A mother's love is deep, no doubt, ye did not phrase it ill,
But in your hunger ye forgot that hate is deeper still.
The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered love the wife—
To tell you, that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life."

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair put on,
Nor count the crowded brave who sleep under a single stone ;
I can but tell you, how before that horrid hour went by,
I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die—

But though upon her wrenchèd limbs they leapt like beasts of prey,
And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life away,
Triumphant hate and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of Spain.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild,
Drifting, like storm-tost clouds, around the mother and her child—
While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while,
And sheds through torn and bleeding hair the same unchanging smile.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

By Sir Francis H. Doyle

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame ;
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung :
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

THE INVIOLABLE HOUR

By John Drinkwater

If ever you with riches should be bought,
And all your life become a little thing,
And all the bright adventure of your thought
Be curbed ; if time should bring
The passionate promise of your youth to naught ;

If you should never find the lordly will
To stir your beauty to a flame of flowers,
If, robed in precious merchandise, you still
Are subject to the powers
That bruise the grain God sows along the hill ;

If you should sell yourself in any wise
Save at love's bidding, and so fall to be
Life's drudge and outcast, yet, for that your eyes
No longer then should see
The light that once they borrowed from the skies,

You went of your own sorrow unaware
Save in swift moments of remembered days
When still the stars were tangled in your hair,
And all your limbs were praise,
And all your movement as a lyric prayer—

Should it be so, will you remember this,
That once a man, who watched your beauty grow,
And knew the waxing peril of your kiss,
And saw you turn and go,
Unweaponed, towards the world's untried abyss,

Made in his heart a record that your soul
Immortal beauty had, that you were strong
To keep the proudest purpose of you whole,
To meet the proudest wrong
Should look your vagrant spirit to control,—

Will you remember this ? The days may prove
The things alone of little worth in you,
You may beguile yourself that life and love,
So seared, have had their due,
That you in your right constellation move.

It may be so ; and you may violate
The seedling hope sown in a waste of fears,
Yet in his thought shall you be consecrate
With your immortal peers,
Your laughter true, your soul immaculate.

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RECKONING

By John Drinkwater

I heard my love go laughing
Beyond the bolted door,
I saw my love go riding
Across the windy moor,
And I would give my love no word
Because of evil tales I heard.

Let fancy men go laughing,
Let light men ride away,
Bruised corn is not for my mill,
What's paid I will not pay,—
And so I thought because of this
Gossip that poisoned clasp and kiss.

Four hundred men went riding,
And he the best of all,
A jolly man for labour,
A sinewy man and tall ;
I watched him go beyond the hill,
And shaped my anger with my will.

At night my love came riding
Across the dusky moor,
And other two rode with him
Who knocked my bolted door,
And called me out and bade me see
How quiet a man a man could be.

And now the tales that stung me
And gave my pride its rule,
Are worth a beggar's broken shoe
Or the sermon of a fool,
And all I know and all I can
Is, false or true, he was my man.

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DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

By William Henry Drummond

You can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
  Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
  An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien', dat's a fack, I know you will say,
  W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
    De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
  Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
  An' she wear it, wall ! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
  For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
    Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en " un vrai Canayen " is mak' it mariée,
  You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder herse'f all de tam, night an' day,
  Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat ?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
  Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
    Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma femme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
  An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
  No smarter crowd never you see—
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
  Four boy and six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
    Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart
  If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
  Den tak' the firs' chance an' get out ;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
  She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
    Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

By Lady Dufferin

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I think I'll see the little stile
Where we sat side by side:
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

ON THE ROAD

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

I's boun' to see my gal to-night—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
Dis hoss o' mine is pow'rful slow,
But when I does git to yo' do'
Yo' kiss'll pay me back, an' mo',
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery-lak an' still—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo'will—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

De way so long wif dis slow pace,
'T'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
Ef you was on a nearer place,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie!

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
I wish dat watch-dog wouldn't howl—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
An' evaht'ing bofe right an' lef',
Seem p'in'tly lak hit put itse'f
In shape to skeer me half to def—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

I whistles so's I won't be feared—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
But anyhow I's kin o' skeered,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie!
De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
But you kin mek hit lighten some,
Ef you'll jes' say you's glad I come,
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

LITTLE BROWN BABY

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Come to yo pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?
Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;
Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,
Bein' so sticky and sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know yo—I b'lieves you's a tramp;
Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san'
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah ;
Let's gin him 'way to de big beggah-man ;
I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.
Beggah-man, beggah-man, come in de do',
Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy and pappy do' want him no mo',
Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.
Go back, ol' beggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se ;
He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to yo' pallet now—go to yo' res' ;
Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies ;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my bres'—
Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes !

OUR TWO OPINIONS

By Eugene Field

Us two wuz boys when we fell out,—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now ;
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
Some small deeff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courted sisters 'nd marr'd 'em, too ;
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
A-hatin' each other through 'nd through !
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered,—me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day ;

'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me long 'nd slim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went *his* way 'nd I went *mine*,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we,—
I havin' *my* opinyin uv Jim,
'Nd *he* havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*.

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.
'Nd after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here *I* be 'nd yonder's Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

By Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew;
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe—
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea ;
" Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
But never afeared are we,"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea ;
But I shall name you the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed ;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons.*]

LITTLE BOY BLUE

By Eugene Field

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands ;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

" Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
" And don't you make any noise ! "
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand.
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons.*]

THE IRIS

By Michael Field

The iris was yellow, the moon was pale,
In the air it was stiller than snow,
There was even light through the vale,
But a vaporous sheet
Clung about my feet,
And I dared no farther go,
I had passed the pond, I could see the stile,
The path was plain for more than a mile,
Yet I dared no farther go.

The iris-beds shone in my face, when, whist !
A noiseless music began to blow,
A music that moved through the mist,
That had not begun,
Would never be done,
With that music I must go :
And I found myself in the heart of the tune,
Wheeling round to the whirr of the moon,
With the sheets of the mist below.

In my hands how warm were the little hands,
Strange little hands that I did not know ;
I did not think of the elvan bands,
Nor of anything
In that whirling ring—
Here a cock began to crow !
The little hands dropped that had clung so tight,
And I saw again by the pale dawnlight
The iris heads in a row.

[*From "Underneath the Bough." By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE END OF ALL

By Edward Fitzgerald

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes,—or it prospers ; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think in this battered caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

They saw the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep ;
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head

And this reviving herb whose tender green
Fledges the river lip on which we lean,—
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regret and future fears :
To-morrow !—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two, before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend ;
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end !

[*From the Persian of Omar Khayyam.*]

THE MINSTREL GUEST

By Elsie Fogerty

Roger of Shrewsbury turned his face
With a bitter groan to his arras'd wall ;
Sick and in dolour was Roger the Earl,
And never a saint would hear his call :
" Sweet saints of Heaven have pittie on me,
And heale my bodie of leprousie."

Nor squire nor vassal sat by his bed,
Save Walter, the minstrel, who loved him still,
And touched and fingered softly his lute,
As David to free Saul's soul from ill.

Roger Bedeleronn slept in pain,
And there fell on his soul a vision fain.
And, lo ! in his dream an angel stood
And laid his hand on the Holy Rood.

" Hie thee to Araske, Roger the Earl,
And kneel at the steps of our Lady's shrine ;
There burneth the candell that never teined,
And its power shall heale this sickness of thine
[Sweet saints of Heaven have mercy on me,
And heale my bodie of leprousie].

" For that candell shone by the manger stall
Where Marie Mother the Christe childe laid,
And it teined of itself as the daylight grew,
And Marie before her first-born pray'd.

" And mayst thou but see that taper bright,
And a droppe of its wax on the hands alight,
It shall heale thy bodie of leprousie
As the saints in Heaven have pittie on thee."

So Roger knelt at our Lady's shrine,
And beside him knelt his vassals nine,
And ever by day and night they prayed,
Yet ever the healing gift was stayed.

But Walter the minstrel sat apart
And fingered his lute with a heavy heart,
For a minstrel wight is an idle thing,
Fitted only to harp and sing :
" Sweet saints in Heaven have pittie on me,
And heale my master of leprousie."

" Now let each alone his vigil keep
Before the shrine till the dawn grow white,
For it is but the eye of a single faith
That may blessed be by that taper's light."

On the chapell's dark a radiance grew,
And each in his heart the vision knew,
Yet none to the healing wax might win
That should cleanse the Earl of his secret sin
[May the saints in Heaven have pittie on thee
Till thy soul be cleansed of that leprousie].

Wroth in his heart was Roger the Earl,
And he turned him away from the sacred shrine.
" We have humbled our souls to the shaveling's word,
Why tarrieth yet the gift divine ? "

Then was he aware how one weeping knelt,
And Walter the minstrel caught at his belt ;
" Lord Roger, or ever ye turn ye away,
Let *me* kneel at our Lady's shrine and pray."

But pride was strong in Earl Roger's heart,
And he heard the minstrel in evil part.
" Noble my knights and of high degree,
Who have fared on this quest for my leprousie,
If the healing gift be not theirs of right,
Will it fall to an idle minstrel wight ? "

" Noble thy knights and of great degree,
Yet none that loveth his lord like me ;
Though my hands be skilless to pray or to fight,
For the lute's dear sake have I kept them white ;
And my soul, might it profit thy soul in its need,
For thy sake, my master, were lost indeed."

Then the tears sprang thick in Earl Roger's eyes
For shame at the love he had scorned to prize.
" So kneel and pray at our Lady's shrine,
For my pride hath hindered the gift divine ;
But the saints in Heaven may hearken to thee
And my soul be cleansed of that leprousie."

So Walter prayed in the growing dark
Till the vision flamed a living spark.
" Oh, the saints are a great and a mighty folk,
Could they look on so poor a wight as I,
Who have but love and my master's need
To lift my faltering hand on high.
By His love on the rood that died for me
May my master be healed of his leprousie."

Then out of the darkness glowed a hand
With its whiteness seared by a crimson brand,
And it bent the candle and held it low
Till the wax upon Walter's hands might flow.

So Roger grew whole and clean once more,
And far and wide bade the minstrel band
Come where Walter sate in his master's stead
And ruled his brethren with even hand.

And ever at Easter the " minstrel's light "
Shone out on our Lady's altar bright ;
And the Earl and his minstrel, side by side,
Knelt close in a prayer that was purged of pride.
" Sweet saints of Heaven be praised by me
Whom our Lord hath freed from his leprousie."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS

By James Elroy Flecker

We are they who come faster than fate : we are they who ride early or late :
We storm at your ivory gate : Pale Kings of the Sunset, beware !
Not in silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity die
Among women who chatter and cry, and children who mumble a prayer.
But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise with a shout, and we tramp
With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray of the wind in our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the forts of Merou and Balghar,
Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on the ruins of Rum.
We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God we will go there again ;
We have stood on the shore of the plain where the Waters of Destiny boom.
A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were afraid,
For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not a few of ambition,
And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter and strong :
And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as a desolate pool,
And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their cavalry thundered along :
For the coward was drowned with the brave when our battle sheered up like a wave,
And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God in our song.

[*By kind Permission of Mrs J. E. Flecker.*]

THE OLD SHIPS

By James Elroy Flecker

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
(Fished up beyond Aeæa, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows ?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

[*By kind Permission of Mrs J. E. Flecker.*]

OAK AND OLIVE

By James Elroy Flecker

I

Though I was born a Londoner,
And bred in Gloucestershire,

I walked in Hellas years ago
With friends in white attire :
And I remember how my soul
Drank wine as pure as fire.

And when I stand by Charing Cross
I can forget to hear
The crash of all those smoking wheels,
When those cold flutes and clear
Pipe with such fury down the street,
My hands grow moist with fear.

And there's a hall in Bloomsbury
No more I dare to tread,
For all the stone men shout at me
And swear they are not dead ;
And once I touched a broken girl
And knew that marble bled.

II

But when I walk in Athens town
That swims in dust and sun
Perverse, I think of London then
Where massive work is done,
And with what sweep at Westminster
The rayless waters run.

I ponder how from Attic seed
There grew an English tree,
How Byron like his heroes fell,
Fighting a country free,
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips
The kiss of Poetry.

And while our poets chanted Pan
Back to his pipes and power,
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,
And searching hour on hour
Found out old gardens, where the wise
May pluck a Spartan flower.

III

When I go down the Gloucester lanes
My friends are deaf and blind :
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes
The Mænads leap behind,

And when I hear the fire-winged feet,
  They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan
  Through Cranham's sober trees ?
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill
  With a nymph upon my knees,
And she as rosy as the dawn,
  And naked as the breeze ?

IV

But when I lie in Grecian fields,
  Smothered in asphodel,
Or climb the blue and barren hills,
  Or sing in woods that smell
With such hot spices of the South
  As mariners might sell—

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,
  To lands of glittering rain,
To fields beneath low-clouded skies
  New-widowed of their grain,
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold
  That strew a Gloucester lane.

V

Oh well I know sweet Hellas now,
  And well I knew it then,
When I with starry lads walked out—
  But ah, for home again !
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,
  One of the Englishmen ?

[*By kind Permission of Mrs J. E. Flecker.*]

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth ;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear ;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day !
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence :
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

[*By kind Permission of the Publisher, Mr William Heinemann.*]

IF

By Rose Fyleman

If I were a bird with a dear little nest
I should always be going for flights,
I'd fly to the North and the South and the West
And see all the wonderful sights.
I'd perch on the point of the very tall spires,
And race with the insects and bees,
And there would be parties on telegraph wires,
And school at the top of the trees.

If I were a fairy and lived in a flower,
What fun, oh, what fun it would be !
I'm certain I never should sleep for an hour,
And I'd always have honey for tea ;
And never a stocking or shoe would I wear,
Nor ever a hat on my head,
And no one would tell me to tidy my hair,
And no one would send me to bed.

If I were a duchess in satin and pearls,
I'd curtsey like this and like this ;
I'd graciously smile at the lords and the earls,
And give them my fingers to kiss.

And mother should dress all in silver and pink,
And daddy in silver and green,
And off we should go in a coach, only think,
To live with the King and the Queen !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET

By Rose Fyleman

Yesterday in Oxford Street, oh, what d'you think, my dears ?
I had the most exciting time I've had for years and years ;
The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky was blue between,
And, riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen !

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden crown ;
And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks and lace—
She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite a lovely place.

And once she turned and looked at me, and waved her little hand ;
But I could only stare and stare—oh, would she understand ?
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings—a bird had fluttered by—
And down into the street she looked and up into the sky ,
And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy toe,
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her go.

I never saw her any more, altho' I looked all day ;
Perhaps she only came to peep, and never meant to stay :
But oh, my dears, just think of it, just think what luck for me,
That she should come to Oxford Street, and I be there to see !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

A VOYAGE

By Rose Fyleman

They took me out a-sailing—
The boat was made of glass ;
We sailed upon the little clouds,
The stars came out in shining crowds
So thick we scarce could pass.
But feather-light through all the night
Above the sky we sped ;
There were no oars with which to row,
There was no breath of wind to blow,
Though all the sails were spread.

They took me out a-sailing—
We anchored by the moon ;
The golden door was open wide,
We saw a garden-ground inside
Where it was light as noon.
And fairy folk looked out and spoke,
" Come in, come in and play ! "
We climbed a little silver stair,
It was so beautiful in there
I wished that I might stay.

They took me out a-sailing—
Oh, strange the tales I heard
Of charmed adventures in the skies
Beyond the gaze of human eyes,
Beyond the flight of bird.
The stars went out, I looked about,
I saw the dewdrops gleam
Among the cobwebs on the lawn
As we came home at break of dawn—
It was not all a dream.

[*By kind Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B

By F. H. Gassaway

South Mountain towered on our right,
Far off the river lay ;
And over on the wooded height
We kept their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were stilled,
The day died slow and wan ;
At last the gunners' pipes were filled,
The sergeants' yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood,
Our brushwood razed, before our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed ;
Of such a little one in heaven
I know one soldier dreamed.

And as she stood, her little hand
Went to her curly head,
In grave salute, " And who are you ? "
At length the sergeant said.

" Where is your home ? " he growled again.
She lisped out, " Who is me ?
Why, don't you know I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B ?

" My home ? Why, that was burnt away,
And pa and ma is dead ;
But now I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned.

" And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers too ;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review.

" But now our baccy's given out
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross ; why, even Ned
Won't play with me, and joke !

" And the big colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
' I'd give a leg for a good smoke
Like the Yanks have over there.'

" And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
Out here across the hill.

" And beg, good Mr Yankee-men,
You'd give me some Long Jack ;
Please do, when we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.

" And so I came ; for Ned, says he,
' If you do what you say,
You'll be a general yet maybe,
And ride a prancing bay.' "

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,—
You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
Said, " 'Tention, squad ! " and then

We gave her escort till good-night
The little waif we bid,
Then watched her toddle out of sight,
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her baby form, nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word,
Until at length a far faint shout
Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes
Upon the scene around,
That baby's hand had touched the ties
That brothers once had bound.

That's all, save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell.

Our colonel often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see,
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery B.

"BAY BILLY"

By F. H. Gassaway

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg,—
Perhaps the day you reck—
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a general's aide.
"That battery *must* silenced be!"
He cried, as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero grey and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell;
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said,

" Up, charge, again ! " no man was there
But hung his doggèd head.
" We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
His master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say,
Above that battle's brunt,
" How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front ? "

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space ;
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face ;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done ;
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run ;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun !

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead,
We sought our leader dumb ;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It said awake, arise !—
Though naught but the last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade ;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-morn
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touch'd my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah ! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes ! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms !

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer,
And ever from that famous day,
When rung the roll-call clear
Bay Billy's name was read, and then,
The whole line answered " Here ! "

SNUG IN MY EASY CHAIR

By Wilfred Wilson Gibson

Snug in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame,
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire :
Amber woodland streaming ;
Topaz islands dreaming ;
Sunset-cities gleaming,
Spire on burning spire ;
Ruddy-windowed taverns ;
Sunshine-spilling wines ;
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines ;
Summers, unreturning ;
Passion's crater yearning ;
Troy, the ever-burning ;
Shelley's lustral pyre ;
Dragon-eyes, unsleeping ;
Witches' caldrons leaping ;
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre :
Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air ;
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light ;
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

[*By kind Permission of the Author and of the Publisher, Elkin Mathews, Esq.*]

THE ICE-CART

By Wilfred Wilson Gibson

Perched on my city office-stool
I watched with envy, while a cool
And lucky carter handled ice. . . .
And I was wandering in a trice,

Far from the gray and grimy heat
Of that intolerable street,
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow
Of everlasting Polar night,
Bewildered by the queer half-light,
Until I stumbled, unawares,
Upon a creek where big white bears
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels,
And floundered after shining seals
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.
And as I watched them, ere I knew,
I'd stripped, and I was swimming, too,
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
And thrusting on with threshing tail,
With twist and twirl and sudden leap
Through crackling ice and salty deep—
Diving and doubling with my kind,
Until, at last, we left behind
Those big white, blundering bulks of death,
And lay, at length, with panting breath
Upon a far untravelled floe,
Beneath a gentle drift of snow—
Snow drifting gently, fine and white,
Out of the endless Polar night,
Falling and falling evermore
Upon that far untravelled shore,
Till I was buried fathoms deep
Beneath that cold, white drifting sleep—
Sleep drifting deep,
Deep drifting sleep. . . .

The carter cracked a sudden whip:
I clutched my stool with startled grip,
Awakening to the grimy heat
Of that intolerable street.

[*By kind Permission of the Author and of the Publisher, Elkin Mathews, Esq.*]

KREE

By Armstead Churchill Gordon

My boy Kree?
He played wid you when you was a chile?
You an' he
Growed up tergether? Wait! Lemme see!

Closer ! so I can look in yer face !—
Mars' George's smile !
Lord love you, Marster !
Dar 'neaf dat cypress is whar Kree lays.

Sunburnt an' grown !
Mars' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,
'Count o' de beard dat yer face has on,
But for dat ole-time smile o' your'n—
" An' Kree ? " you say.
Hadn't you heerd, Marster,
He 'ceasded de year dat you went away ?

Kree an' you !
How de ole times comes back onst mo'—
Moonlight fishin's, an' hyars in de sno' ;
Squirrels an' jaybirds up overhead,
In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through !—
Look at me, Marster !
Here is me livin' ; an' Kree, he's dead.

'Pears ter me strange
Now, when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years :
Mars' George, sometimes de b'ilin' tears
Fills up my eyes,
'Count o' de mizery now, an' de change—
De sun dims, Marster,
Ter an ole man, when his one boy dies.

Did you say " How ? "
Out in de dug-out, one moonshine night,
Fishin' wid your baby brother—he
Wid de curls o' yaller, like streaks o' light,
An' de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead now—
Kree died for him ;
An' yearnin' for Kree,
De Lord tuk him, Marster :
De green grass kivers 'em bofe f'om sight.

Heerd o' de tale ?
Didn' know Kree was de one dat drowned
Sav'n' Mars' Charley ? Well, 'twere he.
De boy waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
Arter the corpse o' poor Kree were found.
Two months later he went, you see .
God bless you, Marster !
Nine years has rolled over bofe onder ground.

Worn out an' gray,
Here I sets waitin', Mars' George, alone.
All on 'em's gone—
Marster an' Mistis, an' Charley an' he.
You an' me only is lef'. Some day,
When you's gone back ter yer ship on de sea,
I'll hear him say,
Jes' as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me:
"Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away,
Dat side de river, again I'll be
Wid my boy Kree.

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE"

By Edmund Gosse

Tired with the toil that knows no end,
On wintry seas long doomed to roam,
They smiled to think that March could lend
Such radiant winds to waft them home;
Long perils overpast,
They stood for port at last,
Close by the fair familiar water-way,
And on their sunlit lee
All hearts were glad to see
The crags of Culver through the shining day;
While every white-winged bird,
Whose joyous cry they heard,
Seemed wild to shout the welcome that it bore
Of love from friends on shore.

Ah! brief their joy, as days are brief
In March, that loves not joy nor sun;
O bitter to the heart of grief
The port that never shall be won!
Fair ship, with all sail set,
Didst thou perchance forget
The changing times and treacherous winds of Spring?
And could those headlands gray
Rehearse no tale to-day
Of wrecks they have seen, and many a grievous thing?
Thy towering cliff, Dunnose,
Full many a secret knows—
Cry out in warning voice! too much they dare;
Death gathers in the air!

A wind blew sharp out of the north,
And o'er the island-ridges rose
A sound of tempest going forth,
And murmur of approaching snows ;
Then through the sunlit air
Streamed dark the lifted hair
Of storm-cloud, gathering the light's eclipse,
And fiercely rose and fell
The shriek of waves, the knell
Of seamen, and the doom of wandering ships ;
As with an eagle's cry
The mighty storm rushed by,
Trailing its robe of snow across the wave,
And gulfed them like a grave.

It passed ; it fell ; and all was still ;
But, homebound wanderers, where were they ?
The wind went down behind the hill,
The sunset gilded half the bay ;
Ah ! loud bewildered sea,
Vain, vain our trust in thee
To bring our kinsfolk home, through storm and tide !
So sharp and swift the blow
Where now they rest whom thou didst hear and guide ;
Our human hearts may break,
Cold Ocean, for thy sake—
Thou not the less canst paint in colours fair
The eve of our despair.

Not hard for heroes is the death
That greets them from the cannon's lips,
When heaven is red with flaming breath,
And shakes with roar of sundering ships :
When through the thunder-cloud
Sounds to them, clear and loud,
The voice of England calling them by name ;
And as their eyes grow dim
They hear their nation's hymn,
And know the prelude of immortal fame ;
But sad indeed is this,
The meed of war to miss,
To die for England, yet in dying know
They leave no name but woe.

They cannot rest through coming years,
In any ground that England owns,

And billows salter than our tears
Wash over their unhonoured bones ;
Yet in their hearts they rest
Not less revered and blest
Then those, their brothers, who in fighting fell ;
Nor shall our children hear
Their name pronounced less dear,
When England's roll of gallant deeds we tell ;
For ever shall our ships,
There, at the Solent's lips,
Pass out to glory over their still bed,
And praise the silent dead.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE SERENADE

By Edmund Gosse

The lemon petals gently fall
Within the windless Indian night,
The wild liana'd waterfall
Hangs, lingering like a ghostly light ;
Drop down to me, and linger long, my heart's entire delight.

Among the trees, the fiery flies
Move slowly in their robes of flame ;
Above them, through the liquid skies,
The stars in squadrons do the same ;
Move through the garden down to me, and softly speak my name.

By midnight's moving heart that shakes
The coloured air and kindling gloom,
By all the foams that beauty takes
In fruit, in blossom, in perfume,
Come down and still the aching doubts that haunt me and consume !

Else if the chilly morning break,
And thou hast heard my voice in vain,
Unmoved as is a forest lake
That through the branches hears the rain,
Beware lest Love himself pass by to bless thee, and—refrain !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

By Edmund Gosse

A maiden wandering from the east,
A saint immaculately white,
I saw in holy dream last night,
Who rode upon a milk-white beast;
Across the woods her shadow fell,
And wrought a strange and silent spell,
A miracle.

With firm-set eyes, and changeless face,
She passed the cities one by one;
Her hair was clouded like the sun,
And shed a glory round the place;
Where'er she came, she was so fair,
That men fell down and worshipped there
In silent prayer.

And ever in her sacred hands
She bore a quaintly carven pyx,
Of serpentine and sardonyx,
The wonder of those eastern lands;
Wherein were laid, preserved in myrrh
The gifts of vase and thurifer
She bore with her.

And after many days she came
To that high mountain, where she built
The towers of Sarras, carved and gilt
And fashioned like thin spires of flame:
Then like a traveller coming home,
She let her mild-eyed palfrey roam,
And upward clomb.

Oh! then methought the turrets rang
With shouting joyous multitudes,
And through the tumult, interludes
Of choral hosts, that played and sang;
Such welcome, since the world hath been,
To singer, prophetess, or queen,
Was never seen.

The golden gates were opened wide;
The city seemed a lake of light,
For chrysoprase and chrysolite

Were wrought for walls on every side ;
Without the town was meet for war,
But inwardly each bolt and bar
Shone like a star.

Then, while I wondered, all the sky
Above the city broke in light,
And opened to my startled sight
The heavens immeasurably high,
A glorious effluence of air,
And shining ether, pure and rare,
Divinely fair.

And, rising up amid the spires,
I saw the saintly maiden go,
In splendour like new-fallen snow,
That robs the sunrise of its fires ;
So pure, so beautiful she was,
And rose like vapoury clouds that pass
From dewy grass.

Between her hands, the pyx of gold
She held up like an offering sent
To Him, who holds the firmament
And made the starry world of old ;
It glimmered like the golden star
That shines on Christmas eve afar,
Where shepherds are.

And clouds of angels, choir on choir,
Bowed out of heaven to welcome her
And poured upon her nard and myrrh,
And bathed her forehead in white fire,
And waved in air their gracious wings,
And smote their kindling viol-strings,
In choral rings.

But she, like one who swoons and sees
A vision just before he dies,
With quivering lips and lustrous eyes,
Gazed up the shining distances ;
But soon the angels led her on
Where fiercer cloudy splendour shone,
And she was gone.

And then a voice cried :—" This is she
Who, through great tribulation, trod
A thorny pathway up to God,

The blessed virgin Dorothy.
Still to the blessed Three in One
Be glory, honour, worship done
Beneath the sun ! "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Thomas Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirits shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET

BY A. G. GREEN

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

" They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more ;
They come, and to my beard they dare to tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—that I, that I—must die.

" And what is death ? I've dared him oft before the Paynim spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me here ?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power ; defy, and fear him not.

" Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—call every vassal in,
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet board prepare ;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour there ! "

A hundred hands were busy then—the banquet forth was spread—
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

For hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board.
While at its head, within his dark carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion sate.

" Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine ;
There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine !
Are ye all there, my vassals true ?—mine eyes are waxing dim ;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

" You're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board ;
I hear it faintly :—Louder yet !—What clogs my heavy breath ?
Up all, and shout for Rudiger, ' Defiance unto Death ! ' "

Bowl rang to bowl—steel clang to steel—and rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high :—
" Ho ! cravens, do ye fear him ?—Slaves, traitors ! have ye flown ?
Ho ! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone !

" But I defy him :—let him come ! " Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up ;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There in his dark, carved oaken chair Old Rudiger sat,—dead.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID

By Homer Greene

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me ;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(*How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head*
To listen to all that my lover said,—
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it !)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over ;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(*How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,*
To listen to all that my lover said,—
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me !)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely have then passed him ;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(*How the pure sweet wind grew still, instead,*
To listen to all that my lover said,—
Oh, the whispering wind around us !)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling ;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.

But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(*How the stars crept out where the white moon led,*
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory !)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover ;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

THE PHANTOM HORSEWOMAN

By Thomas Hardy

Queer are the ways of a man I know :
He comes and stands
In a careworn craze,
And looks at the sands
And the seaward haze
With moveless hands
And face and gaze,
Then turns to go . . .
And what does he see when he gazes so ?

They say he sees as an instant thing
More clear than to-day
A sweet soft scene
That once was in play
By that briny green ;
Yes, notes alway
Warm, real and keen,
What his back years bring—
A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more ;
Not only there
Does he see this sight,
But everywhere
In his brain—day, night,
As if on the air
It were drawn rose bright—
Yea, far from that shore
Does he carry this vision of heretofore :

A ghost girl-rider. And, though, toil-tried,
He withers daily,
Time touches her not,
But still she rides gaily
In his rapt thought
On that shagged and shaly
Atlantic spot,
And as when first eyed
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

BEYOND THE LAST LAMP

(Near Tooting Common)

By Thomas Hardy

I

While rain, with eve in partnership,
Descended darkly, drip, drip, drip,
Beyond the last lone lamp I passed
Walking slowly, whispering sadly,
Two linked loiterers, wan, downcast :
Some heavy thought constrained each face,
And blinded them to time and place.

II

The pair seemed lovers, yet absorbed
In mental scenes no longer orbed
By love's young rays. Each countenance
As it slowly, as it sadly
Caught the lamplight's yellow glance,
Held in suspense a misery
At things which had been or might be.

III

When I retrod that watery way
Some hours beyond the droop of day,
Still I found pacing there the twain
  Just as slowly, just as sadly,
  Heedless of the night and rain.
One could but wonder who they were,
And what wild woe detained them there.

IV

Though thirty years of blur and blot
Have slid since I beheld that spot,
And saw in curious converse there
  Moving slowly, moving sadly,
  That mysterious tragic pair,
Its olden look may linger on—
All but the couple ; they have gone

V

Whither ? Who knows, indeed. . . . And yet
To me, when nights are weird and wet,
Without these comrades there at tryst
  Creeping slowly, creeping sadly,
  That lone lane does not exist.
There they seem brooding on their pain,
And will, while such a lane remain.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

" JIM "

By Bret Harte

Say there ! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
  Might know Jim Wild ?
Well,—no offence :
Thar ain't no sense
  In gittin' riled !

Jim was my chum
  Up on the Bar :
That's why I come
  Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir ! *You*
Ain't of that crew,—
  Blest if you are !
Money ? Not much :
  That ain't my kind ;
I ain't no such.
  Rum ? I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,—
Did you know him ?
Jes' 'bout your size ;
Same kind of eyes ;—
Well, that is strange :
  Why, it's two year
  Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us :
  Eh ?
The h—— you say !
  Dead ?
That little cuss ?
What makes you star',
You over thar ?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must r'ar ?
  It wouldn't take
  D——d much to break
You and your bar.

  Dead !
Poor—little—Jim !
Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men :
Then to take *him !*

Well, thar—Good-by—
No more, sir—I—
  Eh ?

What's that you say ?
Why, dern it !—sho—
No ? Yes ! By Joe !
Sold !
Sold ! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim.

A NEWPORT ROMANCE

By Bret Harte

They say that she died of a broken heart
(I tell the tale as 'twas told to me) ;
But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French :
It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms—poor wench !
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
At what golden-laced speech of those modish days
She listened—the mischief take her !

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave ; and ever as their bloom failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through,
With a subtile, sad perfume.

. . . . . .

The delicate odour of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story ; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way ?

I sit in the sad old house to-night—
Myself a ghost from a farther sea ;
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two :
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long verandah dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it a trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret ?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odour of mignonette !

I open the window, and seem almost—
So still lies the ocean—to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbour's windows the gas-lights flare,
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss ;
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odour of mignonette there is,
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn ;
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtile, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains."

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door;
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
She is viewless for evermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night!

CHIQUITA

By Bret Harte

Beautiful! sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the county.
Is thar, old gal—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?
Feel of that neck, sir—thar's velvet! Whoa! Steady—ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco!

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do—quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do when she's got her work cut out before her.
Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss 'as got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water.
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',
Not a plant left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and Jedge had his roan, and his nevey Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford; and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford; and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? that night that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping:
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork—that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and— What did you say?—Oh! the nevey?
Drownded, I reckon—leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see, the derned fool had no seat—ye couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses is hosses!

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN

By Bret Harte

(MASSACHUSETTS SHORE, 1800)

I MIND it was but yesterday—
The sun was dim, the air was chill;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill—
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother, dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife;
They had some foolish, idle strife;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear ;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown :
I came to hate the idle town ;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south ;
It piled high up the harbour mouth ;
The marshes, black with summer drouth
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night—
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When lo ! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood ! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be ;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly—
I could not speak through cowardness.

" I come through night and storm," he said ;
" Through storm and night and death," said he,
" To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

" The sea is His, and He who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife ;
And brief and foolish is our life."
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her—his wife—who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break ;
I swore a vow ! nor henceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spake of aught beside ;
For she—her hope upheld her pride ;
And I—in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
She pined and faded where she stood ;
Yet spake no word of ill or good ;
She had the hard, cold Edwards' blood
In all her veins—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, " *He* will be first to break
The news in Heaven," and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam ;
I only wait to hear his call ;
I doubt not that this day, next fall,
Shall see me safe in port, where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And knew my Jacob ? . . . Eh ! Mercy !
Ah, God of wisdom ! hath the sea
Yielded its dead to humble me !
My boy ! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again !

HER LETTER

By Bret Harte

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France ;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue :
In short, sir, " the belle of the season "
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
I left in the midst of a set ;
Likewise a proposal half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off as you read.

" And how do I like my position ? "
" And what do I think of New York ? "
" And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ? "
" And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that ? "
" And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat ? "

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The " finest *soirée* of the year,"—
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the " Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on " The Fork " ;

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall ;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man who shot Sandy McGee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill when the time came to go,
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow ;

Of that ride—that to me was the rarest ;
Of—the something you said at the gate :
Ah, Joe ! then I wasn't an heiress
To " the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat ?

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho !
And I'm to be " finished " by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
Oh ! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat ?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper ;
Good-night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW

(WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1864)

By Bret Harte

No, I won't—thar, now, so ! And it ain't nothin'—no !
And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know ;
And it's " Belle, tell us, do ! " and it's " Belle, is it true ? "
And " Wot's this yer yarn of the Major and you ? "
Till I'm sick of it all—so I am, but I s'pose
Thet is nothin' to you. . . . Well, then, listen ! yer goes :

It was after the fight, and around us all night
Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight ;
And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was abed,
And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed ;
And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh
But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring,
But a splintered fence rail and a broken-down swing,
And a bird said " Kerchee ! " as it sat on a tree,
As if it was lonesome and glad to see me ;
And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,
When up comes the Major a-canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw
On the gate-post his bridle, and—what does he do
But come down where I sat ; and he lifted his hat,
And he says—well, thar ain't any need to tell *that*—
'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted—a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), " For the water, my lad,
You're too big and must stoop ; for a kiss, it's as bad—
You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,
When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,
And he says, " You're a trump ! Take my pistol, don't fear,
But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,
Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,
When thar flashed on my sight, a quick glimmer of light
From the top of the little stone-fence on the right,
And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all
Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall !

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head
Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead ;
And I stood still and white, but Lord ! gals, in spite
Of my care, that derned pistol went off in my fright !
Went off—true as Gospel !—and strangest of all
It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet's all—now, go 'long. Yes, some folks thinks it's wrong.
And thar's some wants to know to what side I belong ;
But I says, " Served him right ! " and I go, all my might,
In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up fight ;
And as for the Major—sho ! gals, don't you know
Thet—Lord—thar's his step in the garden below.

DUCKS

By F. W. Harvey

I

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled
Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool,
Or finding curious things
To eat in various mucks
Beneath the pool,
Tails uppermost, or waddling
Sailor-like on the shores
Of ponds, or paddling
Left ! right !—with fanlike feet
Which are for steady oars
When they (white galleys) float
Each bird a boat
Rippling at will the sweet
Wide waterway . . .
When night is fallen *you* creep
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies :
Fearful too much to sleep
Since they've no locks
To click against the teeth
Of weasel and fox.
And warm beneath
Are eggs of cloudy green
Whence hungry rats and lean
Would stealthily suck
New life, but for the mien,
The bold ferocious mien
Of the mother-duck.

II

Yes, ducks are valiant things
On nests of twigs and straws,
And ducks are soothy things
And lovely on the lake

When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.
And when beneath the pool
They dabble, and when they swim
And make their rippling rings,
O ducks are beautiful things !

But ducks are comical things :—
As comical as you.
Quack !
They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.
Triangular and clear
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer
Saying " Quack ! quack ! "

III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones,
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum :
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns :
All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones !
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of it's bill !

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

By Colonel John Hay

Wall, no ! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see ;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jim Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row ;
But he never funked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well ;
Never be passed on the river ;
To mind the pilot's bell ;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was the better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she came tearing along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burned a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
" I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
  And went for it thar and then ;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

LITTLE BREECHES

By Colonel John Hay

I don't go much on religion,
  I never ain't had no show ;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
  On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
  And free-will and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
  Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
  And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
  Could beat him for pretty and strong,—
Peart and chipper and sassy,
  Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
  Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
  As I passed by Taggart's store ;
I went in for a jug of molasses
  And left the team at the door.

They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critter's aid;—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep, in the snow and prayed.

. . . . . .

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Whar they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm:
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

GOING A-MAYING

By Robert Herrick

Get up, get up, for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimmed with trees! see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch! each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked : yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time !
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying !

THE BULL

By Ralph Hodgson

See an old unhappy bull,
Sick in soul and body both,
Slouching in the undergrowth
Of the forest beautiful,
Banished from the herd he led,
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
Up and down the burning sky ;
Tree-top cats purr drowsily
In the dim-day green below ;

And troops of monkeys, nutting some,
All disputing, go and come ;

And things abominable sit
Picking offal buck or swine,
On the mess and over it
Burnished flies and beetles shine,
And spiders big as bladders lie
Under hemlocks ten foot high ;

And a dotted serpent curled
Round and round and round a tree,
Yellowing its greenery,
Keeps a watch on all the world,
All the world and this old bull
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came :
Once he led, a bull of blood
Newly come to lustihood,
Fought and put his prince to shame,
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head,
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
Left him there without a lick,
Left him for the birds to pick,
Left him there for carrion,
Vilely from their bosom cast
Wisdom, worth, and love at last.

When the lion left his lair
And roared his beauty through the hills,
And the vultures pecked their quills
And flew into the middle air,
Then this prince no more to reign
Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,
He saw the blood upon the ground,
And snuffed the burning airs around
Still with beevish odours sweet,
While the blood ran down his head
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,
All his splendour, all his strength,
All his body's breadth and length
Dwindled down with shame and grief,

Half the bull he was before,
Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dew-lap deep
In the rushes at the lake,
Surly, stupid, half asleep,
Waiting for his heart to break
And the birds to join the flies
Feasting at his blood-shot eyes,—

Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor, dreaming things :
Green savannas, jungles brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things : of days he spent
With his mother gaunt and lean
In the valley warm and green,
Full of baby wonderment,
Blinking out of silly eyes
At a hundred mysteries ;

Dreaming over once again
How he wandered with a throng
Of bulls and cows a thousand strong.
Wandered on from plain to plain,
Up the hill and down the dale,
Always at his mother's tail ;

How he lagged behind the herd,
Lagged and tottered, weak of limb,
And she turned and ran to him,
Blaring at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day
When her drained and drying paps
Turned him to the sweets and saps,
Richer fountains by the way,
And she left the bull she bore,
And he looked to her no more ;

And his little frame grew stout,
And his little legs grew strong,
And the way was not so long ;
And his little horns came out,
And he played at butting trees
And boulder-stones and tortoises,

Joined a game of knobby skulls
With the youngsters of his year,
All the other little bulls,
Learning both to bruise and bear,
Learning how to stand a shock
Like a little bull of rock.

Dreaming of a day less dim,
Dreaming of a time less far,
When the faint but certain star
Of destiny burned clear for him,
And a fierce and wild unrest
Broke the quiet of his breast,

And the gristles of his youth
Hardened in his comely pow,
And he came to fighting growth,
Beat his bull and won his cow,
And flew his tail and trampled off
Past the tallest, vain enough,

And curved about in splendour full,
And curved again and snuffed the airs,
As who should say Come out who dares :
And all beheld a bull, a Bull,
And knew that here was surely one
That backed for no bull, fearing none.

And the leader of the herd
Looked and saw, and beat the ground,
And shook the forest with his sound,
Bellowed at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn,
Surely dreaming of the hour
When he came to sultan power,
And they owned him master-horn,
Chiefest bull of all among
Bulls and cows a thousand strong,

And in all the tramping herd
Not a bull that barred his way,
Not a cow that said him nay,
Not a bull or cow that erred
In the furnace of his look
Dared a second, worse rebuke ;

Not in all the forest wide,
Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,
Not another dared him then,
Dared him and again defied ;
Not a sovereign buck or boar
Came a second time for more.

Not a serpent that survived
Once the terrors of his hoof
Risked a second time reproof,
Came a second time and lived,
Not a serpent in its skin
Came again for discipline ;

Not a leopard bright as flame,
Flashing fingerhooks of steel,
That a wooden tree might feel,
Met his fury once and came
For a second reprimand,
Not a leopard in the land.

Not a lion of them all,
Not a lion of the hills,
Hero of a thousand kills,
Dared a second fight and fall,
Dared that ram terrific twice,
Paid a second time the price. . . .

Pity him, this dupe of dream,
Leader of the herd again
Only in his daft old brain,
Once again the bull supreme
And bull enough to bear the part
Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake ;
Even now the swarm of flies
Blackening his bloodshot eyes
Bursts and blusters round the lake,
Scattered from the feast half-fed
By great shadows overhead.

And the dreamer turns away
From his visionary herds
And his splendid yesterday,
Turns to meet the loathly birds
Flocking round him from the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

THE LAST LEAF

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
And he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old, forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

O for one hour of youthful joy !
Give back my twentieth spring !
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age !
Away with learning's crown !
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame !
Give me some giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame !

. . . . .

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
" If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

" But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back,
To find the wished-for day ? "

" Ah, truest soul of womankind !
Without thee what were life ?
One bliss I cannot leave behind :
I'll take—my—precious—wife ! "

—The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

" And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled,
With these dissolving years."

" Why, yes;" for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
" I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
" Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

. . . . . .

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

WHAT WE ALL THINK

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

That age was older once than now,
In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow;
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those " good old days "
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The " best of women " each has known.
Were school-boys ever half so wild?
How young the grandpapas have grown!

That *but for this* our souls were free,
And *but for that* our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain—
Some common ailment of the race,—
Though doctors think the matter plain,—
That ours is " a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers burned
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
The angels hovering overhead
Count every pitying drop that flows,
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye
And turn the beggar from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
" Ah, had I but *one thousand more!* "

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
Their tablets bold with *what we think*,
Their echoes dumb to *what we know;*

That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE!

UNSATISFIED

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

" ONLY a housemaid! " She looked from the kitchen,—
Neat was the kitchen, and tidy was she;
There at her window a sempstress sat stitching;
" Were I a sempstress, how happy I'd be! "

" Only a Queen! " She looked over the waters,—
Fair was her kingdom and mighty was she;
There sat an Empress, with Queens for her daughters;
" Were I an Empress, how happy I'd be! "

Still the old frailty they all of them trip in !
Eve in her daughters is ever the same ;
Give her all Eden, she sighs for a pippin ;
Give her an Empire, she pines for a name !

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

Grandmother's mother : her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air ;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed ;
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view,—
Look ! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust !
Such is the tale the lady old
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well ;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colours of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not at her with eyes of scorn,—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name ;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire, and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring,—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenth me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

By Thomas Hood

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the " Song of the Shirt."

" Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's oh ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where a woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

" Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

" Oh, Men, with Sisters dear !
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

" But why do I talk of Death ?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

" Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

" Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

" Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

" Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

" Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread ! "

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
    Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !—
  She sang this " Song of the Shirt."

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

By Thomas Hood

'Twas in the prime of summer-time,
  An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
  Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
  Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
  And souls untouch'd by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there,
  They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
  Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
  And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
  As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
  A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
  To catch Heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
  And his bosom ill at ease :
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
  The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide.
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
" O God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

" My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? "
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
" It is ' The Death of Abel.' "

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

" And well," quoth he, " I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in my dream !

" One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

" Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

" Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

" And lo ! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame ;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name !

" O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

" My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price ;
A dozen times I groan'd ; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice !

" And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite :—
' Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight ! '

" I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

" Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool !
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

" O Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim !

" And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red !

" All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep :
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep !

" All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time :
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

" One stern tyrannic thought that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave !

" Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

" Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

" With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man !

" And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other-where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

" Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep :
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

" So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones !

" O God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

" And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now ! "
The fearful Boy look'd up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE HANDSEL RING

By G. Houghton

" Here, O lily-white lady mine,
Here by thy warrior sire's own shrine,
Handsel I thee by this golden sign,
This sunshiny thing."
Weeping she reached her hand so slim,
Smiled, though her eyes were wet and dim,
Saying : " I swear, by Heaven, by him,
And by this handsel ring ! "

But as she bended her eyes abashed,
Out of his fingers the jewel flashed,
On the gray flags of the kirk it clashed,
That treacherous thing ;

Clashed, and bounded, and circled, and sped,
Till through a crevice it flamed and fled,—
Down in the tomb of the knightly dead,
Darted the handsel ring!

"Matters not, darling! Ere day be o'er,
Goldsmiths shall forge for thy hands a score;
Let not thy heart be harried and sore
For a little thing!"
"Nay! but behold what broodeth there!
See the cold sheen of his silvery hair!
Look how his eyeballs roll and stare,
Seeking thy handsel ring!"

"I see nothing, my precious, my own!
'Tis a black vision that sorrow hath sown;
Haste, let us hence, for dark it has grown,
And moths are on wing."
"Nay, but his shrunken fist behold,
Looses his lance-hilt and scatters the mould!
What is it that his long fingers hold?
Christ! 'tis our handsel ring!"

And when the bridegroom bends over her,
Neither the lips nor the eyelids stir;
Naught to her, now, but music and myrrh,—
Needless his handsel ring.

BREDON* HILL

By A. E. Housman

In summer-time on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them,
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

* Pronounced Breedon.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away :
" Come all to church, good people ,
Good people, come and pray ! "
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
" Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown,
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there were was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum :
" Come all to church, good people ! "
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb ;
I hear you, I will come.

[*From "A Shropshire Lad" (Grant Richards, London). By Special Permission of the Author and Publisher.*]

ON A BARRICADE

By Victor Hugo

Upon a barricade, across the streets,
Where blood of criminal and hero meets,
Ta'en with the men, a child of twelve or less !
" Were you one of them—you ? " The boy said " Yes."
" Well," said the officer, " then you'll be shot ;
Wait for your turn." The child saw on the spot
All his companions 'neath the wall fall low.
To the officer he cried, " Sir, let me go,
And take this watch to mother, who's at home."
" You wish to 'scape." " No ! I'll come back."—" This scum

Are cowards.—Where do you live ? "—" There, by the well ;
And, Captain, I'll return—the truth I tell."—
" Be off, young scamp." The child ran off, and then
At the plain trick laughed officer and men.—
Death's rattle mingling with their laugh was heard ;
But the laugh ceased when suddenly appeared
The child, with bloodless cheek but dauntless eye,
And, leaning 'gainst the wall, said, " Here am I ! "
Death fled ashamed.—The Captain said, " Be free.

Child !—I know not in storms, where mingled be
All things right, wrong, knave, hero—in this fray,
What made you take a part :—But this I say,
Your soul, untaught, was yet sublimely great,
Good, brave—who in the very jaws of fate,
First to your mother walked—then to the grave !
Children have candour—men remorse may have.
No fault of yours to march where others led ;
But noble, valiant Boy ! who chose instead
Of safety, life, spring, dawn, and boyish play,
The black blank wall where slain thy comrades lay."

[*Translated by Dean Carrington. By Special Permission of the Translator and Messrs Walter Scott & Co., Limited.*]

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

By Leigh Hunt

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court :
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side ;
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws ;

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air ;
Said Francis then, " Good gentlemen, we're better here than there ! "

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same :
She thought, " The count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be ;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me !

" Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the chance is wondrous fine ;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love ; great glory will be mine ! "
She dropp'd her glove to prove his love : then looked on him and smiled ;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild !

The leap was quick ; return was quick ; he soon regained his place
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face !
" Well done ! " cried Francis, " bravely done ! " and he rose from where he sat :
" No love," quoth he, " but vanity sets love a task like that ! "

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

By Leigh Hunt

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
" What writest thou ? "—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, " The names of those who love the Lord."
" And is mine one ? " said Abou. " Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, " I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

By Jean Ingelow

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all—
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I begin to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;

And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I hearde afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that friendly message free,
" The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, " And why should this thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down ;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne ;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ' ? "

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main :
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

" The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing up the market-place."

He shook as one that looks on death :
" God save you, mother ! " straight he saith ;
" Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? "

" Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, " Ho Enderby ! "
They rang " The Brides of Enderby ! "

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For lo ! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thund'rous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling banks amaine ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang " Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;

And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
" O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To manye more than myne and mee ;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

CORONATION

By H. H. Jackson

At the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun ;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, " This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand ;
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

" Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me ? "
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in dream, " Of thee,
Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown and threw it by.
" O man, thou must have known," he said,
" A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, " Shall I know when
Before *his* throne I stand ? "

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
" This is his presence now."

At the king's gate the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun ;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

" Ho there ! Ho there ! Has no man seen
The king ? " The cry ran to and fro ;
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray ;
The king came not. They called him dead ;
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

LITTLE WILD BABY

By Margaret Vandergrift Janvier

Through the fierce fever I nursed him, and then he said
I was the woman—I !—that he would wed ;
He sent a boat with men for his own white priest,
And he gave my father horses, and made a feast.
I am his wife : if he has forgotten me,
I will not live for scorning eyes to see.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)

Three moons ago—it was but three moons ago—
He took his gun, and started across the snow ;
For the river was frozen, the river that still goes down
Every day, as I watch it, to find the town ;
The town whose name I caught from his sleeping lips,
A place of many people and many ships.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)

I to that town am going, to search the place,
With his little white son in my arms, till I see his face.
Only once shall I need to look in his eyes,
To see if his soul, as I knew it, lives or dies.
If it lives, we live, and if it is dead, we die,
And the soul of my baby will never ask me why.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)

I have asked about the river : one answered me,
That after the town it goes to find the sea ;
That great waves, able to break the stoutest bark,
Are there, and the sea is very deep and dark.
If he is happy without me, so best, so best ;
I will take his baby, and go away to my rest.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.
The river flows swiftly, the sea is dark and deep ;
Little wild baby, lie still ! Lie still and sleep.)

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

By John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot,
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth!
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And happy the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

By John Keats

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

" I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

" I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too and fragrant zone ,
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

" I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

" She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
' I love thee true ! '

" She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

" And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamt—ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill's side.

" I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
They cried—' La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! '

" I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

" And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing."

THE DOCKER'S LAMENT

By Arthur Clark Kennedy

The sour smells of the streets, the stale
Decaying scents upon the gale
That sweeps across the cobbled maze
Of intricate and winding ways
Hemming the docks, where darkly loom
Great ships gigantic in the gloom :
These scents commingle with the tar
That takes the mind to sea, afar
From fret and fume of narrow streets,
To that wide ocean where one meets
With breezes sweetened by the spume
Blown from the crest of waves, each plume
Of spray that smites the cheek doth bring
A breath of healing on its wing.
But here, alas, condemned to dwell
Upon the threshold of farewell,
Never to roam upon the main,
My soul turns sick to work again,
Trundling the bales of merchandise
Which the four corners of the skies
Have smiled upon, in rows to keep
In some warehouse's bonded sleep.
From east and west, from north and south,
To fill the ever-gaping mouth
Of London on the Thames, they come,
London the place that I call home !
A water-rat that burrows here
By river-side I make my lair ;
Fetid surroundings, filth and gloom
Lead to my little fourth-floor room !
I live this life because I must,
Bound down to earn a daily crust
With sweating forehead, aching loins,
As one day to another joins
In dull routine, for I have given
A hostage to the hosts of heaven,
A little lad, whose curly head
Nestles beside me on my bed.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

A LEGEND OF SIDI BEL ABBAS

By Arthur Clark Kennedy

From Gibel Giliz, as the sun sank down,
Sidi bel Abbas gazed upon the town.
Outspread beneath him, like a pearl of price,
Marakesh gleamed before his weary eyes.
His garb mere rags, where poverty took root,
But clothed in sanctity from head to foot.
Rising resplendent on the dying day
Tall minarets pointed out the heavenly way.
" Here have I found," quoth he, " an ideal place
Where I may rest my bones, demanding grace
Daily for all my sins." And so he sent
For leave to enter in and pitch his tent.
The Shereefs in the town sent out to him
A bowl with water filled unto the brim
In answer to his prayer, as if to say
The place is full, you really cannot stay ;
For though we would be pleased to have you come
The city's crowded and there is no room ;
But can you add to an o'erflowing cup
Enter and here your residence take up !
The Saint responded not in words to those
Who brought the water, but he plucked a rose
And held it in the fierce light of the sun
Until its petals wilted one by one.
Within the bowl he lays the thirsty rose
Which drinks the water and none overflows !
'Twas thus his silent answer he returned.
The Shereefs' hearts within their bosoms burned
With admiration at the message sent,
In which he paid himself the compliment
Of likeness to a rose, while they remained
Just the mere water which the bowl contained !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

By Charles Kingsley

Welcome, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and streaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! The brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour is past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?

'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives out English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

THE WEIRD LADY

By Charles Kingsley

The swevens came up round Harold the Earl,
Like motes in the sunnès beam ;
And over him stood the Weird Lady,
In her charmèd castle over the sea,
Sang " Lie thou still and dream."

" Thy steed is dead in his stall, Earl Harold,
Since thou hast been with me ;
The rust has eaten thy harness bright,
And the rats have eaten thy greyhound light,
That was so fair and free."

Mary Mother she stooped from heaven ;
She wakened Earl Harold out of his sweven,
To don his harness on ;
And over the land and over the sea
He wended abroad to his own countrie,
A weary way to gon.

O but his beard was white with eld,
O but his hair was gray ;
He stumbled on by stock and stone,
And as he journeyed he made his moan
Along that weary way.

Earl Harold came to his castle wall;
The gate was burned with fire;
Roof and rafter were fallen down,
The folk were strangers all in the town,
And strangers all in the shire.

Earl Harold came to a house of nuns,
And he heard the dead-bell toll;
He saw the sexton stand by a grave;
"Now Christ have mercy, who did us save,
Upon yon fair nun's soul."

The nuns they came from the convent gate
By one, by two, by three;
They sang for the soul of a lady bright
Who died for the love of a traitor knight:
It was his own lady.

He stayed the corpse beside the grave:
"A sign, a sign!" quod he.
"Mary Mother who rulest heaven,
Send me a sign if I be forgiven
By the woman who so loved me."

A white dove out of the coffin flew;
Earl Harold's mouth it kist;
He fell on his face, wherever he stood;
And the white dove carried his soul to God
Or ever the bearers wist.

A FAREWELL

TO C. E. G.

By Charles Kingsley

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

By Rudyard Kipling

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride :
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led the troop of the Guides :
" Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides ? "
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
" If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair—
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain are sown with Kamal's men."

The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai—
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
" Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. " Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a lady plays with a glove.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,—
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive—
"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive;
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I had held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—"Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to sup—
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
" No talk shall be of dogs," said he, " when wolf and grey wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath.
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death ? "
Lightly answered the Colonel's son :—" I hold the blood of my clan ;
Take up the mare for my father's gift—By God she has carried a man ! "
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled her nose in his breast,
" We be two strong men," said Kamal then, " but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
" Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he ; " will you take the mate from a friend ? "
" A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight ; " a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him ! "
With that he whistled his only son, who dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he looked like a lance in rest.
" Now here is thy master," Kamal said, " who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield to shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."
They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt ;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Kyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare, and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of a mountaineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

O, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.

[*By Special Permission of the Author*]

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

By Rudyard Kipling

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag.

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flags to sell or share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World, declare!

The North Wind blew:—"From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;
By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod.

" I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came ;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed.

" The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light :
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there ! "

The South Wind sighed :—" From the Virgins my mid-sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

" Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

" I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a wisp on the Horn ;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and torn ;
I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea ;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

" My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there ! "

The East Wind roared :—" From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come.
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping ! By the breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon !

" The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore !
I set my hand on the Hoogli ; as a hooded snake she rose,
And I heaved your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.

" Never the lotus closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

" The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there ! "

The West Wind called :—" In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath.

" I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from the hole,
They bellow one to the other, the frighted ship-bells toll :
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death.

" But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

" The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
The morning stars have hailed it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there ! "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

FEAR

By Rudyard Kipling

Ere Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey People cry,
Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the Jungle very softly flits a Shadow and a sigh—
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!
Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching shade,
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near;
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now—
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Ere the moon has climbed the mountains, ere the rocks are ribbed with light,
When the downward-dipping tails are dank and drear;
Comes a breathing hard behind thee, snuffle-snuffle through the night—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!
On thy knees and draw the bow, bid the shrilling arrow go;
In the empty mocking thicket plunge the spear;
But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood has left thy cheek—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the slivered pine trees fall,
When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and veer;
Through the trumpets of the thunder rings a voice more loud than all—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!
Now the spates are banked and deep; now the footless boulders leap;
Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib clear;
But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against thy side
Hammers: Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear!

[*From "The Second Jungle Book." By kind Permission of the Author and the Publishers, Messrs Macmillan.*]

A SMUGGLER'S SONG

By Rudyard Kipling

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street.

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!
Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk;
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play.
Put the brushwood back again—and they'll be gone next day!

If you see the stable-door setting open wide;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore;
If the lining's wet and warm—don't you ask no more!

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said.
If they call you "pretty maid," and chuck you 'neath the chin,
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been!

Knocks and footsteps round the house—whistles after dark—
You've no call for running out till the house-dogs bark.
Trusty's here, and *Pincher's* here, and see how dumb they lie—
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!

If you do as you've been told, 'likely there's a chance,
You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood—
A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good!
Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk.
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie—
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

[*From "Puck of Pook's Hill." By kind Permission of the Author and the Publishers, Messrs Macmillan.*]

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

By Rudyard Kipling

Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go
By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale below.
Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, broken of speech,
Seeing a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each ;
Over and over the story, ending as he began :
" Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that walks like a man !

" There was a flint in my musket—pricked and primed was the pan,
When I went hunting Adam-zad—the Bear that stands like a man.
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow,
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago !

" I knew his times and his seasons, as he knew mine, that fed
By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my house of bread ;
I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine, that crept
At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered while I slept.

" Up from his stony playground—down from his well-digged lair—
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear ;
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,
Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels !

" Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a man.

" Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear !
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing.

" Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!

" Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—
Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago.
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den,
He left me blind to the darkened years and the little mercy of men.

" Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the newer style
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard) a mile?
Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,
But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the Bear can do!"

(Flesh like the slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and grey—
Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth for his pay.)
" Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard—
Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

" But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-brute guise,
When he veils the hate and cunning of the little, swinish eyes;

" When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:—
" *There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that looks like a man!*"

[*From "The Five Nations." By kind Permission of the Author and Publishers, Messrs Macmillan.*]

PIPING PETER

By Ann Knox

Brown in the haze of the dusty lane,
And in and out of the dusty shade,
With a flutter of rags, a piper played
A nimble tune with his long, brown hands.

He laughed a little and took his pipe,—
Wooden it was, and old and grey,
But the music he made was fierce and wild
As a sea-bird's cry on a stormy day.
This was his song : " I worship the God
Who dwells on Earth, in the steep hillside,
In jagged rocks and the shadowed pool ;—
On a thunder cloud He shall ride astride !
This is my incense : the breath of flowers
With the dust of pollen and new-mown hay :—
My acolyte is the West Wind driving
Over the sea and sky. Men say
I have done no work, but all day long,
And wherever I go, I will reap a song ! "

He danced and he piped and from every side
Little, brown creatures gathered round,
Felt magic, and heard, through the valleys wild,
His whistling pipe and its soothing sound.
Then a stranger, passing, bade him write
So that all might read and the piper sighed,
But wrote his song till the wings of night
Folded the quiet hills far and wide.

Then Piping Peter went to Town
To dream of fame and seek renown.

He studied until his heart ran dry ;
His learning would make a kingdom wise,
But he pined in the streets for the road and sky
Meeting the hills, and the cry of the hounds.—
He wrote in a book while he mourned them all,
But the story he told was cynical,
And when it was finished his tears fell down
For the things he learnt in a dusty town,
So Peter, netting the threads of his dream,
Drowned the book in a hillside stream.

He danced and he piped and from every side
Little, brown creatures gathered round,
Felt magic and heard, through the valleys wild,
The whistling pipe and its soothing sound.
A girl in a blue overall
Laughed to hear the piper call
And brought him new, white bread and cheese,
Then sat and watched and clasped her knees. . . .
The bolts were drawn in every door
And the grey-stone village slept
In its fold of hills before
He dropped his happy pipe and wept.
Then the stars in heaven above,
Flamed on Peter
and love . . . and love!

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

By Mrs Lacoste

Into a ward of the whitewash'd halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-vein'd brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;

Somebody's hand had rested there ;
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light ?

God knows best ; he has somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he march'd away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their heart ;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
" Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

By Charles Lamb

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women.
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man.
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother!
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

THE ROSES KNOW

By Frederick Langbridge

The roses o'er my window grow,
An arch of fragrant bloom.
I make a bunch at night, you know,
To bless my little room.
I hardly know—I never care—
What idle folk may pause to stare;
But why refuse a gentle soul
A little bud for button-hole?
Blush rose, blush rose,
Why that burning red?
White rose, white rose,
Never hang your head!

One night—the last sweet night of May—
My basket in my hand,
I heard a footstep cross the way,
I saw a stranger stand.
He leaned his arm the palings o'er,
And begged a rosebud—one—no more;
I gave it, with a smile and word,
And, really, nothing else occurred.
Blush rose, blush rose,
Why that burning red?
White rose, white rose,
Never hang your head!

But oh! the roses bloom to-day
With tenderer, deeper glows;
They whisper me from every spray,
Because my heart's a rose.
For yester eve—O pearl of eves!—
Above the rustling of their leaves,

He said—no matter what—but oh !
The roses know—the roses know !
Blush rose, blush rose,
Oh, the tale you heard !
White rose, white rose,
Never say a word !

[*From "Ballads and Legends." By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.*]

THE MAKING OF SONG

By Richard Le Gallienne

A poet prayed, and the answer came—
" Thou shalt sing, and thy song shall bring thee fame,
But this must thou give for thy silver tongue,
Thrice three sorrows for each new song."

The poet was young, and the world all bloom—
" Give me the song, let the sorrows come ! "
And so it befell that his boyhood's pain
Was thrice more bitter and thrice again,
But his tears were pearls, and his sobs were song,
And the solace great if the sorrow long.

Then youth with its splendid moon i' the sky,
And its wonder-maiden and love, drew nigh,
And the heart of the poet grew so glad
He forgot his song in the joy he had.
But the maiden died—then he thought to die,
But his song awoke him, and up in the sky,
For each little shining tear he shed,
He set a great shining star instead—
His singing ended, his tears were dry.

Then years went by, and he took a wife,
So dear she stood him in place of life,
And, as the blossoms come to the tree,
So came a little babe to be.
But the blossom withered in springtime frost,
And the poet sang of the thing they lost—
—" But ah, my wife, had they taken thee ! "

Death heard the song, and he came one night,
And the wife lay dead in the morning light.
Now, O poet, what comfort now?
Dost thou not weep for thy boyish vow?
Yea, the poet bowed his stricken head—
—"Now let me die, for my life is dead."

Yea, as days wore on, little leaf by leaf
Budded once more on the tree of grief,
And note by note the accustomed song
Rose, as of old, more deep, more strong;
Though something told to the listening ears
That it bubbled up from a fount of tears.

One more sorrow remained untried;
God took back his song—*then* the poet died.

[*From "English Poems." By Special Permission of the Author.*]

FROM "SHEMUS O'BRIEN"

By J. Sheridan Lefanu

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—
But whom are the men standin' idle to meet?
An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? What come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O, Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast—
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last.
Pray fast and pray strong, for the moment is nigh,
When—strong, proud, an' great as you are—you must die!

At last they threw open the great prison gate,
An' out came the sheriffs an' sojers in state;
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shemus was in it—
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minnit;
An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' an' blessin' and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailing sound kem on all by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On—on—to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
And the car and the sojers go steadily on.
And at every side swellin' around iv the cart,
A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart.

Now, undher the gallows the car takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;
An' the priest havin' blessed him, gets down on the ground,
And Shemus O'Brien throws one look around.
Then the hangman drew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill ;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the grip of the life-strangling cord to prepare—
An' the good priest has left him,—havin' said his last prayer.

But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound ;
And with one daring spring, Jim has leaped to the ground !
Bang ! bang ! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres ;
He's not down ! he's alive ! now attend to him, neighbours !
By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken !
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin' 'tis yourselves ye must hang.
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,
An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him agin.

THE DEATH OF PUCK

By Eugene Lee-Hamilton

I

I FEAR that Puck is dead,—it is so long
Since men last saw him ;—dead with all the rest
Of that sweet elfin crew that made their nest
In hollow nuts, where hazels sing their song ;
Dead and for ever, like the antique throng
The elves replaced : the Dryad that you guess'd
Behind the leaves ; the Naiad weed-bedress'd ;
The leaf-ear'd Faun that loved to lead you wrong.

Tell me, thou hopping Robin, hast thou met
A little man, no bigger than thyself,
Whom they call Puck, where woodland bells are wet ?
Tell me, thou Wood-Mouse, hast thou seen an elf
Whom they call Puck, and is he seated yet,
Capp'd with a snail-shell, on his mushroom shelf ?

II

The Robin gave three hops, and chirped, and said :
' Yes, I knew Puck, and loved him ; though I trow
He mimick'd oft my whistle, chuckling low ;
Yes, I knew cousin Puck ; but he is dead.
We found him lying on his mushroom bed—
The Wren and I,—half cover'd up with snow,
As we were hopping where the berries grow.
We think he died of cold. Ay, Puck is fled.'

And then the Wood-Mouse said : ' We made the Mole
Dig him a little grave beneath the moss,
And four big Dormice placed him in the hole.
The Squirrel made with sticks a little cross ;
Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul ;
And all we velvet jackets mourn his loss.'

WOOD-SONG

By Eugene Lee-Hamilton

When we are gone, love,
Gone as the breeze,
Woods will be sweet, love,
Even as these.

Sunflecks will dance, love,
Even as now,
Here on the moss, love,
Under the bough.

Others unborn, love,
Maybe will sit
Here in the wood, love,
Leafily lit ;

Hearking as now, love,
Treble of birds ;
Breathing as we, love,
Wondering words.

Others will sigh, love,
Even as we :
' Only a day, love,'
Murmurs the bee.

WHAT THE SONNET IS

By Eugene Lee-Hamilton

Fourteen small broider'd berries on the hem
  Of Circe's mantle, each of magic gold ;
  Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd
Into the sea, for pearls to come to them ;
Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem
  With which Medea human fate foretold ;
  Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,
Craved of the Fiend, to water Life's dry stem.

It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
  To Beatrice ; the sapphire Laura wore
When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought ;
  The ruby Shakespeare hew'd from his heart's core ;
The dark deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
  For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

FAIRIES ON THE LAWN

A child's recollection

By R. C. Lehmann

One night I peeped through the window, just after I went to bed ;
I ought to have been in my cot, I know, my pillow beneath my head ;
But somebody seemed to whisper " Come ! " and so I made up my mind,
Climbed out and tiptoed across the floor, and lifted the old red blind.

It wasn't as dark as some nights are, for up in the purple sky
The round moon showed me her battered face ; it didn't seem very high,
And all the trees that I know so well looked funny, and far, and white,
And all of them murmured : " Hush ! hush ! hush ! we can't make a noise to-night."

I wasn't afraid, not *quite* afraid, but I wasn't as bold as brass,
When I looked and I saw a shining sight out there on the silver grass.
And, oh ! I think I never shall see such a beautiful sight again,
As the wonderful shining sight I saw when I looked through the window-pane.

In the place of the garden arbour, with its walls, and its seats of wood,
And its thatched roof covered with creepers, a marvellous palace stood :
I seem to have known it always (though it couldn't be ages old),
With its pillars of rainbow crystal, and its towers of polished gold.

Then a voice said : " Look at the Fairies ! " and out in a troop they came ;
I have seen them by dozens in picture-books, and these were the very same.
The same, only much, much better, for these were alive, alive ;
And the sound of their little voices was the buzz of a big bee-hive.

For, oh ! they shouted and tumbled, and frisked, and fluttered and played ;
A jolly, delightful romp they had, and nobody seemed afraid ;
And I, who had held my breath so, just didn't I want to go
And join in the games they played at out there on the lawn below !

I have seen my mamma wear jewels, and these were like jewels bright,
Like opals alive and leaping all over the grass at night—
When clear from the golden palace came sounding a trumpet's call,
And they fell into lines like a regiment, and stood at attention all.

And wasn't there lovely music, the music that makes you cry,
The music mamma sings softly—she calls it a lullaby.
And riding a mouse-sized charger, the tiniest ever seen,
Out pranced to her faithful Fairies the beautiful Fairy Queen.

To think I should see her really—to think I should see her there,
As I peeped through the bedroom window, perched up on a bedroom chair !
I was only a little girl, you know, and I think it was very kind
To let me look at the Fairy Queen when I lifted the old red blind.

But just as I said : " I'll ask her up to come to my room and play;
And won't we have romps at night-time, and won't we have fun by day ! "
A black cloud covered the moon's face, and I—I was back in bed
(But I never knew how I got there) with my pillow beneath my head.

[*From " Punch." By Special Permission of Mr R. C. Lehmann and Messrs Bradbury, Agnew & Co.*]

THE GHOSTS OF THE BUFFALOES

By Vachel Lindsay

Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all,
That which is gendered in the wilderness
From lonely prairies and God's tenderness.
Imperial soul, star of a weedy stream,
Born where the ghosts of buffaloes still dream,
Whose spirit hoof-beats storm above his grave,
Above that breath of earth and prairie-fire—
Fire that freed the slave.

. . . . . .

Last night at black midnight I woke with a cry,
The windows were shaking, there was thunder on high,
The floor was a-tremble, the door was a-jar,
White fires, crimson fires, shone from afar.
I rushed to the door yard. The city was gone.
My home was a hut without orchard or lawn.
It was mud-smear and logs near a whispering stream,
Nothing else built by man could I see in my dream . . .
Then . . .
Ghost-kings came headlong, row upon row,
Gods of the Indians, torches aglow.

They mounted the bear and the elk and the deer,
And eagles gigantic, aged and sere,
They rode long-horn cattle, they cried " A-la-la."
They lifted the knife, the bow, and the spear,
They lifted ghost-torches from dead fires below,
The midnight made grand with the cry " A-la-la."
The midnight made grand with a red-god charge,
A red-god show,
A red-god show,
" A-la-la, a-la-la, a-la-la, a-la-la."

With bodies like bronze, and terrible eyes
Came the rank and the file, with catamount cries,
Gibbering, yipping, with hollow-skull clacks,
Riding white bronchos with skeleton backs,
Scalp-hunters, beaded and spangled and bad,
Naked and lustful and foaming and mad,
Flashing primeval demoniac scorn,
Blood-thirst and pomp amid darkness reborn,
Power and glory that sleep in the grass
While the wind and the snows and the great rains pass.
They crossed the gray river, thousands abreast,
They rode in infinite lines to the west

Tide upon tide of strange fury and foam,
Spirits and wraiths, the blue was their home,
The sky was their goal where the star-flags are furled,
And on past those far golden splendours they whirled.
They burned to dim meteors, lost in the deep,
And I turned in dazed wonder, thinking of sleep.

And the wind crept by
Alone, unkempt, unsatisfied,
The wind cried and cried—
Muttered of massacres long past,
Buffaloes in shambles vast . . .
An owl said : " Hark, what is a-wing ? "
I heard a cricket carolling,
I heard a cricket carolling,
I heard a cricket carolling.

Then . . .
Snuffing the lightning that crashed from on high
Rose royal old buffaloes, row upon row.
The lords of the prairie came galloping by.
And I cried in my heart " A-la-la, a-la-la,
A red-god show,
A red-god show,
A-la-la, a-la-la, a-la-la, a-la-la."

Buffaloes, buffaloes, thousands abreast,
A scourge and amazement, they swept to the west.
With black bobbing noses, with red rolling tongues,
Coughing forth steam from their leather-wrapped lungs,
Cows with their calves, bulls big and vain,
Goring the laggards, shaking the mane,
Stamping flint feet, flashing moon eyes,
Pompous and owlish, shaggy and wise.
Like sea-cliffs and caves resounded their ranks
With shoulders like waves, and undulant flanks.
Tide upon tide of strange fury and foam,
Spirits and wraiths, the blue was their home,
The sky was their goal where the star-flags are furled,
And on past those far golden splendours they whirled.
They burned to dim meteors, lost in the deep,
And I turned in dazed wonder, thinking of sleep.

I heard a cricket's cymbals play,
A scarecrow lightly flapped his rags,
And a pan that hung by his shoulder rang,
Rattled and thumped in a listless way,
And now the wind in the chimney sang,

The wind in the chimney,
The wind in the chimney,
The wind in the chimney,

Seemed to say :
" Dream, boy, dream,
If you anywise can.
To dream is the work
Of beast or man.
Life is the west-going dream-storm's breath,
Life is a dream, the sigh of the skies,
The breath of the stars, that nod on their pillows
With their golden hair mussed over their eyes."
The locust played on his musical wing,
Sang to his mate of love's delight.
I heard the whippoorwill's soft fret.
I heard a cricket carolling,
I heard a cricket carolling,
I heard a cricket say : " Good-night, good-night,
Good-night, good-night, . . . good-night."

[*From " The Daniel Jazz." By kind Permission of Messrs Macmillan.*]

NIAGARA

By Vachel Lindsay

I

Within the town of Buffalo
Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
Like ants they worry to and fro,
(Important men, in Buffalo.)
But only twenty miles away
A deathless glory is at play :
Niagara, Niagara.

The women buy their lace and cry :—
" O such a delicate design,"
And over ostrich feathers sigh,
By counters there, in Buffalo.
The children haunt the trinket shops,
They buy false-faces, bells, and tops,
Forgetting great Niagara.

Within the town of Buffalo
Are stores with garnets, sapphires, pearls,
Rubies, emeralds aglow,—
Opal chains in Buffalo,
Cherished symbols of success.
They value not your rainbow dress :—
Niagara, Niagara.

The shaggy meaning of her name
This Buffalo, this recreant town,
Sharps and lawyers prune and tame :
Few pioneers in Buffalo ;
Except young lovers flushed and fleet
And winds hallooing down the street :
" Niagara, Niagara."

The journalists are sick of ink :
Boy prodigals are lost in wine,
By night where white and red lights blink,
The eyes of Death, in Buffalo.
And only twenty miles away
Are starlit rocks and healing spray :—
Niagara, Niagara.

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the ant-hill so absurd,
This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day—
Niagara, Niagara.

II

What marching men of Buffalo
Flood the streets in rash crusade?
Fools-to-free-the-world, they go,
Primeval hearts from Buffalo.
Red cataracts of France to-day
Awake, three thousand miles away
An echo of Niagara,
The cataract Niagara.

[*From "The Daniel Jazz." By kind Permission of Messrs Macmillan.*]

ALADDIN AND THE JINN

By Vachel Lindsay

" Bring me soft song," said Aladdin.
" This tailor-shop sings not at all.
Chant me a word of the twilight,
Of roses that mourn in the fall.
Bring me a song like hashish
That will comfort the stale and the sad,
For I would be mending my spirit,
Forgetting these days that are bad,
Forgetting companions too shallow,
Their quarrels and arguments thin,
Forgetting the shouting Muezzin : "—
" I am your slave," said the Jinn.

" Bring me old wines," said Aladdin.
" I have been a starved pauper too long.
Serve them in vessels of jade and of shell,
Serve them with fruit and with song :—
Wines of pre-Adamite Sultans
Digged from beneath the black seas :—
New gathered dew from the heavens
Dripped down from Heaven's sweet trees,
Cups from the angels' pale tables
That will make me both handsome and wise,
For I have beheld her, the princess,
Firelight and starlight her eyes.
Pauper I am, I would woo her.
And—let me drink wine, to begin,
Though the Koran expressly forbids it."
" I am your slave," said the Jinn.

" Plan me a dome," said Aladdin,
" That is drawn like the dawn of the moon,
When the sphere seems to rest on the mountains,
Half-hidden, yet half-risen soon.
Build me a dome," said Aladdin,
" That shall cause all young lovers to sigh,
The fullness of life and of beauty,
Peace beyond peace to the eye—
A palace of foam and of opal,
Pure moonlight without and within,
Where I may enthrone my sweet lady."
" I am your slave," said the Jinn.

[*By kind Permission of Messrs Macmillan.*]

THE STORY OF THE MONK FELIX

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air ;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care ;
Under him lay the golden moss ;
And above him the boughs of hoary trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites ;
And from the ground
Rose the odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendours of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said :
" I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But, alas ! I do not understand ! "

And lo ! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird.
But strove in vain ;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change !
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange ;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir ;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The monk Felix stood.
" Forty years," said a Friar,
" Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face ! "
The heart of the Monk Felix fell :
And he answered, with submissive tone,
" This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time

To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed ;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours ! "

" Years ! " said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall ;
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow :
" One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day,
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate,
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead !
And they knew, at last,
That such had been the power

Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And it had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

THE NORMAN BARON

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image."—Thierry, "Conquête de l'Angleterre."

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
And he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

" Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger !
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free ! "

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
" Miserere, Domine ! "

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, " Amen ! "

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

THE TWO ANGELS

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

SANDALPHON

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story,
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob, was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below;

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
  Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
  Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show
  Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
  But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
  All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
  His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
  The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
  To quiet its fever and pain.

——

VICTOR GALBRAITH

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Under the walls of Monterey,
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
    Victor Galbraith !
In the mist of the morning damp and gray,
These were the words they seemed to say :
    " Come forth to thy death,
    Victor Galbraith ! "

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;
Firm was his step, erect his head ;
    Victor Galbraith !
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said :
    " Come forth to thy death,
    Victor Galbraith ! "

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith!
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only scathe
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith!
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
"Oh, kill me, and put me out of my pain!"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of shame,
Victor Galbraith!
His soul has gone back to whence it came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith!
Through the mist of the valley damp and gray
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
"That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith!"

THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,

Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever !
O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !
All the earth was sick and famished,
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests as silent,
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said, " Behold me !
I am Famine, Buckadawin ! "
And the other said, " Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahkosewin ! "
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, and made no answer ;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.
Forth into the empty forest

Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness ;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze, and fell not.
Wrapped in furs, and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
" Gitche Manito, the Mighty ! "
Cried he, with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
" Give your children food, O father !
Give us food, or we must perish !
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha ! "
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
" Minnehaha ! Minnehaha ! "
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er-forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward,
From the land of the Dacotahs ;
Where the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said, with voice that did not tremble,
" I will follow you, my husband ! "
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
" Hark ! " she said, " I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha

Calling to me from a distance ! "
" No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees ! "
" Look ! " she said, " I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Dacotahs ! "
" No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons ! "
" Ah ! " she said, " the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness ;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
" Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "
Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
" Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are !
Wahonomin ! Wahonomin ! "
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him ;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,

Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
  Then they buried Minnehaha:
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
  And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks,
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
  "Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah!
To the land of the Hereafter!"

SIMON DANZ

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Simon Danz has come home again
  From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
  And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whisker'd sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those of Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
" Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou here ?
Come forth and follow me ! "

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

THE DAY IS DONE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled,
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

—

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

By H. W. Longfellow

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
And unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in Heaven that reignest,
Who am I that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell my guest to be?"

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !

But to-day they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
" Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

Unto Me ! But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision
And have turned away with loathing ?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck feeling
At the threshold of his door ;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said :
" Hadst thou stayed I must have fled ! "

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KILLED AT THE FORD

By H. W. Longfellow

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song :
" Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of the sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still ;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill ;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead :
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

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GOING TO THE WARS

By Richard Lovelace

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much
Loved I not Honour more.

FROM PRISON

By Richard Lovelace

When Love with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

SUMMER

By James Russell Lowell

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane ;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past.
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said—" Auf Wiedersehen ! "

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said—" Auf Wiedersehen ! "

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair ;
I linger in delicious pain ;
Ah ! in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she—" Auf Wiedersehen ! "

'Tis thirteen years ; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane ;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilies, and—ah, yes,
I hear " Auf Wiedersehen ! "

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart ;
She said—" Auf Wiedersehen ! "

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW *

By Robert Traill Spence Lowell

Oh ! that last day in Lucknow fort !
We knew that it was the last :
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
And the men and we all worked on :
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee :
" When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said.
" Oh ! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of wood-bine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death :
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden ;—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke :

* "The heroine and the incident are alike fictitious; but what a wide currency the story obtained! Martin ascertained that it was originally a little romance, written by a French governess for the use of her pupils, which found its way into the Paris papers, thence to the Jersey *Times*, thence to the London *Times* (Dec. 12, 1857), and afterwards appeared in many English and American papers, and is to this day quoted as authentic."—"The Land of the Veda," by the Rev. W. Butler, D.D.

" *The Highlanders !* Oh ! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'—
The M'Gregor's ? Ah ! I ken it weel ;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

" God bless thae bonny Highlanders !
We're saved ! we're saved ! " she cried :
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men :
And they started, for they were there to die :
Was life so near them then ?

They listened for life : and the rattling fire
Far-off, and the far-off roar
Were all :—and the Colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said : " That slogan's dune ;
But can ye no hear them noo,—
The Campbells are comin' ? It's no a dream ;
Our succours hae broken through ! "

We heard the roar and rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear ;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound :
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they played "*Auld Lang Syne* " ;
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd :
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first ;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst,

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes played "*Auld Lang Syne*."

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES

By Henry Lushington

" Leave me, comrades, here I drop ;
No, sir, take them on ;
All are wanted, none should stop ;
Duty must be done.
Those whose guard you take will find me,
As they pass below,"
So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
Fell amid the snow,
And ever on the dreary heights
Down came the snow.

" Men, it must be as he asks ;
Duty must be done ;
Far too few for half our tasks ;
We can spare not one.
Wrap him in this ; I need it less ;
Fear not ; they shall know ;
Mark the place, yon stunted larch,
Forward ! " On they go.
And silent on their silent march
Down sank the snow.

O'er his features, as he lies,
Calms the wrench of pain ;
Close, faint eyes ; pass, cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain.
With far soft sounds the stillness teems—
Church bells, voices low ;
Passing into English dreams
There amid the snow,
And darkening, thickening o'er the heights,
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark
Down the others came ;
Struggling through the snow-drifts stark ;
Calling out his name :

" Here or there the drifts are deep ;
Have we passed him ? " No.
Look, a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow,
Where, heavy on his heavy sleep,
Down fell the snow.

Strong hands raised him ; voices strong
Spoke within his ears :
Ah, his dreams had softer tongues ;
Neither now he hears.
One more gone for England's sake,
Where so many go ;
Lying down, without complaint ;
Dying in the snow.
Starving, striving, for her sake ;
Dying in the snow.

Simply done his soldier's part
Through long months of woe ;
All endured with soldier heart
Battle, famine, snow ;
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow-cold, in snow.

OUR FOLKS

By Ethel Lynn

" Hi ! Harry ! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two ;
You've been on furlough ? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do ?—
It's long ago since I was there,—I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks—
When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of ' our folks ' ?

" You did ? Shake hands. That warms my heart ; for, if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feeling ! People think a soldier's heart is naught but tough ;
But, Harry—when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield, one's apt to think about ' his folks.'

" And so you saw them—when ? and where ? The old man—is he hearty yet ?
And mother—does she fade at all ? or does she seem to pine and fret
For me ? And Sis—has she grown tall ? And Annie Moss—How this pipe chokes !—
Where did you see her ? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about ' our folks.'

" You saw them in the church, you say ; it's likely, for they're always there.
Not Sunday ? No ?—A funeral ? Who ? Who, Harry ?—How you shake and stare.
All well, you say, and all were out—what ails you, Hal ? Is this a hoax ?
Why don't you tell me, like a man, what is the matter with ' our folks ' ? "

" I said all well, old comrade—true ; I say all well ; for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun goes to the west.
Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall as well as oaks ;
And so—fair Annie blooms no more ! and that's the matter with ' your folks.'

" But see, this curl was kept for you ; and this white blossom from her breast ;
And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend ! " . . . Nobody speaks ; only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper : " Boys, be still ; there's some bad news from Grainger's ' folks.' "

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on his grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature sends to Woe's relief ;
Then answers : " Thank you, Hal, I'll try ; but in my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in among ' our folks.'

" I daresay she is happier now ; but still, I can't help thinking too,
I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind, and true—

But maybe not. . . . She's safe up there! and when God's hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand by heaven's gate, I know, and wait to welcome in 'our folks.'"

IVRY

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

By Lord Macaulay

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshall us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a gliding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
" Remember St Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, " No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearsmen's souls.
Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;
Ho ! burghers of Saint Geneviève, keep watch and ward to-night,
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

VIRGINIA

Fragments of a lay sung in the Forum on the day whereon Lucius Sextius Sextimus Lateranus and Caius Licinius Calvus Stolo were elected Tribunes of the Commons the fifth time in the year of the city ccclxxxii. (Abridged.)

By Lord Macaulay

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum, like King Tarquin in his pride ;
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side :
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed to sneer :
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still ;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill :
Nor lacks he fit attendance, for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm ;
And past those deadly axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man ;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,

How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

. . . . . .

Over the Alban Mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
The city gates were opened; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing.
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile;
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right to left the folk came running fast;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,

And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords are hung,
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear,
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.
. . . . . .

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeling shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on his block had laid his whittle down ;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake : " Farewell, sweet child ! Farewell ! "
With that he lifted high the steel and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath ;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death ;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain ;
Some ran to call a leech ; and some ran to lift the slain ;
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found ;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched ; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.
When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
" Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain ;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line ! "
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned and went his way ;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast feet
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius : " Stop him ; alive or dead !
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients ; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors ; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek ;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak ;
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell :
" See, see, thou dog ! what thou hast done ; and hide thy shame in hell !
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes ! Hurrah for Tribunes ! Down with the wicked Ten ! "
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air,
Pebbles and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair ;
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came ;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon his thigh.
" Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray !
Must I be torn to pieces ? Home, home, the nearest way ! "
While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule-chair ;
And fourscore clients on the left and fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for fight.
But, though without staff or sword, so furious was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him ; five times they seized his gown ;
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down ·
And sharper came the pelting ; and ever more the yell—
" Tribunes ! we will have Tribunes ! " rose with a louder swell ;
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an Eastern gale,

When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape has donned his veil of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear ;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from side to side ;
And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be !
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see !

THE ARMADA

By Lord Macaulay

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's Isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his paws the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the ranges of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round, the horse came pouring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

HORATIUS

(Abridged)

By Lord Macaulay

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
" Down with him ! " cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face ;
" Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
" Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

" O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! "
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood,
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

" Curse on him ! " quoth false Sextus ;
" Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town ! "
" Heaven help him ! " quoth Lars Porsena,
" And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom :
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

BABY

By George Macdonald

Where did you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue ?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear ?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you ?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear ?
God thought about you, and so I'm here.

[*By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs Chatto & Windus.*]

THE WIND AND THE MOON

By George Macdonald

Said the Wind to the Moon, " I will blow you out
You stare
In the air
As if crying *Beware !*
Always looking what I am about :
I hate to be watched ; I will blow you out ! "

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, " I've done for that Moon ! "

He turned in his bed : she was there again !
On high
In the sky
With her one ghost-eye
The Moon shone white and alive and plain :
Said the Wind, " I will blow you out again ! "

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.
" With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge !
I will blow," said the Wind, " right fierce and grim,
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim ! "

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
" One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff !
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread ! "

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare ;
Larger and nearer the shy stars shone :
Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;
On down
And in town,
A merry-mad clown,
He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar—
When there was that glimmering thread once more !

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew ;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more that he swelled his big cheek and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
In good faith,
I blew her to death!—
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in: what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew naught of the silly affair;
For high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She never had heard the great Wind blare.

[*By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs Chatto & Windus.*]

SIR AGLOVAILE

By George Macdonald

Sir Aglovaile through the churchyard rode;
Sing, All alone I lie:

Little recked he where'er he rode,
All alone, up in the sky.

Swerved his courser, and plunged with fear;
All alone I lie.

His cry might have wakened the dead men near,
All alone up in the sky.

The very dead that lay at his feet,
Lapt in the mouldy winding-sheet.

But he curbed him, and spurred him, until he stood
Still in his place like a horse of wood,

With nostrils uplift, and eyes wide and wan;
But the sweat in streams from his fetlocks ran.

A ghost grew out of the shadowy air,
And sat in the midst of her moony hair;

In her gleamy hair she sat and wept,
In the dreamful moon they lay and slept ;

The shadows above and the bodies below,
Lay and slept in the moonbeams slow.

And she sang like the moan of an autumn wind
Over the stubble, left behind :

Alas, how easily things go wrong !
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas, how hardly things go right !
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter day.

" Oh ! lovely ghost, my heart is woe,
To see thee weeping and wailing so.

" Oh ! lovely ghost," said the fearless knight,
" Can the sword of a warrior set it right ?

" Or prayer of bedesman, praying mild,
As a cup of water a feverish child,

" Soothe ye at last, in dreamless mood,
To sleep the sleep a dead lady should ?

" Thine eyes they fill me with longing sore,
As if I had known thee for evermore.

" Oh ! lovely ghost, I could leave the day,
To sit with thee in the moon away,

" If thou wouldst trust me, and lay thy head
To rest on a bosom that is not dead."

The lady sprang up with a strange ghost cry,
And she flung her white ghost-arms on high ;

And she laughed a laugh that was not gay,
And it lengthened out till it died away ;

And the dead beneath turned and moaned,
And the yew-trees above, they shuddered and groaned.

" Will he love me twice with a love that is vain ?
Will he kill the poor ghost yet again ?

" I thought thou wert good ; but I said, and wept :
' Can I have dreamed, who have not slept ? '

" And I knew, alas ! or ever I would,
Whether I dreamed, or thou wert good.

" When my baby died, my brain grew wild,
I awoke, and found I was with my child."

" If thou art the ghost of my Adelaide,
How is it ? Thou wert but a village maid,

" And thou seemest an angel lady white,
Though thin, and wan, and past delight."

The lady smiled a flickering smile,
And she pressed her temples hard the while :

" Thou seest that Death for a woman can
Do more than knighthood for a man."

" But show me the child thou callest mine,
Is she out to-night in the ghost's sunshine ? "

" In St Peter's Church she is playing on,
At hide-and-seek with Apostle John.

" When the moonbeams right through the window go,
Where the twelve are standing in glorious show.

" She says the rest of them do not stir,
But one comes down to play with her.

" Then I can go where I list and weep,
For good St John my child will keep."

" Thy beauty filleth the very air,
Never saw I a woman so fair."

" Come if thou darest, and sit by my side ;
But do not touch me, or woe will betide.

" Alas, I am weak : I well might know
This gladness betokens some further woe.

" Yet come. It will come. I will bear it. I can.
For thou lovest me yet—though but as a man."

The knight dismounted in earnest speed ;
Away through the tombstones thundered the steed,

And fell by the outer wall, and died.
But the knight he kneeled by the lady's side ;

Kneeled beside her in wondrous bliss,
Rapt in an everlasting kiss :

Though never his lips came the lady nigh,
And his eyes alone on her beauty lie.

All the night long, till the cock crew loud,
He kneeled by the lady, lapt in her shroud.

And what they said, I may not say,
Dead night was sweeter than living day.

How she made him so blissful glad
Who made her and found her so ghostly sad,

I may not tell; but it needs no touch
To make them blessed who love so much.

"Come every night, my ghost, to me,
And one night I will come to thee.

"'Tis good to have a ghostly wife;
She will not tremble at clang of strife;

"She will only hearken, amid the din,
Behind the door, if he cometh in."

And this is how Sir Aglovaile
Often walked in the moonlight pale.

And oft when the crescent but thinned the gloom,
Full orbèd moonlight filled his room;

And through beneath his chamber door,
Fell a ghostly gleam on the outer floor.

And they that passed, in fear averred
That murmured words they often heard.

'Twas then that the eastern crescent shone
Through the chancel window, and good St John

Played with the ghost-child all the night,
And the mother was free till the morning light,

And sped through the dawning night, to stay
With Aglovaile till the break of day.

And their love was a rapture, lone and high,
And dumb as the moon in the topmost sky.

One night Sir Aglovaile, weary, slept,
And dreamed a dream wherein he wept.

A warrior he was, not often wept he,
But this night he wept full bitterly.

He woke—beside him the ghost-girl shone
Out of the dark : 'twas the eve of St John.

He had dreamed a dream of a still, dark wood,
Where the maiden of old beside him stood ;

But a mist came down and caught her away,
And he sought her in vain through the pathless day,

Till he wept with the grief that can do no more,
And thought he had dreamt the dream before.

From bursting heart the weeping flowed on,
And lo ! beside him the ghost-girl shone ;

Shone like the light on a harbour's breast,
Over the sea of his dream's unrest ;

Shone like the wondrous, nameless boon,
That the heart seeks ever, night or noon.

Warnings forgotten, when needed most,
He clasped to his bosom the radiant ghost.

She wailed aloud, and faded, and sank,
With upturned white face, cold and blank,

In his arms lay the corpse of the maiden pale,
And she came no more to Sir Aglovaile.

Only a voice, when winds were wild,
Sobbed and wailed like a chidden child.

Alas, how easily things go wrong !
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

[*By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs Chatto & Windus.*]

EVENING ON THE MOOR

By Alasdair Alpin Macgregor

Jewelled bees with laden wings
  Dawdle by like gossamer ;
On the moor the heathbell rings,
  Like a midnight prayer.

Weary insects flutter by,
  Darkness overtakes them too,
And they sleep beneath a sky
  Of a star-sprent blue.

In the dusk the old man bears
  His sweet load of bracken home,
While the elves are on the stairs
  Of their bluebell dome.

There's no sound of step nor wing
  Where the mountain pathway leads,
And the wild duck cease to sing
  In the windy reeds.

By the mirrored lochan * side
  Gleams the ray of lantern red :
All the little elves now hide
  In their bluebell bed.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

* Lochan—a little loch.

THE CALL OF THE HEBRIDES

By Alasdair Alpin Macgregor

I MUST go to those mystic isles
Where the ships and the mariners be,
  And where the dancing sunbeam smiles
On the winds and the waves of the sea.

I must go to those sheen-white sands
Where the dulse and the seawrack are,
  And count the ships from foreign lands
As they pass by the harbour bar.

I must go to the caves once more
Where the sea-rievers used to hide :
  I long to linger by the shore,
And to sing to the ceaseless tide.

And I must watch the fishermen
As they hoist their great sails in the bay,
  And listen to the echo when
Little children rejoice at their play.

O take me there, and let me float
Like a bird on the restless seas,
And leave me with my little boat,
For I long for the Hebrides.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By Edwin Markham

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land?
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the sun
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labour, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of the Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suff'ring ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, irremediable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

CUPID AND THE MAIDEN

By Claudine Martin

A maiden roamed through a lovely world,
Wherein each radiant flower was pearled
With gems of tinted dew.
To kiss her cheek the frail leaves bent,
And smiling, sunbeam-like, she went,
That sweet land wand'ring through.

Until it chanced, across her way
Of rainbow light, a shadow lay;—
And half in fear she paused:
And then she smiled in shy sweet joy,
Since but a lovely dimpled boy
That direful shade had caused.

"What is thy name, sweet child?" said she.
"I pray thee, stay a while by me,
And tell me who thou art."
The naughty urchin turned his head,
Feigning he heard not what she said.
Alas! he knew her heart!

Then, finding him so shy and coy,
She sought the more to win the boy,
And make him tell his name.
Till with his eyes half veiled, that she
Their cruel mischief might not see,
Quite suddenly he came.

" Nay, what I am none ever know,
Men call me ' Joy,' and women ' Woe,
But I am ' Love,' " he said.
Then at his words she gave a sigh,
And as a flower like to die
She drooped her lovely head.

Her happy eyes grew full of pain,
She prayed him to depart ;—in vain !
He would not go away.
But only answered mockingly
" Thyself didst bid me come to thee
And once I come, I stay ! "

So if you seek for Love, beware !
Altho' he seems so young and fair
He's dangerous at play.
You think him " Joy," and find him " Woe " !
You seek to keep him—he will go !
But bid him go—he'll stay ! !

[*From the Author's MS. By Special Permission.*]

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.

There stood a castle long ago, that lordly was to view,
Full far across the wold it gleamed unto the ocean blue,
Around it like a garland gay fair fragrant gardens run,
Where cooling fountains, leaping high, make rainbows in the sun.

There, rich in land, in conquest rich, a haughty king did dwell,
Death-pale upon his throne he sat, his look was fierce and fell ;
For angry fire was in his eyes, grim terror in his mood,
His every word like lashes stings, and what he writes is blood.

Unto this castle once drew nigh a noble minstrel pair,
With flowing locks of gold was one, and one with grizzled hair ;
The old man with his harp upon a dainty jennet rode,
And by his side in blooming youth his comrade blithely strode.

The old man to the springald said, "Be ready now, my boy,
Call up our lays that deepest thrill, your fullest tones employ;
Sing of life's joys, its sorrows too, and with your rarest art—
To-day our aim must be to touch the king's dead, stony heart!"

Anon in the high-pillared hall these minstrels twain were seen,
There sat the king upon his throne, and by his side the queen;
The king, in splendour awful, like the northern lights blood-red,
The queen, sweet, gentle, there as though the moon's soft light
were shed.

The old man swept the strings, he swept them wondrously and
well,
Till richer on the ear their tones, and ever richer swell;
Then heavenly clear the young man's voice gushed in a stream
of song,
The old man's faintly heard between, like the hum of an angel
throng.

They sing of spring and happy love, of the blessèd golden time,
Of freedom, manly worth, of truth, and a holy faith sublime;
They sing of all sweet things, that thrill man's breast with pure
delight,
They sing of all high things, that raise man's heart to noblest
height.

The throng of courtiers standing round forget to scoff and jeer,
The king's bluff burly warriors bend a reverential ear,
The queen, dissolved in sadness blent with sweetness, plucks a
rose
From off her breast, and down the flower unto the minstrels
throws.

"My people you've debauched, my queen your fool, too, would
you make?"
The king cries out with anger mad—and his every limb did
shake;
He hurled his sword, that flashing through the young man's
bosom sped,
Where now not golden rays sprang up, but jets of gore instead.

As though by tempest scattered, the throng fled all aghast,
Enfolded in his master's arms the young man breathed his last;
He swathes his mantle round him, he sets him on his steed,
Fast binds him there, and turns away from those grim halls with
speed.

But at the outer gates awhile he halts, that minstrel grey,
And there he grasps his harp, the harp no other rival may,
Against a marble pillar then he shatters it, and wide
Through castle and through garden rang his voice, as thus he cried :

" Woe, woe to you, proud halls ! May ne'er again sweet music ring
Throughout your chambers vast and high of song nor yet of string !
No ! only sighs and groans, the tread of slaves that crawl in fear,
Till vengeful heaven shall hurl you down in dust and ruin drear !

" Woe, woe to you, sweet gardens, bright with sunny May, woe, woe !
To you the face, so altered now, of this dead youth I show,
That you may wither at the sight, your fountains all run dry,
So in the days to come that you a stony desert lie !

" Woe, murderer vile, to thee ! Thou curse of minstrel-craft, thou shame,
Vain, vain be all thy toils henceforth for wreaths of bloody fame.
Thy name, be it forgotten, whelmed in everlasting night,
And fade into the empty air, like breath of dying wight ! "

Up went the cry of the old man, Heaven heard the cry, I ween :
The walls are levelled to the dust, the halls no more are seen ;
Still doth one lofty pillar tell of splendours passed away,
But even this, rent through its length, is crumbling to decay.

All round is only barren heath, where fragrant gardens strayed,
No fountain pierces now the sand, no tree diffuses shade ;
Of that king's name tells neither lay, nor storied legend old,
Forgot as though he ne'er had been ! The Minstrel's Curse had told !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN

By Andrew Marvell

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive

Them any harm, alas ! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill ;
Nor do I for all this, nor will :
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain ;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean ; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.
Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me : nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do :
Said he, " Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled ;
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this ; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent ;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game : it seemed to bless
Itself in me ; how could I less
Than love it ? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.
Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did ; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he ;

But I am sure for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.
With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed ;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand ?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet ;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And, when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay ;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
O help ! O help ! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint !
See how it weeps ! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.

So weeps the wounded balsam ; so
The holy frankincense doth flow ;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in DIANA'S shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go ;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-like lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast : for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble ; and withal,
Let it be weeping too ; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare ;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there ;
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made ;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

THE GARDEN

(TRANSLATED)

BY ANDREW MARVELL

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays ;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow ;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her's exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,

Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new ;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we !
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

A CONSECRATION

By John Masefield

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years,
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears ;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Not the be-medalled Commander, beloved of the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the kopje and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired look-out.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth ;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth !

Theirs be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold ;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told. Amen.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

TEWKESBURY ROAD

By John Masefield

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why ;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the foxgloves purple and white ;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a troop to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words ;
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry of the birds.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

THE WEST WIND

By John Masefield

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries ;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

" Will you not come home, brother ? You have been long away.
It's April and blossom time, and white is the spray :
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain,
Will you not come home, brother, home to us again ?

The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run ;
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat,
So will you not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet ?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and the thrushes' song
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

AT THE OPERA

By Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton)

At Paris it was, at the opera there,
And she looked like a queen of old time that night,
With the wreathèd pearls in her raven hair,
And her breast with the diamond bright.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way
As the troubadour sang, while the lights burned low,
" *Non ti scordar di me.*"

Side by side in our box we sat together,
My bride betrothed and I ;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent and both were sad,
Queenly she leaned on her full soft arm,
With the regal indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm.

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

That narrow gate to the Kingdom of Heaven,
He was not too portly, I trust, to pass ;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my lost love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years
Till over my eyes there began to steal
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress she wore last time
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in her own soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

By the broken wall, by the brown grass plot,
And her warm white neck with its golden chain.
And her full soft hair wound into a knot
And falling loose again.

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast—
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower !—
And the last bird singing alone to its nest,
And the first star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring ;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a little, little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over ·
And I thought were she only living still
How I could forgive her and love her !

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
That she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep and it made me cold,
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked—she was sitting there
In a dim box over the stage, and dressed
In the dress that I knew, with her full soft hair,
And the jasmine at her breast.

She was there, and I was here,
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between.
From here to there, from tier to tier,
From my bride that was to have been.

To my early love with eyes downcast,
And over her blush-rose face the shade ;
In short, from the Future back to the Past
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride,
One moment I looked ! then I stole to the door ;
I traversed the passage, and down by her side
I was sitting a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something that never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from her grave again,
With the jasmine at her breast.

She is not dead—and she is not wed—
But she loves me now as she loved me then ;
At the very first words her dear lips said
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we will let that pass ;
She may marry whomever she will.

And I, I will wed my own true love,
With her eyes downcast, for old things are best ;
And the flower in her bosom, I price it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the Dead could find out when
To return and be forgiven!

THE PORT OF SHIPS

By C. H. Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'ral speak,—what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'ral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day,
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'ral, speak, and say——"
He said: "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

They sailed! They sailed! Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Adm'ral, say but one good word,—
What shall we do when hope is gone ? "
The words leaped as a leaping sword :
" Sail on ! Sail on ! Sail on ! and on ! "

THE WIND

By Bertha Moore

A wind blew over the hill-top
And rustled all the leaves,
Then ran across the corn-field
And whispered to the sheaves.
O lovely wind !

He raced into the valley,
Until he reached the lake,
Then laughingly he ruffled it
For love of mischief's sake.
O roguish wind !

He flew into the rushes
And made them sob and sigh,
But by the moorhen's tiny nest
He lingered lovingly.
O gentle wind !

He tired of that, so caught a cloud,
Raced it across the blue,
Then suddenly he dropped to earth
To try some pastures new.
O fickle wind !

The world looked very peaceful,
The sun was warm and strong,
When up there came the busy wind
To hurry things along.
O tiresome wind !

O full of mischief was the wind,
Till he heard someone say,
" If only this old wind would drop
'Twould be a lovely day."
O hateful wind !

He paused a moment just to see
  Who'd dare say such a thing,
And saw a maiden lying there
  Among the purple ling.
    O curious wind !

" Don't blame the wind," a deep voice said.
  " He brought me back to you,
He blew me fast from that far land,
  To greet my love so true."
    O useful wind !

The wind grew still, and sweetly kissed
  The dainty maiden's cheek,
Then softly, softly stole away,
  Quite gentle now and meek.
    O kindly wind !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

WIND'S WORK

By T. Sturge Moore

Kate rose up early as fresh as a lark,
Almost in time to see vanish the dark ;
Jack rather later, bouncing from bed,
Saw fade on the dawn's cheek the last flush of red :
Yet who knows
When the wind rose ?

Kate went to watch the new lambs at their play
And stroke the white calf born yesterday ;
Jack sought the woods where trees grow tall
As who would learn to swarm them all :
Yet who knows
Where the wind goes ?

Kate has sown candy-tuft, lupins and peas,
Carnations, forget-me-not and heart's ease ;
Jack has sown cherry-pie, marigold,
Love-that-lies-bleeding and snap-dragons bold :
But who knows
What the wind sows ?

Kate knows a thing or two useful at home,
Darns like a fairy, and churns like a gnome ;
Jack is a wise man at shaping a stick,
Once he's in the saddle the pony may kick.
But hark to the wind how it blows !
None comes, none goes,
None reaps or mows,
No friends turn foes,
No hedge bears sloes,
And no cock crows,
But the wind knows !

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D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE

By Gouverneur Morris

Fifty leagues, fifty leagues—and I ride, and I ride—
Fifty leagues as the black crow flies,
None of the three are by my side . . .
The bay horse reels, and the bay horse dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were four, we were four—and I ride, and I ride—
We were four, but Porthos lies
God knows where by the highway side . . .
The roan horse reels, and the roan horse dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were three, we were three—and I ride, and I ride—
We were three, but Aramis lies
Bludgeoned and bound and thrown aside . . .
The dun horse reels, and the dun horse dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were two, we were two—and I ride, and I ride—
We were two, but Athos lies
With a lead-crushed rib and a steel-torn side . . .
The black horse reels, and the black horse dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

All alone, all alone—and I ride, and I ride—
All alone, and an ambush lies
God knows where by the highway side . . .
The gray horse reels, and the gray horse dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.
Yes—I ride and I ride and I ride and I ride
And I ride and I ride
To Callice.

THE HEATHER

By Neil Munro

If I were King of France, that noble fine land,
And the gold was elbow-deep within my chests,
And my castles lay in scores along the wine-land
With towers as high as where the eagle nests ;
If harpers sweet, and swordsmen stout and vaunting,
My history sang, my stainless tartan wore,
Was not my fortune poor, with one thing wanting,—
The heather at my door.

My galleys might be sailing every ocean,
Robbing the isles, and sacking hold and keep,
My chevaliers go prancing at my notion,
To bring me back of cattle, horse and sheep ;
Fond arms be round my neck, the young heart's tether,
And true love-kisses all the night might fill,
But oh ! *machree*, if I had not the heather,
Before me on the hill !

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's pay,
If I might earn them where the heather, waving,
Gave fragrance to the day.
The stars might see me, homeless one and weary,
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
And still content, I'd find a bedding cheery
Where the heather grew !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENT

Andromache's lament over the child who is about to be cast over the cliffs of Troy. From "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray.

ANDROMACHE (*to the child*)

Go, die, my best-beloved, my cherished one,
In fierce men's hands, leaving me here alone.
Thy father was too valiant; that is why
They slay thee! Other children, like to die,
Might have been spared for that. But on thy head
His good is turned to evil.
O thou bed
And bridal; O the joining of the hand,
That led me long ago to Hector's land
To bear, O not a lamb for Grecian swords
To slaughter, but a Prince o'er all the hordes
Enthroned of wide-flung Asia. . . . Weepest thou?
Nay, why, my little one? Thou canst not know.
And Father will not come; he will not come;
Not once, the great spear flashing, and the tomb
Riven to set thee free! Not one of all
His brethren, nor the might of Ilion's wall.
How shall it be? One horrible spring . . . deep, deep
Down. And thy neck . . . Ah, God, so cometh sleep! . . .
And none to pity thee! . . . Thou little thing
That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling
All round thy neck! Belovèd; can it be
All nothing, that this bosom cradled thee
And fostered; all the weary nights, wherethrough
I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew
Wasted with watching? Kiss me. This one time;
Not ever again. Put up thine arms, and climb
About my neck: now, kiss me, lips to lips. . . .
O, ye have found an anguish that outstrips
All tortures of the East, ye gentle Greeks!
Why will ye slay this innocent, that seeks
No wrong? . . . O Helen, Helen, thou ill tree
That Tyndareus planted, who shall deem of thee
As child of Zeus? O, thou hast drawn thy breath
From many fathers, Madness, Hate, red Death,
And every rotting poison of the sky!
Zeus knows thee not, thou vampire, draining dry
Greece and the world! God hate thee and destroy.
That with those beautiful eyes hast blasted Troy,

And made the far-famed plains a waste withal.
Quick ! take him : drag him : cast him from the wall,
If cast ye will ! Tear him, ye beasts, be swift !
God hath undone me, and I cannot lift
One hand, one hand, to save my child from death . . .
O, hide my head for shame : fling me beneath
Your galleys' benches ! . . .

[*She swoons : then half-rising*

Quick : I must begone
To the bridal. . . . I have lost my child, my own !

[*By kind Permission of Professor Gilbert Murray and of the Publishers, Messrs George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.*]

THE SINGING OF THE MAGNIFICAT

A LEGEND

By E. Nesbit

(*Abridged*)

In midst of wide, green pasture-lands, cut through
By lines of alders bordering deep-banked streams,
Where bulrushes, and yellow iris grew,
And rest and peace, and all the flowers of dreams,
The abbey stood—so still, it seemed a part
Of the marsh-country's almost pulseless heart.

Where grey-green willows fringed the stream and pool,
The lazy meek-faced cattle strayed to graze,
Sheep in the meadows cropped the grasses cool,
And silver fish shone through the watery ways,
And many a load of fruit and load of corn
Into the abbey storehouses was borne,

Yet though so much they had of life's good things,
The monks but held them as a sacred trust,
Lent from the storehouse of the King of kings
Till they, His stewards, should crumble back to dust.
" Not as our own," they said, " but as the Lord's,
All that the stream yields, or the land affords."

They in their simple ways and works were glad :
Yet all men must have sorrows of their own.
And so a bitter grief the brothers had,
Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.
This was the secret of their sorrowing,
That not a monk in all the house could sing !

Was it the damp air from the lonely marsh,
Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,
That made their voices, when they sang, as harsh
As any frog's that croaks in evening air—
That made less music in their hymns to lie
Than in the hoarsest wild-fowl's hoarsest cry ?

The birds that in the chapel built their nests,
And in the stonework found their small lives fair,
Flew thence with hurried wings and fluttering breasts
When rang the bell to call the monks to prayer.
" Why will they sing," they twittered, " why at all ?
In heaven their silence must be festival ! "

And all their prayers and fasts availing not
To give them voices sweet, their souls' desire,
The abbot said : " Gifts He did not allot
God at our hands will not again require ;
The love He gives us He will ask again
In love to Him and to our fellow-men.

" Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise
As we would choose, we praise Him as we can,
In heaven we shall be taught the angels' ways
Of singing—we afford to wait a span.
In singing, as in toil, do ye your best ;
God will adjust the balance—do the rest ! "

But one good brother, anxious to remove
This, the reproach now laid on them so long,
Rejected counsel, and for very love
Besought a brother, skilled in art of song,
To come to them—his cloister far to leave—
And sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve.

And when the time for singing it had come,
" *Magnificat*," face raised, and voice, he sang :
Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,
As through the chancel's dusk his voice out-rang,
Pure, clear, and perfect—as the thrushes sing
Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

At the first notes the abbot's heart spoke low :
" O God, accept this singing, seeing we,
Had we the power, would ever praise Thee so—
Would ever, Lord, Thou knowest, sing thus for Thee ;
Thus in our hearts Thy hymns are ever sung,
As he Thou blessest sings them with his tongue."

But as the voice rose higher, and more sweet,
The abbot's heart said : " Thou hast heard us grieve,
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet,
To sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve ;
To ease our ache of soul, and let us see
How we some day in heaven shall sing to Thee."

The white moon through the window seemed to gaze
On the pure face and eyes the singer raised ;
The storm-wind hushed the clamour of its ways,
God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus praised,
And breathless all the brothers stood, and still
Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-remembered hours,
Dreams of delight that never was to be,
Mothers' remembered kiss, the funeral flowers
Laid on the grave of life's felicity ;
An infinite dear passion of regret
Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids wet

The lovely music waxed and waned, and sank,
And brought less conscious sadness in its train,
Unrecognised despair that thinks to thank
God for a joy renounced, a chosen pain—
And deems that peace which is but stifled life,
Dulled by a too-prolonged unfruitful strife.

That night—the abbot lying on his bed—
A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,
Poured from the crucifix above his head,
And cast a stream of light across his cell—
And in the fullest fervour of the light
An angel stood, glittering, and great, and white.

The angel spoke—his voice was low and sweet
As the sea's murmur on low-lying shore,
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat :
" Brother," he said, " the God we both adore
Has sent me down to ask, is all not right ?—
Why was *Magnificat* not sung to-night ? "

Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought,
The abbot answered : " All these weary years
We have sung our best—but always have we thought
Our voices were unworthy heavenly ears ;
And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,
And by it the *Magnificat* was sung."

The angel answered : " All these happy years
In heaven has your *Magnificat* been heard ;
This night alone the angels' listening ears
Of all its music caught no single word.
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong
Enough to bear the burden of his song ? "

The abbot named his name. " Ah, why," he cried,
" Have angels heard not what we found so dear ? "
" Only pure hearts," the angel's voice replied,
" Can carry human songs up to God's ear ;
To-night in heaven was missed the sweetest praise
That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

" The monk who sang *Magnificat* is filled
With lust of praise, and with hypocrisy ;
He sings for earth—in heaven his notes are stilled
By muffling weight of deadening vanity ;
His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear
His singing higher than the listening air !

" From purest hearts most perfect music springs,
And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,
Marred by the accident of earthly things,—
In heaven, God listening, judged your song complete,
The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
The music of a noble life and true ! "

[*From " Lays and Legends." By Special Permission of the Author and of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.*]

THE BALLAD OF SPLENDID SILENCE

IN MEMORIAM FERENCZ RENYI

HUNGARY, 1848

By E. Nesbit

This is the story of Renyi,
And when you have heard it through,
Pray God He send no trial like his
To try the faith of you.

And if his doom be upon you,
Then may God grant you this :
To fight as good a fight as he,
And win a crown like his !

He was strong and handsome and happy,
Beloved and loving and young,
With eyes that men set their trust in,
And the fire of his soul on his tongue.

He loved the Spirit of Freedom,
He hated his country's wrongs,
He told the patriots' stories,
And he sang the patriots' songs.

With mother and sister and sweetheart
His safe glad days went by,
Till Hungary called on her children
To arm, to fight, and to die.

" Good-bye to mother and sister ;
Good-bye to my sweet sweetheart ;
I fight for you—you pray for me,
We shall not be apart ! "

The women prayed at the sunrise,
They prayed when the skies grew dim ;
His mother and sister prayed for the Cause,
His sweetheart prayed for him.

For mother and sister and sweetheart,
But most for the true and the right,
He low laid down his own life's hopes
And led his men to fight.

Skirmishing, scouting and spying,
Night-watch, attack, and defeat ;
The resolute, desperate fighting,
The hopeless, reluctant retreat ;

Ruin, defeat, and disaster,
Capture and loss and despair,
And half of his regiment hidden,
And only this man knew where !

Prisoner, fast bound, sore wounded,
They brought him roughly along,
With his body as weak and broken
As his spirits were steadfast and strong.

Before the Austrian general—
" Where are your men ? " he heard ;
He looked black death in its ugly face
And answered never a word.

" Where is your regiment hidden ?
Speak—you are pardoned straight.
No ? We can find dumb dogs their tongues,
You rebel reprobate ! "

They dragged his mother and sister
Into the open hall.
" Give up your men, if these women
Are dear to your heart at all ! "

He turned his eyes on his sister,
And spoke to her silently ;
She answered his silence with speaking,
And straight from her heart spoke she :

" If you betray your country,
You spit on our father's name ;
And what is life without honour ?
And what is death without shame ? "

He looked on the mother who bore him,
And her smile was splendid to see ;
He hid his face with a bitter cry,
But never a word said he.

" Son of my body—be silent !
My days at the best are few,
And I shall know how to give them,
Son of my heart, for you ! "

He shivered, set teeth, kept silence :
With never a plaint or cry
The women were slain before him,
And he stood and he saw them die.

Then they brought his lovely beloved,
Desire of his heart and eyes.
" Say where your men are hidden,
Or say that your sweetheart dies."

She threw her arms about him,
She laid her lips to his cheek :
" Speak ! for my sake who love you !
Love, for our love's sake, speak ! "

His eyes are burning and shining
With the fire of immortal disgrace—
Christ ! walk with him in the furnace,
And strengthen his soul for a space !

Long he looked at his sweetheart,
His eyes grew tender and wet ;
Closely he held her to him,
His lips to her lips were set.

" See ! I am young ! I love you !
I am not ready to die !
One word makes us happy for ever,
Together, you and I."

Her arms round his neck were clinging,
Her lips his cold lips caressed ;
He suddenly flung her from him,
And folded his arms on his breast.

She wept, she shrieked, she struggled,
She cursed him in God's name,
For the woe of her early dying,
And for her dying's shame.

And still he stood, and his silence
Like fire was burning him through,
Then the muskets spoke once, and were silent,
And she was silent too.

They turned to torture him further,
If further might be—in vain !
He had held his peace in that threefold hell,
And he never spoke again :

The end of the uttermost anguish
The soul of the man could bear
Was the madhouse, where tyrants bury
The broken shells of despair.

. . . . .

By the heaven renounced in her service,
By the hell thrice braved for her sake,
By the years of madness and silence,
By the heart that our enemies break ;

By the young life's promise ruined,
By the years of too living death,
By the passionate self-devotion,
And the absolute perfect faith ;

By the thousands who know such anguish,
And share such divine renown,
Who have borne them bravely in battle,
And won the conqueror's crown ;

By the torments her children have suffered,
By the blood that her martyrs will give,
By the deaths men have died at her altars,
By these shall our Liberty live!

In the silence of tears, in the burden
Of the wrongs we some day will repay,
Live the brothers who died in all ages
For the Freedom we live for to-day!

[*From "Leaves of Life." By Special Permission of the Author and of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.*]

A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON

By Sir Henry Newbolt

It fell in the year of Mutiny,
At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,
On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came
He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
To try if he were true.

"God grant your Highness length of days,
And friends when need shall be;
And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me."

On the morrow through Jalándhar town
The Captains rode in state;
They came to the house of John Nicholson
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly;
His turban gleamed with rubies red,
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet;
"Now wherefore make ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet?

" They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how,
But though they be fain of mastery,
They dare not claim it now."

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
That made the rubies dim.

" You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,"—
Oh, but his voice was low!
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,
That furrowed cheek and brow.

" You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh;
When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
To speak with you alone."

The Captains passed in silence forth
And stood the door behind;
To go before the game was played
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
" So long as the soul is in my body
You shall not do this thing.

" Have ye served us for a hundred years,
And yet ye know not why?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
We rule until we die.

" Were I the one last Englishman
Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master-rebel of all
That stir this land to strife—

" Were I," he said, " but a Corporal,
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing.

" Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came ;
Your Captains saw your insolence
And they shall see your shame."

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand,
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate
His chin was on his breast :
The Captains said, " When the strong command
Obedience is the best."

[*From " The Island Race." By Special Permission of the Author and of Mr Elkin Mathews.*]

DRAKE'S DRUM

By Sir Henry Newbolt

Drake he's in his hammock, an' a thousand mile away
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
" Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armada's come
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago !

[*From "The Island Race." By Special Permission of the Author and of Mr Elkin Mathews.*]

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

(AUGUST 17, 1657)

BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

LADEN with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of achievement,
And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the victories of England,
Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a funeral at midnight,
When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt beneath the torchlight,
That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral triumphant,
And fain to rest him after all his pain ;
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever unforgotten,
He prayed to see the Western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long grey with the coming of the daybreak,
Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown of warfare,
And life of all its longings kept but one.

" Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in beside
the hedgerows,
And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human in
the twilight,
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

" Only to look once more on the land of the memories of child-
hood,
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the
moorland,
And sleep at last among the fields of home ! "

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength was
ebbing faster,
The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;
Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed along the
coast-line,
And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves down
beside the water,
The town, the Hoe, the masts, with sunset fired—
Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great heart faltered on
the threshold,
And darkness took the land his soul desired.

[*From "The Island Race." By Special Permission of the Author and of Mr Elkin Mathews.*]

THE TWO PAINTERS

(A TALE OF OLD JAPAN)

By Alfred Noyes

I

Yoichi Tenko, the painter,
Dwelt by the purple sea,
Painting the peacock islands
Under his willow-tree :
Also in temples he painted
Dragons of old Japan,
With a child to look at the pictures—
Little O Kimi San.

Kimi, the child of his brother,
Bright as the moon in May,
White as a lotus lily,
Pink as a plum-tree spray,
Linking her soft arm round him
Sang to his heart for an hour,
Kissed him with ripples of laughter
And lips of the cherry flower.

Child of the old pearl-fisher
Lost in his junk at sea,
Kimi was loved of Tenko
As his own child might be,
Yoichi Tenko the painter,
Wrinkled and grey and old,
Teacher of many disciples
That paid for his dreams with gold.

II

Peonies, peonies crowned the May!
Clad in blue and white array
Came Sawara to the school
Under the silvery willow-tree,
All to learn of Tenko!
Riding on a milk-white mule,
Young and poor and proud was he,
Lissom as a cherry spray
(Peonies, peonies, crowned the day!)
And he rode the golden way
To the school of Tenko.

Swift to learn, beneath his hand
Soon he watched his wonderland
Growing cloud by magic cloud,
Under the silvery willow-tree
In the school of Tenko:
Kimi watched him, young and proud,
Painting by the purple sea,
Lying on the golden sand
Watched his golden wings expand!
(None but Love will understand
All she hid from Tenko.)

He could paint her tree and flower,
Sea and spray and wizard's tower,
With one stroke, now hard, now soft,
Under the silvery willow-tree
In the school of Tenko :
He could fling a bird aloft,
Splash a dragon in the sea,
Crown a princess in her bower,
With one stroke of magic power ;
And she watched him, hour by hour,
In the school of Tenko.

Yoichi Tenko, wondering, scanned
All the work of that young hand,
Gazed his kakemonos o'er,
Under the silvery willow-tree
In the school of Tenko :
" I can teach you nothing more,
Thought or craft or mystery ;
Let your golden wings expand,
They will shadow half the land,
All the world's at your command,
Come no more to Tenko."

Lying on the golden sand,
Kimi watched his wings expand ;
Wept.—He could not understand
Why she wept, said Tenko.

III

So, in her blue kimono,
Pale as the sickle moon
Glimmered thro' soft plum-branches
Blue in the dusk of June,
Stole she, willing and waning,
Frightened and unafraid,—
" Take me with you, Sawara,
Over the sea," she said.

Small and sadly beseeching,
Under the willow-tree,
Glimmered her face like a foam-flake,
Drifting over the sea :
Pale as a drifting blossom,
Lifted her face to his eyes :
Slowly he gathered and held her
Under the drifting skies.

Poor little face cast backward,
Better to see his own,
Earth and heaven went past them
Drifting : they two, alone
Stood, immortal. He whispered—
" Nothing can part us two ! "
Backward her sad little face went
Drifting, and dreamed it true.

" Others are happy," she murmured,
" Maidens and men I have seen ;
You are my king, Sawara,
O, let me be your queen !
If I am all too lowly,"
Sadly she strove to smile,
" Let me follow your footsteps,
Your slave for a little while."

Surely, he thought, I have painted
Nothing so fair as this
Moonlit almond blossom
Sweet to fold and kiss,
Brow that is filled with music,
Shell of a faery sea,
Eyes like the holy violets
Brimmed with dew for me.

" Wait for Sawara," he whispered,
" Does not his whole heart yearn
Now to his moon-bright maiden ?
Wait, for he will return
Rich as the wave on the moon's path
Rushing to claim his bride ! "
So they plighted their promise,
And the ebbing sea-wave sighed.

IV

Moon and flower and butterfly,
Earth and heaven went drifting by,
Three long years while Kimi dreamed
Under the silvery willow-tree
In the school of Tenko,
Steadfast while the whole world streamed
Past her tow'rds Eternity ;
Steadfast till with one great cry,
Ringing to the gods on high,
Golden wings should blind the sky
And bring him back to Tenko.

Three long years and nought to say
" Sweet, I come the golden way,
  Riding royally to the school
Under the silvery willow-tree
  Claim my bride of Tenko ;
Silver bells on a milk-white mule,
  Rose-red sails on an emerald sea ! " . . .
Kimi sometimes went to pray
In the temple nigh the bay,
Dreamed all night and gazed all day
  Over the sea from Tenko.

Far away his growing fame
Lit the clouds. No message came
  From the sky, whereon she gazed
Under the silvery willow-tree
  Far away from Tenko !
Small white hands in the temple raised
  Pleaded with the Mystery,—
" Stick of incense in the flame,
Though my love forget my name,
Help him, bless him, all the same,
  And . . . bring him back to Tenko ! "

Rose-white temple nigh the bay,
Hush ! for Kimi comes to pray,
Dream all night and gaze all day
  Over the sea from Tenko.

V

So, when the rich young merchant
  Showed him his bags of gold,
Yoichi Tenko, the painter,
  Gave him her hand to hold,
Said, " You shall wed him, O Kimi " :
  Softly he lied and smiled—
" *Yea, for Sawara is wedded !*
  Let him not mock you, child."

Dumbly she turned and left them,
  Never a word or cry
Broke from her lips' gray petals
  Under the drifting sky :
Down to the spray and the rainbows,
  Where she had watched him of old
Painting the rose-red islands,
  Painting the sand's wet gold.

Down to their dreams of the sunset,
Frail as a flower's white ghost,
Lonely and lost she wandered
Down to the darkening coast ;
Lost in the drifting midnight,
Weeping, desolate, blind.
Many went out to seek her :
Never a heart could find.

Yoichi Tenko, the painter,
Plucked from his willow-tree
Two big paper lanterns
And ran to the brink of the sea ;
Over his head he held them,
Crying, and only heard,
Somewhere, out in the darkness,
The cry of a wandering bird.

VI

Peonies, peonies thronged the May
When in royal-rich array
Came Sawara to the school
Under the silvery willow-tree—
To the school of Tenko !
Silver bells on a milk-white mule,
Rose-red sails on an emerald sea !
Over the bloom of the cherry-spray,
Peonies, peonies dimmed the day ;
And he rode the royal way
Back to Yoichi Tenko.

Yoichi Tenko, half afraid,
Whispered, " Wed some other maid ;
Kimi left me all alone
Under the silvery willow-tree,
Left me," whispered Tenko,
" Kimi had a heart of stone ! "—
" Kimi, Kimi ? Who is she ?
Kimi ? Ah—the child that played
Round the willow-tree. She prayed
Often ; and, whate'er I said,
She believed it, Tenko."

He had come to paint anew
Those dim isles of rose and blue,
  For a palace far away,
Under the silvery willow-tree—
  So he said to Tenko ;
And he painted, day by day,
  Golden visions of the sea.
No, he had not come to woo ;
Yet, had Kimi proven true,
Doubtless he had loved her too,
  Hardly less than Tenko.

Since the thought was in his head,
He would make his choice and wed ;
  And a lovely maid he chose
Under the silvery willow-tree.
  " Fairer far," said Tenko.
" Kimi had a twisted nose,
  And a foot too small, for me,
And her face was dull as lead ! "
" Nay, a flower, be it white or red
Is a flower," Sawara said !
  " So it is," said Tenko.

VII

Great Sawara, the painter,
  Sought, on a day of days,
One of the peacock islands
  Out in the sunset haze :
Rose-red sails on the water
  Carried him quickly nigh ;
There would he paint him a wonder
  Worthy of Hokusai.

Lo, as he leapt o'er the creaming
  Roses of faery foam,
Out of the green-lipped caverns
  Under the isle's blue dome,
White as a drifting snow-flake,
  White as the moon's white flame,
White as a ghost from the darkness,
  Little O Kimi came.

" Long I have waited, Sawara,
  Here in our sunset isle,
Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
  Look on me once, and smile ;

Face I have watched so long for,
  Hands I have longed to hold,
Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
  Why is your heart so cold ? "

Surely, he thought, I have painted
  Nothing so fair as this
Moonlit almond blossom
  Sweet to fold and kiss. . . .
" Kimi," he said, " I am wedded !
  Hush, for it could not be ! "
" Kiss me one kiss," she whispered,
  " Me also, even me."

Small and terribly drifting
  Backward, her sad white face
Lifted up to Sawara
  Once, in that lonely place,
White as a drifting blossom
  Under his wondering eyes,
Slowly he gathered and held her
  Under the drifting skies.

" Others are happy," she whispered,
  " Maidens and men I have seen :
Be happy, be happy, Sawara !
  The other—shall be—your queen !
Kiss me one kiss for parting."
  Trembling she lifted her head,
Then like a broken blossom
  It fell on his arm. She was dead.

VIII

Much impressed, Sawara straight
  (Though the hour was growing late)
  Made a sketch of Kimi lying
By the lonely, sighing sea,
  Brought it back to Tenko.
Tenko looked it over crying
  (Under the silvery willow-tree).
" You have burst the golden gate !
You have conquered Time and Fate !
Hokusai is not so great !
  This is art," said Tenko !

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'TWEEN THE LIGHTS

By Alfred Noyes

"The Nine men's morrice is filled up with mud . . .
From our debate, from our dissension."
—Shakespeare.

I

Fairies, come back! We have not seen
Your dusky foot-prints on the green
This many a year. No frolic now
Shakes the dew from the hawthorn-bough.
Never a man and never a maid
Spies you in the blue-bell shade;
Yet, where the nine men's morrice stood,
Our spades are clearing out the mud.

Chorus.—Come, little irised heralds, fling
Earth's Eden-gates apart, and sing
The bright eyes and the cordial hand
Of brotherhood thro' all our land.

II

Fairies, come back! Our pomp of gold.
Our blazing noon, grows gray and old;
The scornful glittering ages wane:
Forgive, forget, come back again.
This is our England's Hallowe'en!
Come, trip it, trip it o'er the green,
Trip it, amidst the roaring mart,
In the still meadows of the heart.

Come, little irised heralds, fling
Earth's Eden-gates apart, and sing
The bright eyes and the cordial hand
Of brotherhood thro' all our land.

III

Fairies, come back! Once more the gleams
Of your lost Eden haunt our dreams,
Where Evil, at the touch of Good,
Withers in the Enchanted Wood:
Fairies, come back! Drive gaunt Despair
And Famine to their ghoulish lair!

Tap at each heart's bright window-pane
Thro' merry England once again.

Come, little irised heralds, fling
Earth's Eden-gates apart, and sing
The bright eyes and the cordial hand
Of brotherhood thro' all our land.

IV

Fairies, come back! And, if you bring
That long-expected song to sing,
Ciss needs not, ere she welcomes you,
To find a sixpence in her shoe!
If, of the mud he clears away,
Tom bears the ignoble stain to-day,
Come back, and he will not forget
The heavens that yearn beyond us yet.

Come, little irised heralds, fling
Earth's Eden-gates apart, and sing
The bright eyes and the cordial hand
Of brotherhood thro' all our land.

V

Yet, if for this you will not come,
Your friends, the children, call you home.
Fairies, they wear no May-day crowns,
Your playmates in those grim black towns.
Look, fairies, how they peak and pine,
How hungrily their great eyes shine!
From fevered alley and fetid lane
Plead the thin arms—*Come back again!*

Come, little irised heralds, fling
Earth's Eden-gates apart, and sing
The bright eyes and the cordial hand
Of brotherhood thro' all our land.

VI

We have named the stars and weighed the moon,
Counted our gains and . . . lost the boon,
If *this* be the end of all our lore—
To draw the blind and close the door!
O, lift the latch, slip in between
The things which we have heard and seen,

Slip thro' the fringes of the blind
Into the souls of all mankind.

Come, little irised heralds, fling
Earth's Eden-gates apart, and sing
The bright eyes and the cordial hand
Of brotherhood thro' all our land.

VII

Fairies, come back ! Our wisdom dies
Beneath your deeper, starrier skies !
We have reined the lightning, probed the flower :
Bless, as of old, our twilight hour !
Bring dreams, and let the dreams be true,
Bring hope that makes each heart anew,
Bring love that knits all hearts in one ;
Then—sing of heaven and bring the sun !

Come, little irised heralds, fling
Earth's Eden-gates apart, and sing
The bright eyes and the cordial hand
Of brotherhood thro' all our land.

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THE CHOICE

By Alfred Noyes

I

Ah, well ; you have heard my story ; and yet, you say, I must choose ;
And so there's my friend or yourself, my queen, to keep or to lose.
Be patient, the choice is easy ; it is only so hard to say it ;
Though I see by the hard, hard light in your eyes, of course, that my eyes betray it.

II

You ask me to set the heart of a woman against the soul of a man,
Who came to my side in the darkness as only a comrade can,
And looked me straight in the eyes with eyes that struck their honest steel
Through and through my struggling soul to strengthen it and to heal.

III

It is not from a sense of justice that I make my choice to-night :
I have lived too long to be over-nice in my sense of the wrong and the right ;
And I love you more than I knew I did ; and yet, far, far above
My dreams, I sometimes think I see the light of a better love.

IV

It is just for that very reason, my sense of the right and the wrong
Being dulled like a sword in the battle, I can stand alone and be strong :
Defeat has its own great triumphs and sin has its thorny crown ;
And the sorrow of Judas in one thing was more than Christ had known.

V

Sin has its own grey wisdom ; thank God, you never will know
The weight of the terrible reason why I dare not let him go !
It is not that I covet the righteous mantle in which my dreams have arrayed him ;
But he trusted me, once, with his deadliest secret ; and I went away and betrayed him.

VI

God has given you beauty, my queen ; your face was carved in heaven !
He has given you many a gift beside, but one he has not given :
You never have known the light that strikes on the heights as you descend
Down, far down, in the darkness, to betray the heart of a friend.

VII

I dare not let him go, my queen, for a love like ours : the sun
Would mock me until the latest sands of my barren life were run,
Do you know that, after I went away and betrayed him, when he had heard
Of what I had done, he gave me his hand and said not a single word ?

VIII

And he trusted me twice ; and thrice again I was tried, my queen, and I fell :
Then he came to me with a writhing fire in his eyes like the fires of hell,

And said, " I will trust you still ; you may go and betray me
now to the end,
To the end, to the uttermost, if you will ; but I claim you still as
my friend."

IX

You see we had wrought and fought together, and talked of our
hearts' desire,
From the brave old undergraduate nights when we smoked o'er
a college fire ;
And so ; well it may seem strange to you ; but the love of a
man for a man
Was the salt of the earth long, long before Dan Cupid's game
began.

X

It has won more battles and built more cities and wasted far less
breath ;
It has helped poor cowards to hurl the lie in the grinning teeth
of Death ·
Do you think when we stood on the bloody ridge where the
enemy's guns had been,
That the sudden clinch of our clasped black hands meant less
than your white arms mean ?

XI

Ah no ; the fire-tried love of a man for a man is the salt of the
earth :
No woman of five *grandes passions* can know what that love is
worth !
Your loves will come and your loves will go as you walk your
primrose way,
And my own poor dreams will come to an end in the way they
began, some day.

XII

And so for all those April hours and the joy of that night in
June,
And the jaunty rose in your Romeo's ear and the songs he made
to the moon,
Though Juliet's mouth like a scarlet flower were crushed against
my kiss,
I think I would go my ways, my dear, and Cupid should go his.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

CORRYMEELA

By Moira O'Neill

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day ;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat !
Och ! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There' a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees ;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes !
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och ! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love ! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
" God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said : the girl she thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase ;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town !
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

HELIOTROPE

By H. Thurston Peck

Amid the chapel's chequered gloom
She laughed with Dora and with Flora,
And chattered in the lecture-room,—
That saucy little sophomora !
Yet while, as in her other schools,
She was a privileged transgressor,
She never broke the simple rules
Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore,
  Paroxytones and modes potential,
She listened with a face that wore
  A look half fond, half reverential.
    To her that earnest voice was sweet,
      And though her love had no confessor,
    Her girlish heart lay at the feet
      Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books
  That held the lore of ages olden,
To watch those ever changing looks,
  The wistful eyes, the tresses golden,
    That stirred his pulse with passion's pain
      And thrilled his soul with soft desire,
    And bade fond youth return again
      Crowned with his coronet of fire.

Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,
  Were more to him than all his knowledge,
And she preferred his words of praise
  To all the honours of the college.
    Yet " What am foolish I to him ? "
      She whispered to her heart's confessor.
    " She thinks me old and grey and grim,"
      In silence pondered the professor.

Yet once when Christmas bells were rung
  Above ten thousand solemn churches,
And swelling anthems grandly sung
  Pealed through the dim cathedral arches,—
    Ere home returning, filled with hope,
      Softly she stole by gate and gable,
    And a sweet spray of heliotrope
      Left on his littered study-table.

Nor came she more from day to day
  Like sunshine through the shadows rifting :
Above her grave, far, far away,
  The ever silent snows were drifting ;
    And those who mourned her winsome face
      Found in its stead a swift successor
    And loved another in her place—
      All, save the silent old professor.

But, in the tender twilight grey,
  Shut from the sight of carping critic,
His lonely thoughts would often stray
  From Vedic verse and tongues Semitic,

Bidding the ghost of vanished hope
  Mock with its past the sad possessor
Of the dead spray of heliotrope
  That once she gave the old professor.

THE TEMPLE

By J. D. C. Pellow

Between the erect and solemn trees
I will go down upon my knees ;
  I shall not find this day
  So meet a place to pray.

Haply the beauty of this place
May work in me an answering grace,
  The stillness of the air
  Be echoed in my prayer.

The worshipping trees arise and run,
With never a swerve, towards the sun ;
  So may my soul's desire
  Turn to its central fire.

With single aim they seek the light,
And scarce a twig in all their height
  Breaks out until the head
  In glory is outspread.

How strong each pillared trunk ; the bark
That covers them, how smooth ; and hark,
  The sweet and gentle voice
  With which the leaves rejoice !

May a like strength and sweetness fill
Desire, and thought, and steadfast will,
  When I remember these
  Fair sacramental trees !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

SPEECH FROM "MARPESSA"

By Stephen Phillips

"But if I live with Idas, then we two
On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand
In odours of the open field, and live
In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.
And he shall give me passionate children, not
Some radiant god that will despise me quite,
But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.
And I shall sleep beside him in the night,
And fearful from some dream shall touch his hand
Secure: or at some festival we two
Will wander through the lighted city streets;
And in the crowd I'll take his arm and feel
Him closer for the press. So shall we live.
And though the first sweet sting of love be past,
The sweet that almost venom is; though youth,
With tender and extravagant delight,
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,
Pass off; there shall succeed a faithful peace;
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.
And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,
We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste
To pardon, and with mellowing minds to bless.
Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old
Together, and he shall not greatly miss
My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,
Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim;
Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret
The years that gently bend us to the ground,
And gradually incline our face; that we
Leisurely stooping, and with each slow step,
May curiously inspect our lasting home.
But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,
And custom sweet of living side by side;
And full of memories not unkindly glance
Upon each other. Last, we shall descend
Into the natural ground—not without tears—
One must go first, ah God! one must go first;
After so long one blow for both were good;

Still like old friends, glad to have met, and leave
Behind a wholesome memory on the earth.
And thou, beautiful god, in that far time,
When in thy setting sweet thou gazest down
On this grey head, wilt thou remember then
That once I pleased thee, that I once was young ? "

[*By kind Permission of Mr John Lane, The Bodley Head.*]

THE BELLS

By Edgar Allan Poe

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !
Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
How it swells !
How it dwells
On the Future ! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells !
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair !
How they clang, and crash, and roar !
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air !
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows :
Yet the ear distinctly tells.
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells !
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls :
And their king it is who tolls ;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells !
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells !
And he dances and he yells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells :
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN

By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the last Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
" Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door :
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word " Lenore ! "
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word " Lenore ! "
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before :
" Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window lattice ;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore ;
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he ;
But with mien of lord or lady perched above my chamber door—
Perched above a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore :
" Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, " art sure no craven ;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore ? "
Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door
With such a name as " Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour ;
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered—" Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, " Never more."

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
" Doubtless," said I, " what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope this melancholy burden bore—
Of ' Never, never more.' "

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door ;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking " Never more."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose violet velvet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah, never more !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
" Wretch," I cried, " thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from my memories of Lenore !
Quaff—oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore ! "
Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

" Prophet," said I, " thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead ?—tell me, tell me, I implore ! "
Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

" Prophet," said I, " thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore !—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore ? "
Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

" Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting—
" Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore ;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,
Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door ! "
Quoth the Raven, " Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—never more !

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

WRITTEN 1712

ODE

BY ALEXANDER POPE

I

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh, quit this mortal flame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

III

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

MARSTON MOOR

FOUGHT 1ST JULY 1644

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret-stair;
O! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those beauteous features ran,
As she said: "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
Thro' the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers' shout, For God and for the King!"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

God speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought of fear ;
God speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are here !
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,
" Down, down," they cry, " with Belial ! down with him to the dust ! "
" I would," quoth grim old Oliver, " that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord ! "

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The grey-haired warden watches from the castle's highest tower ;
" What news ? what news, old Anthony ? "—" The field is lost and won :
The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun !
And a wounded man speeds hither—I'm old and cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should be ! "

" I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's lay !
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.* ;
I'll make a shift to drain it ere I part with boot and buff—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

" Sweet ! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance :
Or if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope !
Alas ! alas ! my gallant Guy !—out on the crop-eared boor
That sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor ! "

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE

By M. J. Preston

" What Boy ! You—*you*
Snared along with this rebel crew ?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old !)
Do you hear ? do you know
Why the soldiers put you there, in the row,
You, with those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall ? "

" *Know?* To be sure I know ! why not ?
We're here to be shot ;
And there, by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell :
Ah, well !
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
With my back to the wall ! "

" (Sacré ! Fair, open fight, I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the blood ; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do ?
Bah ! 'tis a butcher's business !) *How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now :
I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,
. . . Yet his cheek's not pale :)
Quick ! say your say, for don't you see,
When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You're all to be shot ?
. . . *What?*
' *Excuse you one moment?* ' No, no,
Think you to fool a soldier so ? "

" But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day
(My father's friend), just over the way,
Lent me ; and if you'll let me free
—It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*,—
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

" Ha ! No doubt of it ! Off ! Begone !
(Now, good Saint Denis, speed him on !
The work will be easier since *he's* saved ;
For I hardly see how I could have braved
The ardour of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.) "

" In time ! Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted ; and now, I am ready :—Fire !
One word !—that's all !
—You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall ? "
" Come ! Come out of the line, I say,
Come out ! (who said that his name was *Ney?*)
France will hear of him yet one day ! "

REQUITAL

By Adelaide Anne Procter

Loud roared the Tempest,
Fast fell the sleet;
A little Child Angel
Passed down the street,
With trailing pinions,
And weary feet.

The moon was hidden,
No stars were bright,
So she could not shelter
In heaven that night,
For the Angels' ladders
Are rays of light.

She beat her wings
At each window-pane,
And pleaded for shelter,
But all in vain:
"Listen," they said,
"To the pelting rain!"

She sobbed, as the laughter
And mirth grew higher,
"Give me rest and shelter
Beside your fire,
And I will give you
Your heart's desire!"

The dreamer sat watching
His embers' gleam,
While his heart was floating
Down hope's bright stream
. . . So he wove her wailing
Into his dream.

The worker toiled on,
For his time was brief;
The mourner was nursing
Her own pale grief:
They heard not the promise
That brought relief.

But fiercer the Tempest
Rose than before,
When the Angel paused
At a humble door,
And asked for refuge
And help once more.

A weary woman,
Pale, worn and thin,
With the brand upon her
Of want and sin,
Heard the Child Angel,
And took her in.

Took her in gently,
And did her best
To dry her pinions ;
And made her rest
With tender pity
Upon her breast.

When the eastern morning
Grew bright and red,
Up the first sunbeam
The Angel fled ;
Having kissed the woman
And left her—dead

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND

By Adelaide Anne Procter

The fettered Spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which Life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the Great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease ;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called " Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the Legend—
When the Archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke ;
So when St Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke :—

" I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain ;
I prize our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

" On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear ;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

" The evening of my bridal
Death took my Life away ;
Not all Love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

" If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then, I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered :—
" Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief ;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

" Then through a special mercy
I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

" But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain :
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

. . . . .

The Lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide ;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices :
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the Lime-trees
And stirs the Bridegroom's hair ?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale :—
Why does the Bridegroom shudder
And turn so deathly pale ?

. . . . .

Near Purgatory's entrance
The radiant Angels wait ;
It was the great St Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

" Pass on," thus spoke the Angel :
" Heaven's joy is deep and vast ;
Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,
For Heaven is yours at last ;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

(*Abridged*)

By Adelaide Anne Procter

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change·
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

One day out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted ;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
Of an accursèd land !

" The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own ! "
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz ;
Once more her towers arose ;
What were the friends beside her ?
Only her country's foes !
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains
Reclaimed her as their own !

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped ;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed ;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past ;
She looks up ; clouds are heavy :
Why is her steed so slow ?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

" Faster ! " she cries, " oh, faster ! "
Eleven the church-bells chime :
" O God," she cries, " help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time ! "

But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
The noble Tyrol maid.

THE LAST SHOT

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

By John D. Reid

Three to ride and to save, one to ride and be saved—
That's the key of my tale, deep on my heart engraved.

With death before and behind, through dangers many and nigh,
Four to ride together, and three of the four to die.

There was the Captain's daughter, a young and delicate girl,
With her childlike face and shining eyes, and hair of sunniest curl;
She looked like a beautiful flower, too slight to be even caressed,
Yet never had hero braver heart than beat in that girlish breast.

And then there was Sergeant Gray, a martinet old and grim;
The biggest tyrant that ever lived was a lamb compared to him;
Ne'er-dae-weel Douglas next, a Borderer born and bred,
With a sin on his soul for every hair that grew on his handsome head.

And then there was Fighting Denis—Denis the stout of heart,
Foremost in every row and brawl, skilled in the "manly art";
Take the three altogether, the truth is, old and young,
They were three o' the greatest scamps that ever deserved to be hung.

Slowly the red moon rose, and then the sergeant spoke:
"Pat, look to the horses' girths; Graham, give the lady this cloak;
Now, miss, be your father's daughter; our lads are close below,
The horses are fresh, the road is clear, and we've only five miles to go."

Then spoke the Captain's daughter, and her voice was weak but clear:
"I want you to promise, brave friends, while we're all together here,
That you'll keep the last shot for me—when each heart of hope despairs;
Better to die by hands like yours than be left alive in theirs."

The sergeant cleared his throat, and turned his face away;
Denis, the stout of heart, had never a word to say;
And Douglas grasped his hilt with a look and gesture grim,
While he looked on the face o' the girl with eyes grown suddenly blurred and dim.

"Oh, you'll promise me, will you not?" the weak voice pleaded again,
"You will not leave me to *them*—you—soldiers—my father's men?
For the sake of my mother in Heaven—and God and death so near—
Oh, father, father, *you* would, I know, if only you were here."

" I promise." " And I." " And I." The voices were hoarse and low,
And each man prayed, I ween, that the task *he* might not know,
As out on the plain they rode swiftly and silently—
Four to ride together, and three o' the four to die.

Fire to the right and left, fire in front and rear,
As the dusky demons broke from their lurking ambush near—
" Noo, Denis, boot tae boot—keep close between, ye twa—
We've cut her a way through waur than this, an'—Chairge ! "
" Hurroo ! " " Hurrah ! "

Up on the crest o' the rise where Cawnpore's curse of blood
Hushes with horror yet the wide and rolling flood,
Douglas reeled in his saddle, and whispered brokenly—
" Gray, dinna let her ken, but it's near a' ower wi' me."

" Hit ? "—" Ay, here in the side."—" Bad ? "—" Ay, bad, but—a—h !
I'll face yon hounds on the brae, it may gain ye a minute or twa—
Tak' my horse—ye may need it for her. Steady, there !—woa, there, Gem !—
Dinna forget your promise—yon lassie's no for *them*."

An iron grip o' the hands—a mist o'er the sergeant's sight,
As he swiftly wheeled the horses, and vanished in the night ;
Then round to the nearing foe, under the starry sky,
Alone with his God and his own brave heart Graham Douglas turned to die.

Then fighting it, thrust for thrust, and fighting it, blow for blow,
Till at last, where the bank fell sheer to the dusky stream below,
He fell—a groan—a plunge—wave circles eddying wide—
And the ne'er-dae-weel was still at last 'neath the river's turbid tide.

A splutter of fire on the right, a flame of fire in the rear,
And Gem leaped up and fell—another, and all too near
The hissing bullets came, and then the sergeant knew
His blood and life were ebbing away with every breath he drew.

Sore and deep the wound, but never a moan he made,
And rising up in his saddle, erect as when on parade,
" Pat, if you get in, report that Douglas and I are dead ;
Tell them we did our duty, and mind—your promise," he said.

The maiden checked her horse with a quick, wild scream of pain—
" O Heaven, have pity ! " she sobbed, as Denis seized her rein ;

Then, giving his last command: " Ride on ! " with impatient frown,
True British soldier to the last, the brave old man went down.

Oh, pale the maiden's face, but her brow was calm and clear,
Though never had woman yet such awful cause for fear ;
And Denis, the stout of heart, in his saddle turned to rise,
With the lurid glare of maddened rage in his kindly Irish eyes.

Swiftly he aimed and fired—every shot was sure,
And fierce the yells that hailed the fall of each dusky blackamoor,
Till sudden the maiden's voice came shrill in agony :
" Oh, Denis, brave Denis, you promised you would keep the last for me ! "

Oh, pale was the maiden's face, and her white lips moved in prayer ;
Then, with never a sign of fear, for the hero soul was there,
With the virgin martyr's glory lighting her bonny brow,
She laid her hand on Denis's arm, and gently whispered: " Now!"

The strong man shook 'neath the touch of those tiny finger-tips,
And " Say you forgive me, miss," broke hoarse from his ashen lips.
" Forgive you ? Again and again ! You see I do not fear !
God bless you, gallant soldier ! Now, straight and sure—aim here ! "

She laid one hand on her heart, then clasped them o'er her head,
And into the darkened sky her latest look she sped ;
And Denis raised his arm with slow and deadly aim—
When all the world seemed leaping to meet them in thunder and cloud and flame.

'Mid the smoke—'mid splintering shells that glare and shriek and grate—
'Mid the battery's bursting blaze—'mid the rifle's flashing hate—
'Mid the pibroch's savage swell—'mid the trumpet's mad'ning alarms—
The Captain's daughter fainted safe in her frantic father's arms.

While, with hurricane-roar, and rush, with clang of hoof and steel,
With flame in each rider's eye, and fire at each charger's heel,
With shouts that rose to the sky on vengeance-laden breath—
The British squadrons thundered by to the carnival of death.

But prone on his back lay Denis—Denis, the stout of heart—
Still as she for whom he had played a hero's part.

Dying—alone! Unheeded! What matter? The fight was won.
He was only a *common* soldier—besides, his work was done.

. . . . . .

Only three common soldiers, only three common men,
Giving their lives for a woman, as men have again and again;
Only doing their duty, teaching *this* lesson anew—
Where'er true woman points the way, true man will dare and do.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

MY LADY SINGING

By C. C. Rhys

The curtains for the night are drawn;
Long since the last birds went a-winging
Their nestward flight, and o'er the lawn
Come tender notes with moonlight's dawn—
I hear my lady singing.

I see her not, nor know for whom
Those notes are struck; yet Fancy, swinging
Her censer o'er me, through the gloom
Wafts a fair form into my room—
It is my lady singing.

A thing of loveliness and joy,
Dark curls from whitest brow she's flinging,
Wherewith the moonbeams love to toy;—
And nought can trouble or annoy
What time my lady's singing.

Old songs she sings, and each recalls
Old memories in the strain upspringing;
Old ballad-songs of barons' halls,
Of maiden tryst and magic thralls,
Hark to my lady singing!

Songs of the golden harvest-time,
The scent of cornfields round them clinging,
While far the village church-bells chime,
And seem to sound a solemn rhyme
Unto my lady's singing.

Italia's songs wherein I hear
All bird-choirs under heaven ringing ;—
Then falls a dirge upon the ear,
And lo ! a funeral is near,
And still my lady's singing.

On floats the music, such a throng
Of quaint associations bringing.
The lamp is burning low—and long
The shadows fall—and ends the song.
No more my lady's singing.

AFTERWHILES

By J. Whitcomb Riley

Where are they—the Afterwhiles—
Luring us the lengthening miles
Of our lives ? Where is the dawn
With the dew across the lawn
Stroked with eager feet the far
Way the hills and valleys are ?
Where the sun that smites the frown
Of the eastward gazer down ?
Where the rifted wreaths of mist
O'er us, tinged with amethyst,
Round the mountain's steep defiles ?
Where are all the afterwhiles ?

Afterwhile—and we will go
Thither, you, and to and fro—
From the stifling city-streets
To the country's cool retreats—
From the riot to the rest
Where hearts beat the placidest ;
Afterwhile, and we will fall
Under breezy trees, and loll
In the shade, with thirsty sight
Drinking deep the blue delight
Of the skies that will beguile
Us as children—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand :
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for someone's sake
And wear then the look that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—we have in view
A far scene to journey to,—
Where the old home is, and where
The old mother waits us there,
Peering, as the time grows late,
Down the old path to the gate,—
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks,
And leap up the path once more
Where she waits us at the door—
How we'll greet the dear old smile,
And the warm tears—afterwhile !

Ah, the endless afterwhiles !—
Leagues on leagues and miles on miles,
In the distance far withdrawn
Stretching on, and on, and on,
Till the fancy is footsore,
And faints in the dust before
The last milestone's granite face,
Hacked with : Here Beginneth Space.
O far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings,
Lead us through the shadowy aisles,
Out into the afterwhiles.

[*By Special Permission of the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianopolis, U.S.A.*]

GINEVRA

By Samuel Rogers

She was an only child ; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire ;—
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight ;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety ;
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady preached decorum ;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love ! "
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not !
Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived ; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
" Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? "
'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,

With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold,
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with her name, the name of both,
" Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring lock, which lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever !

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The blessed Damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves,
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's House
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

" I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
" Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

" When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
As unto a stream we will step down
And bathe there in God's sight.

" We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

" We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

" And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say'st !
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

" We two," she said, " will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cicily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

" Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded ;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

" He shall fear haply, and be dumb :
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

" Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

" There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me :—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
" All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres ;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

[*By Special Permission of Wm. M. Rossetti, Esq., and of Messrs Ellis & Elvey.*]

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A SONNET

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
  Memorial from the Soul's eternity
  To one deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
  Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
  As day or night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
  The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due—
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
  Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

[*By Special Permission of Wm. M. Rossetti, Esq., and of Messrs Ellis & Elvey.*]

A CONCEIT

By Margaret Schofield

If I could be a poet
  And you could be a song,
We two would be together
  That have been parted long;
I'd sing you to the wild wood,
  I'd sing you to the down,
I'd sing you to the weary folk
  That walk the ways of town.

If you could be a willow-tree
  And I a mad wind blowing,
I'd ruffle you with kisses
  And set your hair a-flowing.
I'd call among your branches
  Dear names of sweet delight,
And all your green and silver leaves
  Should shelter me at night.

If I could be a comet
  And you a silver star,
I'd seek until I found you
  Where the wide spaces are;

I'd leave my restless journeying
And fiery-hearted care
To learn your ways of gentleness
And stay beside you there.

If I could be your lover
And you would smile on me
I'd leave my wandering dreams to claim
Such sweet reality ;
And then we'd be together
For ever and a day—
But these are foolish thoughts, my dear,
And you so far away !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

STANZAS WRITTEN IN EXASPERATION AT GIRTON

By Margaret Schofield

I'm writing—writing—writing,
Although the sun is gay,
Writing foolish papers all
The mad March day ;
Discussing ancient stories,
And whether they are true ;
(The sky above the dancing trees is blue—blue—blue !)

Oh, Sigemund was tired at last,
And Thryth grew dull and old,
And Weland was a joyless man
Among his elfin gold ;
All—all of them are dead and gone,
And glad enough to die ;
(The violets along the bank are bluer than the sky.)

My little yellow daffodils
(And who so wise as they ?)
Are taunting me and teasing me and begging me to play,
And the mad wind is calling me
Across the deep blue sky
While I'm writing—writing—writing.
Oh, the more fool I !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

ROSABELLE

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

By Sir Walter Scott

Oh, listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen:
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

LOCHINVAR

By Sir Walter Scott

(*Marmion*)

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best!
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
" Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !

FLODDEN FIELD

By Sir Walter Scott

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which (for far the day was spent),
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view ;
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
" Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day. . . ."

Far on the left unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied:
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry!
Loud were the clanging blows!
Advanced,—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too:—yet stayed,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops or reels ;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The scattered van of England wheels ;
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, " Is Wilton there ? "
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die. " Is Wilton there ? "
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand :
His arms were smeared with blood and sand :
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion ?

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
" Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare :
Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
Cry—' Marmion to the rescue ! '—Vain !
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
Yet my last thought is England's :—fly,
To Dacre, bear my signet-ring ;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring :—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield.
Edmund is down ; my life is reft ;
The admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice ? Hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay ;
Clare drew her from the sight away,

Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, " Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst ! "

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made :
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran ;
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew :
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .
Who . built . this . cross . and . well .
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man, whom duty brought,
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave—
" Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
" Or injured Constance, bathes my head ? "
Then as remembrance rose,—
" Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare ! "—
" Alas ! " she said, " the while,—
Oh, think of your immortal weal !
In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
She——died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound ;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
" Then it was truth ! " he said, " I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day ;
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand !
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound :
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever he said, that close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
" *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying ! "
So the notes rung ;—
" Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine :
Oh, think on faith and bliss !
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory !—
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! "
Were the last words of Marmion.

[*From " Marmion," canto vi.*]

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, welladay ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door.
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :

The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh,
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,

Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,

He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung :

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

THE ERL-KING

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snuff.)

O WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so wild ?
It is the fond father embracing his child ;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

" O father, see yonder ! see yonder ! " he says ;
" My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze ? "—
" O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
" No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

(*The Erl-King speaks*)

" O come and go with me, thou loveliest child ;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled ;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

" O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear ? "
" Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease ;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

Erl-King

" O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy ?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy ;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

" O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain ? "—
" O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon ;
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon."

Erl-King

" O come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—
" O father ! O father ! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold ! "—

Sore trembled the father ; he spurr'd thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child ;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was *dead !*

SONNETS

By William Shakespeare

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow ;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say ' This poet lies ;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song :
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright

As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired :
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :

Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou are bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
' Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!

How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay !
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar.
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part :
As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
' Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend ! '
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee :
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind ;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ?
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child !
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
  For we, which now behold these present days,
  Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
  If this be error and upon me proved,
  I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being ;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing :
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own :
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;
  Unless this general evil they maintain,
  All men are bad and in their badness reign.

COMFORT

By Robert W. Service

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—
  Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you,
  You don't care a cent for life;
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
  Health is failing, wish you'd die—
Why, you've still the sunshine left you,
  And the big, blue sky.

  Sky so blue it makes you wonder
    If it's heaven shining through;
  Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,
    Sun so bright it dazzles you;
  Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
    All their fragrance on the breeze;
  Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—
    Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;
  These, and none can weigh their worth.
What! you're tired and broke and beaten?—
  Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
  While the blue sky bends above,
You've got nearly all that matters,
  You've got God, and God is love.

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THE CREMATION OF SAM McGEE

By Robert W. Service

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
  By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
  That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
  But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
  I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam round the Pole God only knows
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell ;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that he'd " sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold ! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze, till sometimes we couldn't see ;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and, " Cap," says he, " I'll cash in this trip, I guess ;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no : then he says with a sort of moan :
" It's the cursèd cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'taint being dead, it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains :
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail ;
And we started on at the streak of dawn, but God ! he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee ;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror driven,
With a corpse half-hid that I couldn't get rid because of a promise given ;

It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say : " You may tax
your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last
remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trial has its own
stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart
how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies,
round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God ! how I
loathed the thing !

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow ;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was
getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not
give in ;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a
grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there
lay ;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the
Alice May.
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen
chum :
Then, " Here," said I, with a sudden cry, " is my cre-ma-tor-
eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire ;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel
higher ;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you
seldom see
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam
McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so ;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind
began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I
don't know why ;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the
sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear ;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near ;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said : " I'll just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked," . . . then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar ;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said : " Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold ;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold ;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

[*By kind Permission of the Author and the Publisher, Mr T. Fisher Unwin.*]

MOON FLIGHT

(With Apologies to Mr Walter de la Mare)

By William Kean Seymour

Pussykin, Pussykin,
Where have you been ?
I've been to the moon
In a tambourine.
Ever so high
Puppy and me
Climbed up and up
Just after tea.
A kiss for Nig
And a fat beef bone,
And up we went sailing
Aloft, alone.

Our bells they jingled,
Our parchment rang,
And we sat rocking
And talking slang.
As soon as we passed
The nearest stars
We saw God pouring
The seas from jars—
Beautiful jars,
All gold and green—
And scattering hills
And plains between.
We saw Him peppering
Flowers and trees,
Lions and tigers,
Birds and bees
All from a pepper-pot
Striped with red,
With great blue sapphires
Round its head.
One baby elephant,
None too lean,
Nearly capsized
Our tambourine ;
One great tree
And several fish
Went screaming by
With *such* a swish.
" Puppy," said I,
" I sha'n't be sorry
When we get back ! "
Said he, " Don't worry,
We're nearly here,"
And, sure as fate,
We struck the moon
At half-past eight.
The moon was spongy,
Pale as cheese,
And we sank into it
To our knees ;
And down and down
With slippety-slips,
We sank, and sank,
To our chins and lips.
Just as the surface
Cut us short

I woke with a scream
In Catkin Court.
O what a dream !
O what a night !
O what a mercy
We're both all right !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

(From "A Jackdaw in Georgia : a Book of Parodies," John G. Wilson, 350 Oxford Street, London, W.)

THE CLOUD

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In the noon-day dreams,
From my wings are shaken the dews that awaken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast,
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
While an earthquake rocks and swims
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.
That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be ;
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard,
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphant chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measure
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasure
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance ;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty ! that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope ?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given :
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour :
Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,

Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes ;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame !
Depart not as thy shadow came ;
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead :
I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is fed :
I was not heard : I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me :
I shriek'd, and clasp'd my hands in ecstacy !

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine : have I not kept the vow ?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave : they have in vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the envious night :
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past : there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

CHORUS IN HELLAS

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

In the great morning of the world,
The Spirit of God with might unfurl'd
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frighted from Imaus,
Before an earthquake's tread—
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendour burst and shone :—
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
The springing fire.—The winged glory
On Philippi half-alighted,
Like an eagle on a promontory.
Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.*
From age to age, from man to man,
It lived : and lit from land to land
Florence, Albion, Switzerland :
Then night fell ; and as from night
Reassuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
Against the course of heaven and doom
A second sun array'd in flame :
To burn, to kindle, to illume,
From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her sanguine streams,
Hid, but quench'd it not ; again
Through clouds its shafts of glory ran
From utmost Germany to Spain.
As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
When she seeks her aëry hanging
In the mountain cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
Of her wings through the wild air,

* Milan was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederic Barbarossa burnt the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin.

Sick with famine—Freedom so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns ; her hoary ruins glow
Like orient mountains lost in day ;
  Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurselings play,
  And in the naked lightnings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
A Desert or a Paradise ;
Let the beautiful and the brave
Share her glory or a grave.

THE KING OF KINGS

By James Shirley

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things :
There is no armour against fate :
  Death lays his icy hand on kings :
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels when they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield :
  They tame but one another still.
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on their brow—
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See where the victor-victim bleeds
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

BISHOP BRUNO

By Robert Southey

" Bruno, the Bishop of Herbipolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius, with Henry the Third, then emperour, being not far from a place which the Germanes call Ben Strudel, or the devouring gulfe, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, ' Ho, ho, Bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling ? But dispose of thyselfe how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoile.' At the hearing of these words they were all stupefied, and the bishop with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the bishop feasting with the emperor in a castle belonging to the Countess of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table."—Heywood's " Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels."

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright :
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep, and he dreamt again :
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech owl scream !
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,—
Oh ! glad was he when he saw the daylight !

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the emperor dines to-day ;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride,
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on, stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
Ho ! ho ! Bishop Bruno ! you travel with glee—
But I would have *you* know, you travel to me !

Behind and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied.
And the bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected death to see.

But soon the bishop recover'd his glee,
For the emperor welcom'd him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
With the emperor now you are dining in glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me!

The bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the masquers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud—
You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee;
But you must pass the night with me!

His cheek grows pale and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair;—
With that there came one from the masquers' band,
And he took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

MALICE

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

By Robert Southey

I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood ;
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee,
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee ;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee ;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee ;
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee :
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee in vain ;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain ;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee,
For ever and ever.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

By F. Lebby Stanton

He didn't know much music
When first he come along ;
An' all the birds went wonderin'
Why he didn't sing a song.

They primped their feathers in the sun,
An' sung their sweetest notes ;
An' music jest come on the run
From all their purty throats !

But still that bird was silent
In summer-time an' fall;
He jest set still an' listened,
An' he wouldn't sing at all!

But one night when them songsters
Was tired out an' still,
An' the wind sighed down the valley
An' went creepin' up the hill;

When the stars was all a-tremble
In the dreamin' fields o' blue,
An' the daisy in the darkness
Felt the fallin' o' the dew,—

There came a sound o' melody
No mortal ever heard,
An' all the birds seemed singin'
From the throat o' one sweet bird!

Then the other birds went mayin'
In a land too fur to call;
Fer there warn't no use in stayin'
When one bird could sing fer all!

THE SHELL

By James Stephens

And then I pressed the shell
Close to my ear
And listened well,
And straightway like a bell
Came low and clear
The slow, sad murmur of far distant seas,
Whipped by an icy breeze
Upon a shore
Wind-swept and desolate.
It was a sunless strand that never bore
The footprint of a man,
Nor felt the weight
Since time began
Of any human quality or stir
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.
And in the hush of waters was the sound
Of pebbles rolling round,

For ever rolling with a hollow sound.
And bubbling sea-weeds as the waters go
Swish to and fro
Their long, cold tentacles of shiny grey.
There was no day,
Nor ever came a night
Setting the stars alight
To wonder at the moon :
Was twilight only and the frightened croon,
Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
And waves that journeyed blind—
And then I loosed my ear—O, it was sweet
To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

MY SHADOW

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see ;
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head ;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow ;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way ;
He stays so close beside me he's a coward you can see ;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

[*By kind Permission of Charles Baxter, Esq.*]

THE WITCH'S WHELP

By R. H. Stoddard

Along the shore the slimy brine-pits yawn,
Covered with thick green scum ; the billows rise,

And fill them to the brim with clouded foam,
And then subside, and leave the scum again.
The ribbèd sand is full of hollow gulfs,
Where monsters from the waters come and lie,
Great serpents bask at noon along the rocks,
To me no terror ; coil on coil they roll
Back to their holes before my flying feet.
The Dragon of the Sea, my mother's god,
Enormous Setebos, comes here to sleep ;
Him I molest not ; when he flaps his wing
A whirlwind rises, when he swims the deep
It threatens to engulf the trembling isle.
Sometimes when winds do blow, and clouds are dark,
I seek the blasted wood whose barkless trunks
Are bleached with summer suns ; the creaking trees
Stoop down to me, and swing me right and left
Through crashing limbs, but not a jot care I.
The thunder breaks above, and in their lairs
The panthers roar ; from out the stormy clouds
Whose hearts are fire, sharp lightnings rain around
And split the oaks ; not faster lizards run
Before the snake up the slant trunks than I,
Not faster down, sliding with hands and feet.
I stamp upon the ground, and adders rouse,
Sharp-eyed, with poisonous fangs ; beneath the leaves
They couch, or under rocks, and roots of trees
Felled by the winds ; through briery undergrowth
They slide with hissing tongues, beneath my feet
To writhe, or in my fingers squeezed to death.
There is a wild and solitary pine,
Deep in the meadows ; all the island birds
From far and near fly there, and learn new songs,
Something imprisoned in its wrinkled bark
Wails for its freedom ; when the bigger light
Burns in mid-heaven, and dew elsewhere is dried,
There it still falls ; the quivering leaves are tongues,
And load the air with syllables of woe.
One day I thrust my spear within a cleft
No wider than its point, and something shrieked,
And falling cones did pelt me sharp as hail :
I picked the seeds that grew between their plates,
And strung them round my neck with seamew eggs.
Hard by are swamps and marshes, reedy fens
Knee-deep in water ; monsters wade therein
Thick-set with plated scales ; sometimes in troops
They crawl on slippery banks ; sometimes they lash

The sluggish waves among themselves at war.
Often I heave great rocks from off the crags,
And crush their bones ; often I push my spear
Deep in their drowsy eyes, at which they howl
And chase me inland ; then I mount their humps
And prick them back again, unwieldy, slow.
At night the wolves are howling round the place,
And bats sail there athwart the silver light,
Flapping their wings ; by day in hollow trees
They hide, and slink into the gloom of dens.
We live, my mother Sycorax and I,
In caves with bloated toads and crested snakes.
She can make charms, and philters, and brew storms,
And call the great Sea Dragon from his deeps.
Nothing of this know I, nor care to know.
Give me the milk of goats in gourds or shells,
The flesh of birds and fish, berries and fruit,
Nor want I more, save all day long to lie,
And hear, as now, the voices of the sea.

A MATCH

By Algernon Charles Swinburne

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief ;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon ;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath ;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy ;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day ;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein ;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

[*By kind Permission of Messrs W. Heinemann.*]

ROCOCO

By Algernon Charles Swinburne

Take hands and part with laughter ;
Touch lips and part with tears ;
Once more and no more after,
Whatever comes with years.

We twain shall not remeasure
The ways that left us twain ;
Nor crush the lees of pleasure
From sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder,
What will the mad gods do
For hate with me, I wonder,
Or what for love with you ?
Forget them till November,
And dream there's April yet ;
Forget that I remember,
And dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,
And kissed away his breath ;
But what should we do weeping,
Though light love sleep to death ?
We have drained his lips at leisure
Till there's not left to drain
A single sob of pleasure,
A single pulse of pain.

Dream that the lips once breathless
Might quicken if they would ;
Say that the soul is deathless ;
Dream that the gods are good ;
Say March may wed September,
And the time divorce regret ;
But not that you remember,
And not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places
What love scarce lives and hears :
We have seen on fervent faces
The pallor of strange tears :
We have trod the wine-vat's treasure,
Whence, ripe to steam and stain,
Foams round the feet of pleasure
The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover
And time bring back to time
The name of your first lover,
The ring of my first rhyme ;
But rose-leaves of December
The frosts of June shall fret,
The day that you remember,
The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses
In heaven we twain have known ;
The grief of cruel kisses,
The joy whose mouth makes moan,
The pulse's pause and measure,
Where in one furtive vein
Throbs through the heart of pleasure
The purple blood of pain.

We have done with tears and treasons,
And love for treason's sake ;
Room for the swift new seasons,
The years that burn and break,
Dismantle and dismember
Men's days and dreams, Juliette,
For love may not remember,
But time will not forget.

Life treads down love in flying,
Time withers him at root ;
Bring all dead things and dying,
Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,
Where, crushed by three days' pressure,
Our three days' love lies slain ;
And earlier leaf of pleasure,
And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,
It may be flame will leap ;
Unclose the soft close lashes,
Lift up the lids, and weep.
Light love's extinguished ember,
Let one tear leave it wet
For one that you remember
And ten that you forget.

[*By kind Permission of Messrs William Heinemann.*]

THE BROKEN TRYST

By Arthur Symons

That day a fire was in my blood ;
I could have sung : joy wrapt me round ;
The men I met seemed all so good,
I scarcely knew I trod the ground.

How easy seemed all toil! I laughed
To think that once I hated it.
The sunlight thrilled like wine, I quaffed
Delight divine and infinite.

The very day was not too long;
I felt so patient; I could wait,
Being certain. So, the hours in song
Chimed out the minutes of my fate.

For she was coming, she, at last,
I knew: I knew that bolts and bars
Could stay her not; my heart throbbed fast,
I was not more certain of the stars.

The twilight came, grew deeper; now
The hour struck, minutes passed, and still
The passionate fervour of her vow
Rang in my heart's ear audible.

I had no doubt at all: I knew
That she would come, and I was then
Most certain, while the minutes flew:
Ah, how I scorned all other men!

Next moment! Ah! it was—was not!
I heard the stillness of the street.
Night came. The stars had not forgot.
The moonlight fell about my feet.

So I rebuked my heart, and said:
"Be still, for she is coming, see,
Next moment—coming. Ah, her tread,
I hear her coming—it is she!"

And then a woman passed. The hour
Rang heavily along the air.
I had no hope, I had no power
To think—for thought was but despair.

A thing had happened. What? My brain
Dared not so much as guess the thing.
And yet the sun would rise again
Next morning! I stood marvelling.

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

"AVE MARIS STELLA"

By A. Capes Tarbolton

I know a villa by the sea,
On the wild coast of Brittany,
Whose tides, from out the Northern deep
Borne inwards with victorious sweep,
Leap high with far resounding shock,
And seethe o'er many a sunken rock.

I love upon a summer day,
To watch the sunlight on the Bay,
While, on the cliff, white butterflies
O'er broom and clover sink and rise,
And perfume-laden breezes err
Over wide fields of lavender.

I love, at setting of the sun
To mark the lights come one by one,
To see the lighthouse lantern blaze,
The boat-lamps twinkle, and the rays
From small uncurtained casements glow
In houses on the quay below.

But most my spirit stirs in me,
Touched to a full humanity,
When clear above the ocean's swell
I hear the tinkling vesper bell,
And know that in the chapel dim
They chant the ancient fisher hymn.

The "Ave Maris Stella," there
Sung to its old pathetic air,
By lips of mothers, sisters, wives,
Pours out the patience of their lives,
And sends to heaven th' eternal cry
For succour and for sympathy.

In springtime, ere the crews go forth
To brave the dangers of the North,
They wait the blessing of the boats,
And from a hundred stalwart throats
The "Ave Maris Stella" soars,
To clamour at celestial doors.

And when the fleet is far away,
Though summer sunshine floods the bay,

The woman-love that bides and waits
Still climbs in prayer to Heaven's gates,
Knows both its weakness and its needs,
And " Ave Maris Stella ! " pleads.

And if mid autumn's mist and rain
The barren sea is scanned in vain,
And wives and mothers on the shore
Look for a sail that comes no more,
Still " Ave Maris Stella ! " rends the sky
With faith's insistent agony.

O Light all other lights above,
Light of Immortal care and love,
Well may the fishers build to thee
Their chapel by the sounding sea !
Who more would ever face the wave,
Had Earth no Heaven to make her brave !

" Star of the Sea, all hail ! " we too,
Dear Breton folk, must cry with you ;
For what were life in any clime
But for th' Eternal beyond Time—
The Fixed above the flux and flow
Of ills that come and joys that go !

And so the church beside the sea,
On the wild coast of Brittany,
Is more than broom and clover are,
Or cliffs, or lights on harbour bar ;
And thus it is I love so well
The tinkle of its vesper bell.

[*By Special Permission of the Author and of the Editor of "The Pall Mall Magazine."*

SONG OF THE CAMP

By Bayard Taylor

" Give us a song ! " the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
" We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang " Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of " Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing :
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

THE SEA-FAIRIES

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Slow sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
The little harps of gold ; and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.
Whither away, whither away, whither away ? fly no more.
Whither away from the high green field and the happy blossoming shore ?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls ;
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea :
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea :
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me :
Hither, come hither and frolic and play ;
Here it is only the mew that wails ;
We will sing to you all the day :
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free ;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;
Hither, come hither and see ;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be :
O hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we :
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words :
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee :
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er ?
Whither away ? listen and stay : mariner, mariner, fly no more.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
" I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,

The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot,
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer ;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot ;
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

THE SISTERS

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

We were two daughters of one race :
She was the fairest in the face :
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell ;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O the Earl was fair to see !

She died : she went to burning flame :
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast ; I bade him come ;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head :
O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest :
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night :
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
  The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.
  O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
  The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
  O the Earl was fair to see !

THE GOOSE

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

I knew an old wife lean and poor,
  Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
  And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
  He utter'd rhyme and reason,
" Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
  It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
  A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
  With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
  And ran to tell her neighbours ;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
  And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
  Grew plump and able-bodied ;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
  The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
  She felt her heart grow prouder :
But ah ! the more the white goose laid
  It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

" A quinsy choke thy cursed note ! "
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
" Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning ;
" So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder.

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, " The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger ! "

ULYSSES

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an agèd wife, I mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence, to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
  There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TITHONUS

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Ay me ! Ay me ! the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God !
I ask'd thee, " Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,

And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and that wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble, lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee, saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East :
How can my nature longer mix with thine ?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground ;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave :
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

AMPHION

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

My father left a park to me,
But it is wild and barren,
A garden too with scarce a tree
And waster than a warren :
Yet say the neighbours when they call,
It is not bad but good land,
And in it is the germ of all
That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great
In days of old Amphion,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
Nor cared for seed or scion !
And had I lived when song was great,
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
And fiddled in the timber !

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
Such happy intonation,
Wherever he sat down and sung
He left a small plantation ;
Wherever in a lonely grove
He set up his forlorn pipes,
The gouty oak began to move,
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
And, as tradition teaches,
Young ashes pirouetted down
Coquetting with young beeches ;
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
Ran forward to his rhyming,
And from the valleys underneath
Came little copses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
The woodbine wreaths that bind her,
And down the middle buzz ! she went
With all her bees behind her :
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,
Came yews, a dismal coterie ;
Each pluck'd his one foot from the grave,
Poussetting with a sloe-tree :
Old elms came breaking from the vine,
The vine stream'd out to follow,
And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,
When, ere his song was ended,
Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
The countryside descended ;
And shepherds from the mountain-eaves
Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighten'd !
As dash'd about the drunken leaves
The random sunshine lighten'd !

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,
And wanton without measure ;
So youthful and so flexile then,
You moved her at your pleasure.
Twang out, my fiddle ! shake the twigs
And make her dance attendance ;
Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs
And scirrhous roots and tendons.

'Tis vain ! in such a brassy age
I could not move a thistle ;
The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarce answer to my whistle ;
Or at the most, when three-parts-sick
With strumming and with scraping,
A jackass heehaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear ? a sound
Like sleepy counsel pleading :
O Lord !—'tis in my neighbour's ground,
The modern Muses reading.
They read Botanic Treatises,
And Works on Gardening, thro' there,
And Methods of transplanting trees,
To look as if they grew there,

The wither'd Misses ! how they prose
O'er books of travell'd seamen,
And show you slips of all that grows
From England to Van Diemen.
They read in arbours, clipt and cut,
And alleys, faded places,
By squares of tropic summer shut
And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,
Are neither green nor sappy ;
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
The spindlings look unhappy.
Better to me the meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom :
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

ST AGNES' EVE

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee :
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LYRICS FROM THE PRINCESS

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like a summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee"

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The splendour falls on castle walls
  And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
  And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear, how thin and clear,
  And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
  The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
  They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
  And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying

MARIANA

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

With blackest moss the flower-plots
  Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
  That held the pear to the gable-wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange :
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, " The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, " The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarlèd bark :
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, " The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, " I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said ;
She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead ! "

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

By William Makepeace Thackeray

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils, and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure,
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand—through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knick-knacks, and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;
A twopenny treasury wondrous to see !—
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get,
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best ;
For the finest of couches, that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms !
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair ;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face,
A smile on her face and a rose in her hair,
And she sate there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she *then* did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

THE GARRET

(Abridged)

By William Makepeace Thackeray

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friend and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
  How far, far off, these happy times appear ;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
  For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
  From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
  Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

By Francis Thompson

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;
  I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
  Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
    Up vistaed hopes I sped ;
    And shot, precipitated

Adown Titanic glooms or chasmèd fears,
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
    But with unhurrying chase,
    And unperturbèd pace,
  Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
    They beat—and a Voice beat
    More instant than the Feet—
  " All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

    I pleaded outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities ;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
    Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside) ;
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of his approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
  And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
  Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars ;
    Fretted to dulcet jars

And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn, Be sudden ; to eve, Be soon ;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover !
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see !
I tempted all his servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue ;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet :—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
" Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid ;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies :
They at least are for me, surely for me !
I turned me to them very wistfully ;
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
" Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me " (said I) " your delicate fellowship ;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."

So it was done :
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies ;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings ;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat ;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah ! we know not what each other says
These things and I ; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth ;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness :
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase
With unperturbèd pace
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy ;
And past those noisèd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
" Lo ! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke !
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee ;
I am defenceless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.

In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me ; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist ;
From the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding ; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah ! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount ?
Ah ! must—
Designer infinite !—
Ah ! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it ?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust ;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, split down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is ; what is to be ?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind ?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity ;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned ;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death ?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit ;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea :
" And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard ?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me !
Strange, piteous, futile thing,

Wherefore should any set thee love apart ?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught " (He said),
" And human love needs human meriting :
How hast thou merited
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot ?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art !
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
Save Me, save only Me ?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home :
Rise, clasp my hand, and come ! "

Halts by me that footfall :
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly ?
" Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest !
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

[*By kind Permission of Messrs Burns, Oates & Washburn.*]

THE DEATH OF TH' OWD SQUIRE

By Walter Thornbury

'Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit ;
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour-mill, where you turn off into the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing the window glass,
And pouring on to the roof, as a deluge were come to pass ;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable-door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as if they would never give o'er.

Lor' how the winders rattled ! you'd almost ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters ; while a ceaseless pelt of leaves
Flew at the door in gusts ; and I could hear the beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practising for the choir ;
But it sounded dismal, the anthem did, for squire was dying fast,
And the doctor said, " Do what he would, he's breaking-up at last."

The death-watch, sure enough, tick'd loud just over th' owd mare's head,
Tho' he'd never once been heard up there since master's boy lay dead ;
And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was near ;
And the chill rain and the wind and cold made us all shake with fear ;
We listened to the clock upstairs, 'twas breathing soft and low,
For the nurse said, " At the turn of night the owd squire's soul would go."

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life ;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared to write to his wife ?
He beat the Rads at Hindon town, I heard, in twenty-nine,
When every pail in the market-place was brimmed with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why for forty years or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did afore ;
And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—
" It made him fret," the doctor said, " as it might do any one."

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill ;
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed to do him good
For he swore and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the room
Where missus died ten years ago when Lammastide shall come ;
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down ;
Moreover the town-hall was burned at Steeple Dinton town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep ;
Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep ;

The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not since the Luddite days.
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house ablaze
Had sure not scared us half as much ; and out we ran like mad,
I, Tom, and Joe, the whipper-in, and th' little stable lad.

" He's kill'd hisself," that's the idea that came into my head ;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was dead ;
When all at once a door flew back, and he met us face to face ;
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the owd race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, crying like a child ;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce and wild ;
" Saddle me Lightning Bess, my man," that's what he said to me ;
" The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterby.

" Get out the hounds ; I'm well to-night, and young again and sound,
I'll have a run once more before they put me under ground ;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

" Brandy ! " he cried ; " a tumbler full, you women howling there,"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was old and weak ;
There was a spirit in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the hounds to humour him, and sounded on the horn ;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne ;
I buckled Lightning's throat-lash fast ; the squire was watching me ;
He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well could mount,
He drove the yard-gate open, man, and called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the hounds, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was gone ;

We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert side we heard the owd squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half-way down the vale ;
I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be passed,
For it was swollen with the rain ; but Lor' ! 'twas not to be ;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got her stride ;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side ;
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the squire fall stone dead from the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went out of sight ;
A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed our sight
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath ;
And that's the way I saw th' owd squire ride boldly to his death.

EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY

By Theodore Tilton

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet ring
'Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before the eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these are they :
" Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand ;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.

But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main ;
" What is wealth ? " the king would say :
" Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried : " Oh, loving friends of mine !
Pleasure comes, but not to stay ;
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent ;
Groaning from his tortured side,
" Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
" But with patience, day by day—
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, " What is fame ?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he, with his dying breath :
" Life is done, but what is death ? "
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
" Even this shall pass away."

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS

BY HÉLÈNE VACARESCO, TRANSLATED BY CARMEN SYLVA AND ALMA STRETTELL

The Luteplayer sang before my cottage door ;
I hearkened to his lay and said " Sing on ! "
But the Cobzar, he only knows one song.

THE little maid was fain to make herself
A necklace fine,
As silv'ry as the moonlight's silver glance,
Or as the river when the moonbeams shine.

And so she asked the river : " Speak, wilt thou
Give me thy waves that in the moonlight dance ? "
And then she went and asked the moon : " Wilt thou
Give me thy glance ? "

" Not so," the moon replied, " because the night
My glance doth need."
" Not so," the river answered her, " for I
Must keep my waters for the thirsty mead."

The little maid was fain to make herself
A necklace fine ;
Then said the sons of men : " Come, take our tears
To fashion this bright silver chain of thine."

Then each one gave her his most precious tears,
And glad were they
To deck the maiden's throat ; and all the tears
Thus whispered low together and did say :

" Whence art thou, sister, from what heart dost come ? "
Then each one told the grief that did befall
Her parent heart, and each one thought herself
Saddest of all.

So now the maiden had her necklace bright,
More silvery than yonder river's wave,
Or glance of moonlight, yet when she put on
That necklace brave,

The tears all told her whence they came, and grew
So heavy, that beneath the burden sore
The maiden died, and on her grave that chain
Weighs evermore.

The Luteplayer sang without my cottage door ;
I hearkened to his lay and said : " Sing on ! "
But the Cobzar, he knows one only song.

[*From " The Bard of the Dimbovitza." By Special Permission of Mrs Harrison and of the Publishers, Messrs Harper & Brothers.*]

"NO, THANK YOU, TOM"

By Frederick E. Weatherley

They met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came;
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the selfsame way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone;
And won't you take my heart?" he said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed, and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy;
She has the little peg-top still
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,
"I've never brought you fame;"
She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,
You've loved me all the same!"

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

PUNCHINELLO

By Frederick E. Weatherley

He was a Punchinello, sweet Columbine was she,
He loved the ground she danced on, she laughed his love to see,
And he laughed himself as gaily, dancing, joking every night:
"He's the maddest, merriest fellow!" cried the people with delight,
"Bravo! bravo! Punchinello!"

Bright was the day she married, and there among the rest
Came poor old Punchinello, still e'en the blithest guest,

But had they seen his tears at midnight, in garret near the sky,
" He's the maddest, quaintest fellow ! " they'd have thought, and still would cry :
" Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! "

One winter morn they told him sweet Columbine was dead,
He never joked so gaily as after that, the people said.
Never sang and laughed so madly, as he seemed to do each night.
" He's the wildest, brightest fellow ! " cried the people with delight.
" Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! "

But when the play was over, forth to her grave he crept,
Laid one white rose upon it, then sat him down and wept ;
But the people, had they seen him gaze up to the moonlit sky,
Still had thought he had been acting, and aloud had been their cry :
" He's the merriest, maddest fellow !
Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

NIGHT AND DEATH

By Joseph Blanco White (1775-1841)

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo ! creation widen'd in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st blind ?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

A LETTER FROM CAMP

By Walt Whitman

I

"Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete;
And come to the front door, mother—here's a letter from thy dear son."

II

Lo, 'tis autumn;
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind;
When apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the trellised vines;
Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?
Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds;
Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the farm prospers well.

III

Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields come, father—come at the daughter's call;
And come to the entry, mother—to the front door come, right away.

Fast as she can, she hurries—something ominous—her steps trembling;
She does not tarry to smooth her white hair, nor adjust her cap.

IV

Open the envelope quickly;
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed;
O a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches the main words only;
Sentences broken—"*gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better."

V

Ah, now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

VI

" Grieve not so, dear mother " (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs) ;
The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismayed ;
" See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better."

VII

Alas ! poor boy, he will never be better (nor maybe needs to be better, that brave and simple soul) ;
While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already ;
The only son is dead.
But the mother needs to be better ;
She, with thin form, presently dressed in black ;
By day her meals untouched—then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son !

THE SINGER IN THE PRISON

By Walt Whitman

O sight of pity, shame and dole !
O fearful thought—a convict soul !

Rang the refrain along the hall, the prison,
Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,
Pouring in floods of melody in tones so pensive sweet and strong the like whereof was never heard,
Reaching the far-off sentry and the armed guards, who ceas'd their pacing,
Making the hearers' pulses stop for ecstasy and awe.

The sun was low in the west one winter day,
When down a narrow aisle amid the thieves and outlaws of the land
(There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily counterfeiters,
Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls, the keepers round,
Plenteous, well-armed, watching with vigilant eyes),
Calmly a lady walk'd holding a little innocent child by either hand,
Whom seating on their stools beside her on the platform,
She, first preluding with the instrument a low and musical prelude,
In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn.

A soul confined by bars and bands
Cries, help ! O help ! and wrings her hands,
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.

Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
O heart-sick days ! O nights of woe !
Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
Nor favour comes, nor word of grace.

It was not I that sinn'd the sin,
The ruthless body dragg'd me in ;
Though long I strove courageously,
The body was too much for me.

Dear prison'd soul, bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace,
To set thee free and bear thee home,
The heavenly pardoner, death, shall come.

Convict no more, nor shame, nor dole !
Depart—a God-enfranchis'd soul !

The singer ceas'd ;
One glance swept from her clear calm eyes o'er all those upturn'd faces,
Strange sea of prison faces, a thousand varied, crafty, brutal, seam'd and beauteous faces,
Then rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them
While her gown touch'd them rustling in the silence,
She vanish'd with her children in the dusk.

While upon all, convicts and armed keepers ere they stirr'd,
(Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol),
A hush and pause fell down a wondrous minute,
With deep half-stifled sobs and sound of bad men bow'd and moved to weeping,
And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home,
The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy childhood,
The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence ;
A wondrous minute then—but after in the solitary night, to many, many there,
Years after, even in the hour of death, the sad refrain, the tune, the voice, the words,
Resumed, the large calm lady walks the narrow aisle,
The wailing melody again, the singer in the prison sings,

O sight of pity, shame and dole !
O fearful thought—a convict's soul !

BEAT ! BEAT ! DRUMS !

By Walt Whitman

I

Beat ! beat ! drums !—Blow ! bugles ! blow !
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a force of ruthless men,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation ;
Into the school where the scholar is studying :
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride ;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain ;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

II

Beat ! beat ! drums !—Blow ! bugles ! blow !
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets :
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses ? No sleepers must sleep in those beds ;
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—Would they continue ?

Would the talkers be talking ? would the singer attempt to sing ?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge ?
Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles wilder blow.

III

Beat ! beat ! drums !—Blow ! bugles ! blow !
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation ;
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer ;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man ;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties ;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

THE TWO ANGELS

By John Greenleaf Whittier

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above :
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

" Arise," He said, " my angels ! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

" My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

" Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain ! "

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their golden hair ;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long ; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There, Pity, shuddering, wept ; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

MARGUERITE

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760

By John Greenleaf Whittier

The robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew;
Little of human sorrow the birds and the robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay;
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day,

Through the dusty window, curtained by the spider's warp and woof,
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof.

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the tea-cups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread;
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time; she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the basin of Minas, and set over Gasperau;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood,
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang;
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang!

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat, smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face, so helpless, and feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and long abuse,
By care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother, who watched him sharply, with brow a-frown :
" What ! love you the Papist, the beggar, the charge of the town ? "

" Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes !

" O mother ! that sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst.
You saw but the town-charge ; I knew her God's angel at first."

Shaking her grey head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry ;
And awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ; but closer the young girl pressed,
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

" My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice cruel grown.
" She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim ; let her alone ! "

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was passing : " Marguerite, do you hear ? "

She paused on the threshold of Heaven ; love, pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to blossoms grew ;
Of the folded hands and the still face never the robins knew !

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

By John Greenleaf Whittier

Tritemius of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.
Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with grey hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, " For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save—
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis ! "—" What I can
I give," Tritemius said : " my prayers."—" O man
Of God ! " she cried, for grief had made her bold,
" Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice ;
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

" Woman ! " Tritemius answered, " from our door
None go unfed ; hence are we always poor,
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers ;—what can we give thee more ? "

" Give me," she said, " the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, " Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled !)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms ;
And as she vanished down the linden shade
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

THE BAREFOOT BOY

By John Greenleaf Whittier

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turn'd-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kiss'd by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollar'd ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learn'd of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of grey hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel play'd,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laugh'd the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talk'd with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimm'd pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, grey and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribb'd, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtain'd, fringed with gold
Loop'd in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.

I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Make to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

A PIN

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Oh, I know a certain lady who is reckoned with the good,
Yet she fills me with more terror than a raging lion would.
The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you and she sticks you in a way that can't be said.
If you seek for what has hurt you—why, you cannot find the head !

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain.
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain !
A pin is such a tiny thing, of that there is no doubt,
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh you're wretched till it's out.

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl,
She is always sure to tell her if her hair is out of curl ;
And she is so sympathetic to her friend who's much admired,
She is often heard remarking, " Dear, you look so worn and tired."

And she is an honest critic, for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said, " Oh, how becoming ! " and then gently added, " it
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Then she said, " If you had heard me yester eve, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I was a champion who knows how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it hadn't been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day.
And the hat that was imported (and which cost me half a sonnet),
With just one glance from her round eyes becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and pointed for a thrust ;
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust.
Oh ! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin !

MY SHIPS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well ! the harbour could not hold
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well ! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might frown:
For if the others all went down
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honours, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm! O winds blow free!
Blow all my ships safe home to me,
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all that skim the sea
But bring my love-ship home to me.

ONE OF US TWO

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb.
And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must sometime face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain.
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance,
Like dreams of summer dawns, in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters through salt tears,
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token,
That speaks of these love-crowned delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty.
O God! O God! have pity on that one.

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,
And followed her low and high,
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her head,
She was so shy—so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion;
Ah, he was a lover bold!
And his heart was afire with mad desire
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him,
Her hair was a shining sheen,
And oh, that Fate would annihilate
The space that lay between!

Just as the day lay panting
In the arms of the twilight dim,
The Sunbeam caught the one he sought
And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms, startled
And stirred by Love's first shock,
She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,
And hid in the niche of a rock.

And the Sunbeam followed and found her,
And led her to Love's own feast;
And they were wed on that rocky bed,
And the dying day was their priest.

And lo! the beautiful Opal—
That rare and wondrous gem—
Where the moon and sun blend into one,
Is the child that was born to them.

THE OLD STAGE QUEEN

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Back in the box by the curtains shaded,
She sits alone by the house unseen;
Her eye is dim, her cheek is faded,
She who was once the people's queen.

The curtain rolls up, and she sees before her,
A vision of beauty and youth and grace.
Ah! no wonder all hearts adore her,
Silver-throated and fair of face.

Out of her box she leans and listens;
Oh, is it with pleasure or with despair
That her thin cheek pales and her dim eye glistens,
While that fresh young voice sings the grand old air?

She is back again in the Past's bright splendour—
When life seemed worth living, and love a truth,
Ere Time had told her she must surrender
Her double dower of fame and youth.

It is she herself who stands there singing
To that sea of faces that shines and stirs;
And the cheers on cheers that go up ringing
And rousing the echoes—are hers—all hers.

Just for one moment the sweet delusion
Quickens her pulses and blurs her sight,
And wakes within her that wild confusion
Of joy that is anguish and fierce delight.

Then the curtain goes down and the lights are gleaming
Brightly o'er circle and box and stall.
She starts like a sleeper who wakes from dreaming—
Her past lies under a funeral pall.

Her day is dead and her star descended,
Never to rise or shine again;
Her reign is over—her Queenship ended—
A new name is sounded and sung by men.

All the glitter and glow and splendour,
All the glory of that lost day,
With the friends that seemed true, and the love that seemed tender,
Why, what is it all but a dead bouquet?

She rises to go. Has the night turned colder?
The new Queen answers to call and shout;
And the old Queen looks back over her shoulder,
Then all unnoticed she passes out.

WE ARE SEVEN

By William Wordsworth

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

" Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? "
" How many ? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

" And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, " Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

" Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

" You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
" Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

" You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

" So, in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

" And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you then," said I,
" If they two are in heaven ? "
The little maiden did reply,
" O master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven ! "
'Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, " Nay, we are seven ! "

A PERFECT WOMAN

By William Wordsworth

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;

A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death :
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

By William Butler Yeats

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
  Folk dance like a wave of the sea ;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
  My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin :
  They read in their books of prayer ;
I read in my book of songs
  I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate.

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance ;
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me
With " Here is the Fiddler of Dooney ! "
And dance like a wave of the sea.

[*By Special Permission of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr Elkin Mathews.*]

THE HOST OF THE AIR

By William Butler Yeats

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild ducks and the drake,
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night-tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine,
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards,
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air ;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men,
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards,
And out of his dream awoke :
Old men and young men and young girls
Were gone like a drifting smoke ;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

"Dr Joyce says: 'of all the different kinds of goblins . . . air demons were most dreaded by the people. They lived among clouds and mists and rocks and hated the human race with the utmost malignity.' They are said to steal brides just after their marriage, and sometimes in a blast of wind."

[*By Special Permission of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr Elkin Mathews.*]

HIGHWAYMAN'S HOLLOW

By Gilbert V. Yonge

" Where the cliff hangs hollow, where the gloom falls chill,
You hear a something, follow, follow, follow down the hill;
Where the horses sweat and lather and the dusk begins to gather
It is there that I will meet you and will greet you,
You, Sir Traveller."

" Where the leaves lie rotting and the night falls blind,
You hear a someone trotting, trotting, trotting down the wind,
And you listen all a-shiver to my ghostly ' Stand, deliver,'
Yes, although my bones have whitened, you are frightened
Yet, Sir Traveller."

" 'Twas a traveller who slew me where the dark firs frown,
'Twas his small sword through me and the blood dripped down.
Where the horses sweat and lather and the dusk begins to gather,
It is there I ride behind you to remind you,
You, Sir Traveller."

[*By kind Permission of the Author and the Editor of the " Saturday Westminster."*]

THE BIRKENHEAD

By Sir Henry Yule

Amid the loud ebriety of War,
With shouts of " la République " and " la Gloire ! "
The *Vengeur's* crew, 'twas said, with flying flag
And broadside blazing level with the wave
Went down erect, defiant, to their grave
Beneath the sea. 'Twas but a Frenchman's brag,
Yet Europe rang with it for many a year.
Now we recount no fable ; Europe, hear !
And when they tell thee " England is a fen
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer," tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay !

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,
But, roused from dreams of home to find their boat
Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they stood,
Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command.
Calm was the sea, but not less calm that band
Close ranged upon the poop, with bated breath
But flinching not though eye to eye with Death !
Heroes ! Who were these heroes ? Veterans steeled
To face the King of Terrors 'mid the scaith
Of many an hurricane and trenchèd field ?
Far other : weavers from the stocking-frame ;
Boys from the plough ; cornets with beardless chin,
But steeped in honour and in discipline !

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred name,
Long since divorced from Hope suggests but shame,
Disaster, and thy Captains held at bay
By naked hordes ; but as thou weepest, thank
Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
Aboard the *Birkenhead* in Simon's Bay !

SIR PATRICK SPENS

ANONYMOUS

The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
" Oh whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine ! "

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,—
" Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea."

Our King has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

" To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e.

" Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time of year,
To sail upon the sea ?

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.

" Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn ! "
" Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

" I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
And gurly grew the sea.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon !
But long or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see na mair !

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathom deep ;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

ANONYMOUS

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she ;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word cam' to the carline * wife,
That her three sons were gane.

* Old peasant-woman.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word cam' to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fish be in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.*

It neither grew in syke † nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh; ‡
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle round about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray:—
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' § worm doth chid;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes
She'll go mad ere it be day.

"Our mother has nae mair but us;
See where she leans asleep;
The mantle that was on herself
She has happed it round our feet."

* Birch. † Marsh. ‡ Trench. § Fretting.

O it's they have ta'en up their mother's mantle,
And they've hung it on a pin ;
" O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again !

" Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Fareweel to barn and byre ! *
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire ! "

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL

ANONYMOUS

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me

O thinkna ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt down, and spak' nae mair ?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair beyond compare !
I'll mak' a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee !

* Stable.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell lea,

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST

ANONYMOUS

VERY high in the pine-tree
The little Turtle-dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

" Coo," said the Turtle-dove,
" Coo," said she ;
" Oh, I love thee," said the Turtle-dove,
" And I love THEE."
In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
How happy were the Doves
In their little nursery !

The young Turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in the nest ;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.

" Coo," said the little Doves,
" Coo," said she.
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine-tree.

In this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the Turtle-dove's nest—
Do you love one another ?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be ?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs George Routledge & Sons, Limited.*]

MARIQUITA

By C. F. S.

Old Man Time, 'e's wrote 'is log up in the wrinkles on my brow,
An' there ain't that much about me as a gal 'ud take to now,
For I'm changed beyond all knowin' from the chap I used to be,
When I can remember Mariquita, as was mighty fond o' me.

I can shut my eyes an' see it just as plain as yesterday,
See the 'arbour an' the mountains an' the shippin' in the bay,
An' the town as looked like 'eaven to us shellbacks fresh from sea—
An' I can remember Mariquita, as thought a deal o' me.

I can 'ear the chimin' mule bells, an' a stave o' Spanish song,
An' the blessed old guitarros as kep' tinklin' all night long,
'Ear the dusty palm-trees stirrin', taste the *vino* flat an' sour—
An' I can remember Mariquita, an' 'er white skirts like a flower.

But it's years since last I seen 'er—if she died I never knew,
Or got old an' fat an' greasy, same as Dagoes mostly do ;
An' it's maybe better that way, for there's nothing else but change,
An' the ships I knew all goin', an' the ports I knew grown strange,
An' the chaps I knew all altered, like the chap I used to be—
But I can remember Mariquita, an' she's always young for me !

[*By kind Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*]

MY WATCH

ANONYMOUS

Mummy's got a little watch,
She wears it on her arm,
The only thing it seems to do
Is cause her great alarm ;
She springs up from her comfy chair
As if a bomb had dropped,
And says, " Oh, dear ! I shall be late ;
My little watch has stopped."

Daddy's got a 'normous watch,
But quite a useful one,
He lets us blow it open an'
It causes lots of fun ;
But when we gets excited
He says, " My sweethearts, pray
Be careful or you'll blow the watch
An' Daddy quite away."

Brother's got a watch as well,
It goes all right until
He biffs it with a cricket ball
And then it lies quite still.
He takes it to the jeweller,
Who says the mainspring's broke,
Then Daddy shouts, " Five bob again ;
This is beyond a joke."

But my watch is the best of all,
Once it was goldiest gold,
An' now it's shimmery silver ;
I 'spects it's getting old.
I blow it an' I blow it,
An' I say a little rhyme,
Whichever hour I want the most
It tells me is the time.

It's wonderfully convenient.
When Nurse says, " Time for bed,"
I blow my little fairy watch,
The hours fly round her head.
The little ghost of Dandelion
Whispers soft to me—
" It's *reely neely* bedtime, but
We'll tell *her* time for tea."

[*By kind Permission of the Proprietors of " Punch."*]

THE YELLOWHAMMER

ANONYMOUS

A GAY yellowhammer sat on the wild-rose,
And he swung
And he sung
And he whistled amain ;
Oh, pert, in the bright o' the sun, did he pose,
As gold as a guinea ; with ripples and flows,
And a glee
And a plea
And a debonair strain,
He asked for his breakfast again and again,
For his breakfast again and again.

He asked for some cheese and he asked for some bread,
And along
Tripped his song,
And he sang it no end ;
But he then ate a dull-looking beetle instead
Of the excellent victuals he'd hitherto said ;
Which it meant
A content
With the gods that befriend
(So I thought), with the gods and the goods that they send,
Whate'er be the goods that they send.

Or else he was poet ; they care not (one knows)
In the least
For a feast
When there's beauty to see,
Or *make*—like a song in the sunshine that flows
Through a morn full of music and sprigs of wild rose,
With a trill
And a thrill,
And a one, two and three,
And a fiddledee, fiddledee, fiddledeedee,
A debonair fiddledeedee.

[*By kind Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*]

THE PIXIE-PIPER

ANONYMOUS

THERE is a little piper who plays an elfin tune
In the sun-light and the moth-light and underneath the moon :
If you know *how* to listen you're sure to hear him soon.

By hedge and barn and woodland, in city, street or square,
You'll catch the pixie-piping, like star-dust in the air,
Of the little shy musician, so gay, so debonair.

He cares not how you seek him, in rags or tags or lace,
You may limp out a beggar or ride in royal grace,
He will not flute his fancy unless he likes your face.

He will not play for silver, he will not play for gold,
He will not play for maid or man whose heart is waxing cold,
But if you love to listen you'll never *quite* grow old.

[*By kind Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*]

A QUATE-SO STORY

ANONYMOUS

A YOUTH who wore canary spats,
The very latest thing in hats,
And on his cheeks two little mats
  Of whisker (fluff, at any rate),
Climbed languidly upon the train,
As if exhausted by the strain,
And when I said it looked like rain
  Responded "Quate!"

Disturbed by his reply, I said
Possibly it might snow instead;
He murmured "Quate!" and turned his head
  As if he found my accents grate;
At that I ceased to be polite
And asked him frankly, "Am I right
In thinking what you mean is 'Quite'?"
  He answered "Quate!"

I shouted, "Do you realise
Of all the asinine replies
Yours is the worst one could devise?
  And further I should like to state
You mispronounce the wretched word,
Making it ludicrous, absurd."
Again the awful thing occurred:
  He muttered "Quate!"

I rose in wrath ; I kicked and beat
The languid youth from head to feet
And stuffed him underneath the seat,
  And then, in tones made hoarse with hate,
I thundered, " Are you satisfied
That it was fully time you died ? "
Bloodless of face and filmy-eyed
  He whispered " Quate ! "

[*By kind Permission of the Proprietors of " Punch."*]

THREE GALLANT GENTLEMEN

ANONYMOUS

WHEN Nancy dropped her hand-bag down among the grass
She lost her little powder-puff and her looking-glass ;
She lost her comb and lip-salve and all the rouge as well,
And what to do without them poor Nancy couldn't tell.

She searched among the grasses, she dabbled in the dew,
Till the clouds skimmed to westward and the Sun shone through :
The summer days had taught him to sympathise enough
With sorrows of a maiden who's lost her powder-puff !

He was very chivalrous, and loved her, I suppose,
So started in a moment a-powdering her nose
With wee golden freckles, and it didn't finish there
For the Wind came caressing and curling of her hair.

He twisted it to ripples, and oh ! the dainty grace
Of all the little ringlets that he blew about her face.
The Rain brought a colour that no " Paris Bloom " could match.
(Already she'd a dimple to shame a beauty patch !)

So Nancy learned the secrets the courtly three could teach ;
And when they kissed and left her, she was pretty as a peach ;
Her skin was palely golden, her hair was copper flecked,
Oh ! never was a princess so prettily bedecked,

So royally assisted such beauty to attain
By three gallant gentlemen—the Sun, the Wind, the Rain—
So Nancy left her powder-puff somewhere upon a Down,
And Nancy went to London—the envy of the town !

[*By kind Permission of the Proprietors of " Punch."*]

TALE OF A STAMP

ANONYMOUS

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center ;
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked
Except once ;
By a gentleman, too ;
He put me on
To a good thing ;
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square.
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since ;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box ;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk ;
More's the pity.
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer ;
It left my face
Black and blue ;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days !
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
With the stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked ;
Say, she's a dream !
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin ;

Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully!
I would be stuck
On her—if I could
Well, she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you little godlets!
Her lips were ripe
As cherries.
And warm
As the summer sun.
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom;
We can hear
Her heart throb;
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say,
This is great!
I'm glad
I'm a stamp—
A two-center.

WHEN JIM DIED

ANONYMOUS

WHEN Jim died, all th' neighbours came from fur and near,
'Pears like to me they held him just as dear
As mother did an' me; fer they all came in to gaze
Once more on his calm, pale face, an' a sort o' haze
Seemed to settle on their eyes, fer I see th' tears
A-trickling down their cheeks—maybe th' fust fer years—
When Jim died.

When Jim died, th' birds stopped singin' in th' trees,
Fer they missed him, you know ; an' th' golden-belted bees
Flittin' o'er th' meadows whispered to th' clover
It would kiss his bare, brown feet no more ; an' th' plover
An' the kilde in th' rushes an' th' fen
Seemed ever to be callin' that he'd never come back again—
When Jim died.

Jim was a curious chap—not like other boys ;
He had his own way o' takin' life, with its joys
An' sorrows ; he loved birds an' flowers, an' I'll bet
He never much as trod on a timid violet
That peeped slyly thro' the grass. Like music of a flute
The birds sang to him, but their voices now are mute—
Since Jim died.

Since Jim died, 'pears like to me mother ain't so spry
As she used to be ; there's a sadness in her eye
An' voice that sort o' cuts me to th' heart ; for Jim
Had allus been her pet sence he was born ; she loved him
Better than the rest, he was her boy ; she don't complain,
Mother don't, but then she's never been th' same—
Since Jim died.

A KISS IN THE RAIN

ANONYMOUS

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town ;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her, as she tripped along,
Till madness filled my brain,
And then—and then—I knew 'twas wrong—
I kissed her in the rain.

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak,
My boldness to oppose ;
She strove in vain, and, quivering,
Her finger stole in mine ;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below ;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow ;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honours I disdain ;
She says I am her rain-beau since
I kissed her in the rain.

TROUBLE IN THE " AMEN CORNER "

ANONYMOUS

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town,
And the chorus—all the papers favourably commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.
Now in the " amen corner " of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir ;
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his heart as snow was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.
His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words
Of the hymns ; and 'twas no wonder ; he was old and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far behind.
The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago ;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day,
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pray,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine what to do.
They debated, thought, suggested, till at last " dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively " for disturbin' of the choir."

Said he : " In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style.
Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
Fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.
We've got the biggest organ, the best dressed choir in town
(We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown) ;
But if we must humour ignorance because it's blind and old—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course, the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door ;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.
They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair ;
He was singing " Rock of Ages " in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York : " We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation."
" And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge.
" And the choir, too ! " he echoed, with the graveness of a judge.
" It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus,
That *it* was to relieve us—that is, do the singing for us ;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.
We don't want any singing except that what we've bought !
The latest tunes are all the rage ; the old ones stand for naught ;
And so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer ?—
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurrytates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he *did* hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear ;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low.
" I've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty years ;
They've been my staff and comfort, and calmed life's many fears.
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong ;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.

I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet—
Yes, I wonder, when I try to sing the songs of God up higher,
If the angel band will church me for disturbing *heaven's* choir."

A silence filled the little room ; the old man bowed his head ;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead ;
Yes, dead ! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us,
And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

ME AN' JIM

ANONYMOUS

We were both brought up in a country town,
Was me an' Jim ;
An' the whole world somehow seemed to frown
On me an' him.
At school we never was given a chance
To larn that Africa wasn't in France ;
Patches we wore on the seats o' our pants,
Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty an' hale an' strong,
Did me an' Jim ;
We knowed ev'ry note in a thrush's song,
Did me an' him ;
An' we knowed whar the nightingales built their nests
When the spring tripped over the mountains' crests.
Why the robins all wore their scarlet vests,
Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most chaps do,
Did me an' Jim ;
We was arter the same gal, though, we two—
That's me an' him ;
An' she treated us just alike, did she,
Whether walkin', dancin', or drinkin' tea.
We was even up in the race, you see,
Was me an' Jim.

I asked her fust, an' she answered me " No."
Jim follered suit,
But she wouldn't have him, an' told him so.
Forbidden fruit

We called her then, an' I'm rather afraid
That we cussed a little. An' then we prayed
That she d live and she'd die a plain old maid,
Did me an' Jim.

Then the war broke out an' over the sea
Went me an' Jim.
We both on us fought fer the flag, d'you see?
Did me an' him.
An' we knew the screechin' o' shot an' shell,
The mud o' the trenches, an' the German yell,
And follered the flag through the battle's hell,
Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we stormed the Maubeuge Oaks
Death came to Jim;
An', forgive me, please, but I sorter chokes
Talkin' o' him.
Fer his rugged brown hand I held in mine
Till his soul passed out through the picket-line
Whar an angel waited the countersign
To git from Jim.

Then I fought on an' on till the war was done
Without poor Jim;
Was given a sword instead o' a gun,
And thought o' him.
An' I wore a star when I mustered out,
On my shoulder-straps, an' I faced about
Fer the startin' p'int o' my whole life's route,
But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place
I'd left wi' Jim;
She gave me a smile wi' a blushin' face
An' asked 'bout him.
So I told her how, as she sat 'longside,
Like a soldier brave he had fought an' died,
An' then—well, I kissed her because she cried—
Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June
Fer me an' Jim;
Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon,
We talked o' him.
An' arter a while, when a youngster came—
A boy—an' we looked for a proper name,
His memory comin' up fresh again,
We called him Jim.

LIGHT VERSE

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN

By Charles Follen Adams

I'm a proken-hearted Deutscher,
  Vot's villed mit crief und shame.
I dells you vot der drouple ish :
  I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh ?
  Ven you der schtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
  It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins ;
  Dey vas me und mine broder :
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
  No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys was " Yawcob,"
  Und " Hans " der oder's name :
But den it made no tifferent,
  Ve both got called der same.

Vell ; von of us got tead—
  Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so !
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
  Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples :
  I gan't kit droo mine hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing
  Or Yawcob vot is tead !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

DOT BABY OFF MINE

By Charles Follen Adams

Mine cracious ! Mine cracious ! shust look here and see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.

Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot ;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer ;
Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von of der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise ;
He shust has pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says " Mamma," und " Bapa," und somedimes " ah-goo ! "
You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas quite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor over, und drows dings aboudt,
Und puts efryding he can find in his mout ;
He dumbles der shtairs down, and falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare.
Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell ;
To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes.
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den ;
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt vront inshted of a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell ! vell ! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

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YAW, DOT IS SO!

By Charles Follen Adams

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
" Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show! "
I shmokes mine pipe,
I trinks mine beer,
Und efry day to vork I go;
" Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show ";
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
I don't got mooch down here below.
I eadt und trink,
I vork and sleep,
Und find out, as I oldter grow,
I haf a hardter row to hoe;
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
Dis vorldt don't gife me half a show!
Somedings to vear,
Some food to eadt;
Vot else? Shust vait a minute, dough;
Katrina, und der poys! oho!
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
Dis vorldt don't been a fleeting show,
I haf mine frau,
I haf mine poys
To sheer me, daily, as I go;
Dot's pest as anydings I know;
Yaw, dot is so!

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MINE VAMILY

By Charles Follen Adams

Dimbled scheeks, mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full off glee,
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas peen blaying horse, you see—
Dot's leedle Yawcob.

Von hundord-seexty in der shade,
Der oder day vhen she vas veighed—
She beats me soon, I vas avraid—
Dot's mine Katrina.

Barefooted head, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his beer und sauer-kraut—
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full off fun,
Von leedle prite-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork vas done—
Dot's mine vamily.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

YAWCOB STRAUSS

By Charles Follen Adams

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee ;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts of der house ;
But vot off dat ? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt ;
He sbills mine glass of lager beer,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot vas der roughest chouse ;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine gracious, dot vos drue !

I dinks mine hed was schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse :
But never mind ; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese :
Who baints mine nose so red ?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed ?
Und vhere der blaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;
But ven he vash asleep in ped,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, " Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

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THE FIRST IDEALIST

By Grant Allen

A JELLY-FISH swam in a tropical sea,
And he said, " This world it consists of me :
There's nothing above and nothing below,
That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
(Since we've got no sight, or hearing, or smell,)
Beyond what one single sense can tell,
Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
Is the fact of my feelings, viewed as such
But to think they have any external cause
Is an inference clean against logical laws.
Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
There are other jellyfish under the sun,
Is a pure assumption that can't be back'd
By a jot of proof or a single fact.
In short, with Hume, I very much doubt
If there's anything else at all without.

So I come at last to the plain conclusion,
When the subject is fairly set free from confusion,
That the Universe simply centres in me,
And if *I* were not, then nothing would be."
That minute, a shark, who was strolling by,
Just gulped him down in the wink of an eye,
And he died, with a few convulsive twists,
But, somehow, the Universe still exists.

TITTLE-TATTLE

By Mark Ambient

I

Sweet Mistress Ann
Asked Lady Fan
To drink a dish of tea,
And Lady Fan
Wrote, " Dearest Ann,
Delighted I shall be,
For I've just heard—
But not a word,
Lest some this note should see,
It's quite, quite true
And I'll tell it to you
When I come round to tea."
And so they met
A cosy set,
Beneath the apple tree,
One afternoon
In laughing June,
To drink a dish of tea.
Just Lady Fan
And Mistress Ann,
With her fair sisters three,
Blue-eyed Elaine
And Clara Jane,
And *little Charitee !*

O ladies, ye are kittle-cattle :
Don't ye love your tittle-tattle
Round a dish of tea !
Tho' ye're shod in dainty sandals,
Ye are Goths and ye are Vandals
When ye brew your home-made scandals
Round a dish of tea !

II

" Now, dearest Fan,
Do tell," said Ann,
" Your tale of He and She."
" We die to hear,"
Said Clara dear ;
But *dumb* was Charitee !
" A bird has flown
But not alone—
A bird of high degree ! "
" Do tell her name ! "
" No, no, for shame !
A secret that must be."
" You might just spell ! "
" Oh, very well ;
'Tis M-A-D-G-E."
" What ! Madge Carew ? "
" 'Tis but too true :
She's now across the sea."
" Whose laugh was that ? "
Hearts go pit-pat !
Down drop five cups of tea !
" Dear Madge, how mean !
You've listening been
Behind the apple tree ! "

O ladies, ye are kittle-cattle :
Don't ye love your tittle-tattle
Round a dish of tea !
Tho' ye're shod in dainty sandals,
Ye are Goths and ye are Vandals
When ye brew your home-made scandals
Round a dish of tea !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

WHAT MAY SAID TO DECEMBER

By Mark Ambient

I

Old December in his dotage
Tottered down the hill one day,
Stopped at Widow Worldly's cottage—
Stopped to talk to little May.

May was busy in the dairy,
Old December said, " Good-day,"
Thought she looked just like a fairy,
Told her not to run away.
" Prithee, dear, do you remember
What I said last Christmas Day ? "
But May laughed at old December,
Said she'd taken it in play :
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
Said she'd taken it in play,
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
Laughed the merry little May.

II

" Nay, I meant each word I uttered
That day 'neath the mistletoe."
" Do you like your parsnips buttered ? "
Little May asked, laughing low.
" Child, I wish that for one moment
You would try to serious be,
For I've spoken to your mother
And she tells me you are free,
But, my dear, you have *one* lover—"
(Here he dropped on gouty knee,
Nearly knocked the milk-pail over !)
" Do not laugh, dear—I am he ! "
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
" Do not laugh, dear—I am he."
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
" Are you really— He ! *He ! He !* "

III

" Of my wealth you'll be partaker,
I can't spend it all myself,
Gold have I, and many an acre—"
" Please, sir, put this on the shelf."
" Child, my wishes are your mother's,
She has told me so herself,
She prefers me to all others,
Think of *her*, you thoughtless elf."
" That I will," said May, " for really
I don't care for lands or pelf,
And as mother loves you dearly
She may marry you herself."

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! He !
" She may marry you herself,"
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
Laughed the merry little elf.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

By Richard Harris Barham

(*Ingoldsby Legends*)

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company ;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims.

In and out
Through the motley rout,
The little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all
With saucy air,
He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
" We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, " The devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custard, had all disappear'd,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls !
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through !
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne ;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat marked in " permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise ;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
And the monks have their pockets all turned inside out ;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view :
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs :

But, no !—no such thing ;—
They can't find THE RING !
And the Abbot declared that, " when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it ! "

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed the rascally thief !
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying.

. . . .

Never was heard such a terrible curse !
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !
The day was gone,
The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn,
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
No longer gay,
As on yesterday ;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, " THAT'S HIM !—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring ! "
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the Monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
" Pray, be so good as to walk this way ! "
Slower and slower
He limp'd on before,

Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
When the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took ;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek and fat ;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !
His tail waggled more
Than ever before ;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about
With a gait devout ;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great " Caw ! "
As much as to say, " Don't do so any more ! "
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they " never had known such a pious Jackdaw ! "
He long lived the pride
Of that country-side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow

LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE

By Richard Harris Barham

(*Ingoldsby Legends*)

The Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
With a troubled brow and a bended neck ;
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast ;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
" Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint ! "

The Captain again the letter hath read
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—
Still, since the good ship sail'd away,
He reads that letter three times a-day ;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
As a Skipper may read, in his degree,
And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,
As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat :
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
" Curse the old woman—she bothers me so ! "

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
" On the larboard quarter a sail ! a sail ! "
That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.
" The breeze is blowing—huzza ! huzza !
The breeze is blowing—away ! away !
The breeze is blowing—a race ! a race !
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase !
Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
Oh, where will be then young Hamilton Tighe ? "

" On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
With a sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
Cockswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe ! "
Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a gingerbread-nut and a Jew,
And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade ;
He stands by the breech of a long carronade.
The linstock glows in his bony hand,
Waiting that grim old Skipper's command.

" The bullets are flying—huzza !—huzza !
The bullets are flying—away !—away ! "—
The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
And are over their buckles in blood and in brains :
On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
Young Hamilton Tighe
Waves his cutlass high,
And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.
Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper's command :—
A wink comes sly
From that sinister eye—
Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe !

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her pages and handmaidens come at her call :
" Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee ! "
The maidens smile, and, her thought to destroy,
They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy ;
And the mealy-faced boy says, " Mother, dear,
Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a-year ! "

The lady has donn'd her mantle and hood,
She is bound for shrift at St Mary's Rood :—
" Oh ! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe."
Her coach and four
Draws up to the door,
With her grooms, and her footmen, and half-a-score more ;
The lady steps into her coach alone,
They hear her sigh, and they hear her groan,
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her that never stept in !

All the way there, and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick :
And the grooms and the footmen wonder, and say,
" What makes the old coach so heavy to-day ? "
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees !

'Tis ever the same,—in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That lady mutters, and talks to the air,
And her eye is fix'd on an empty chair ;
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
" She talks to a man with never a head ! "

. . . . .

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath ;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
The old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown !
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps :
While close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out of the door ;
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
And musty phials, and fusty rags,
And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man !

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pig-tail is wither'd and gone ;
And he cries, " Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap ! "
And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
" What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick ! "

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can ;
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe !

BRIC-A-BRAC

By Eva Best

The tramp went up to the cottage door
To beg for a couple of pence or more.

The cottage door was open wide,
So he took a cautious look inside.

Then over his features there spread a grin,
As he saw a lovely maid within.

A lovely maid within the gloom
Of the shadiest part of a shady room.

Into the door the tramper went ;
Over a dog the maiden bent.

His eyes were set and full of fire,
And he viewed the tramp with evident ire.

" Run for your life ! " the maiden cried ;
" I clean forgot to have him tied !

" Run for your life through yonder door—
I cannot hold him a minute more ! "

Without a word he turned his face
And leaped the fence with a careless grace.

Then lightly along the road he ran—
A very-much-put-out young man.

The maiden loosed her bull-dog's neck,
And gazed at the tramp—a vanishing speck.

And peal after peal of laughter rent
The air with the maiden's merriment.

The dog was of terra-cotta ware—
She won him that week at a lottery fair.

———

THE CHAPERON

By Henry Cuyler Bunner

I take my chaperon to the play—
She thinks she's taking me,
And the gilded youth who owns the box,
A proud young man is he;
But how would his young heart be hurt
If he could only know
That not for his sweet sake I go
Nor yet to see the trifling show;
But to see my chaperon flirt.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair
They sparkle young as mine;
There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand
So delicate and fine.
And when my chaperon is seen,
They come from everywhere—
The dear old boys with silvery hair,
With old-time grace and old-time air,
To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here
Will never learn to bow
(The dancing-masters do not teach
That gracious reverence now);
With voices quavering just a bit,
They play their old parts through,
They talk of folk who used to woo,
Of hearts that broke in 'eighty-two—
Now none the worse for it.

And as those aged crickets chirp
I watch my chaperon's face,
And see the dear old features take
A new and tender grace;
And in her happy eyes I see
Her youth awakening bright,
With all its hope, desire, delight—
Ah, me! I wish that I were quite
As young—as young as she!

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS

By Sir F. C. Burnand

I'd been away from her three years—about that—
And I returned to find my Mary true;
And when I questioned her, I did not doubt that
It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting—
"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
"Oh, yes," she said, just pausing in her knitting,
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for these three years past I'll tell you what
I've done: then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot;
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new;
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"The next—oh! let me see—'twas Frankie Phipps,
I met him at my uncle's—Christmas-tide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss"—and here she sighed;
"We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmote—only twenty-one—
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun!
And often was his arm around my waist—
That was to lift me up and down. But who
Would count that as unfaithfulness? Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
We met—'twas at a picnic. Oh, such weather!
He gave me—look, the first of these two rings,
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"I've yet another ring from him. D'ye see
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "Oh, Mary! Can it be
That you——" "Well, yes—that I am Mrs Vere—
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?"
"No," I replied, "for I am married, too."

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE KNIFE-GRINDER

By George Canning

Friend of Humanity

" Needy Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches !

" Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day ' Knives and
Scissors to grind O ! '

" Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives ?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?
Or the attorney ?

" Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit ?

" (Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knife-grinder

" Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

" Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

" I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity

" *I* give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast ! "

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

GEMINI AND VIRGO

By C. S. Calverley

Some vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child ;
A young bud bursting into blossom
Artless, as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum :

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter :
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a " limb " ;
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers :

And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;

And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion ;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities : and therefore
He fraternised by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for :

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together ;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather :

And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars ;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do ;
We'd never heard of Mrs Grundy ;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday ;

And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many :

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came.
Real love, at that time, was the fashion ;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

Old Poser snorted like a horse :
His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse :—
But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing, gushing thing ;
All—more than all—my fancy painted ;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue :
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two ;
And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do ;
(None ever did that I've heard tell of ;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of :

Oh, sweet—as to the toilworn man
The far-off sound of rippling river ;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was Anna ; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers ;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit ;
I'd written lines to her as Venus ;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us :

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand ;
There was no doubt about the matter ;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we " planted " blows on blows :
We fought as long as we were able :
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,

When the school-bell cut short our strife.
Miss P. gave both of us a plaister ;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

. . . . .

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
Only one must not love Another's ;
But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
Peace only : that the blood is brisker
In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
Are partially obscured by whisker ;

Or that the growing ages steal
The memories of past wrongs from us.
But this is certain—that I feel
Most friendly unto thee, oh, Thomas !

And wheresoe'er we meet again,
On this or that side the equator,
If I've not turned teetotaller then,
And have wherewith to pay the waiter,

To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
Ignite with thee the mild Havannah ;
And we will waft, while liquoring up,
Forgiveness to the heartless Anna.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs George Bell & Sons.*]

SHELTER

By C. S. Calverley

By the wide lake's margin I mark'd her lie—
The wide, weird lake where the alders sigh—
A young fair thing, with a shy, soft eye ;
And I deem'd that her thoughts had flown
To her home, and her brethren and sisters dear,
As she lay there watching the dark, deep mere,
All motionless, all alone.

Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,
And a boisterous troop drew nigh.
Whither now will retreat those fairy feet ?
Where hide till the storm pass by ?
One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
She cast behind her ; she gave one spring ;
And there follow'd a splash and a broadening ring
On the lake where the alders sigh.

She had gone from the ken of ungentle men !
Yet scarce did I mourn for that ;
For I knew she was safe in her own home then,
And, the danger past, would appear again,
For she was a water-rat.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs George Bell & Sons.*]

WAITING

By C. S. Calverley

" O come, O come," the mother pray'd
And hush'd her babe : " let me behold
Once more thy stately form array'd
Like autumn woods in green and gold.

" I see thy brethren come and go ;
Thy peers in stature, and in hue
Thy rivals. Some like monarchs glow
With richest purple : some are blue

" As skies that tempt the swallow back ;
Or red as, seen o'er wintry seas,
The star of storm ; or barr'd with black
And yellow, like the April bees.

" Come they and go ! I heed not, I—
Yet others hail their advent, cling
All trustful to their side, and fly
Safe in their gentle piloting

" To happy homes on heath or hill,
By park or river. Still I wait
And peer into the darkness : still
Thou com'st not—I am desolate.

" Hush ! hark ! I see a towering form !
From the dim distance slowly roll'd
It rocks like lilies in a storm,
And O, its hues are green and gold :

" It comes, it comes ! Ah, rest is sweet,
And there is rest, my babe, for us ! "
She ceased, as at her very feet
Stopp'd the St John's Wood omnibus.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs George Bell & Sons.*]

THE SYCOPHANTIC FOX AND THE GULLIBLE RAVEN

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

A raven sat upon a tree,
And not a word he spoke, for

His beak contained a piece of Brie,
Or, maybe, it was Roquefort :
We'll make it any kind you please—
At all events, it was a cheese.

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb
A hungry fox sat smiling ;
He saw the raven watching him
And spoke in words beguiling :
"*J'admire*," said he, "*ton beau plumage*."
(The which was simply persiflage.)

Two things there are, no doubt you know,
To which a fox is used,—
A rooster that is bound to crow,
A crow that's bound to roost,
And whichsoever he espies
He tells the most unblushing lies.

"Sweet fowl," he said, "I understand
You're more than merely natty :
I hear you sing to beat the band
And Adelina Patti.
Pray render with your liquid tongue
A bit from 'Götterdämmerung.'"

This subtle speech was aimed to please
The crow, and it succeeded :
He thought no bird in all the trees
Could sing as well as he did.
In flattery completely doused,
He gave the "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

But gravitation's law, of course,
As Isaac Newton showed it,
Exerted on the cheese its force,
And elsewhere soon bestowed it.
In fact, there is no need to tell
What happened when to earth it fell.

I blush to add that when the bird
Took in the situation
He said one brief, emphatic word,
Unfit for publication.
The fox was greatly startled, but
He only sighed and answered "Tut!"

THE MORAL is : A fox is bound
To be a shameless sinner.
And also : When the cheese comes round
You know it's after dinner.
But (what is only known to few)
The fox is after dinner, too.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Harper & Brothers.*]

TWO THUMPERS

BY ALIPH CHEEM

IN the Dashty-second Crashers was a Major Corker, who
Was remarkable for stories, which were very seldom true.
There was also in the regiment a Captain, Goak by name,
A rival of the Major's, for his talents were the same.

When Corker told a cracker which made everybody stare,
The Captain told a buster which erected all your hair ;
And the Major waxing furious at being thus outdone,
Came down on his opponent with a truly fearful one !

One evening at the Crasher mess, a goodly party met,
And the statements these romancers made I never shall forget ;
They'd respectively resolved for once and ever to decide
Who told the taller tales, who more astonishingly lied.

And rooted to their chairs remained a dozen men or so,
With their big cheroots and coffee, with their sherry and Bordeaux,
While spicy stories circled not unmixed with scandal choice,
And loud above the others sounded Major Corker's voice.

He'd an anecdote astounding *à propos* of every thing,
His fancy soared to dizzy heights when once upon the wing,
And when they got to " tiger " he was game to make a bet ;
A certain tiger feat of his had ne'er been equalled yet.

" Perhaps you may have heard," he said, " the human eye hath power
To make the brute creation quail, the fiercest beast to cower ;
Well, I've—you may have noticed it—a most commanding eye,
And I resolved, for science' sake, its influence to try.

" Last year, not far from Jaulnah, I was following up a cheetah,
When I came upon a tiger, a notorious man-eater ;

He was munching at the thigh bone of a half-digested nigger—
I raised my gun to pot him, and my hand was on the trigger,

" When I haply recollected that the human eye to test
On a tiger at his lunch would be a thing of interest :
I laid my Purdy down, to my servant's great surprise,
And crossed my arms and calmly stared the tiger in the eyes.

" The monster rose and licked his chops, and flicked his mangy tail,
And growled a growl which seemed to say, ' You're dead, sir, as a nail,'
Then crouched to spring, but didn't spring—and shall I tell you why ?—
My stern mesmeric glance had told—I'd caught his wicked eye.

" He blinked and winked, and strove to shirk my steady, stony stare,
But still I gazed, and still he crouched with disconcerted air ;
At last he turned, unable to endure my aspect more,
And vanished in the jungle with a half-attempted roar.

" Another day I met this tiger on an open plain—
He knew me in a moment, and I fixed his eye again,
My stern reproachful look it was again too much for him,
And, like a felon caught i' the act, he shook in every limb.

" A little while he strove to bear the horror of my face,
Then stuck his tail between his legs and fled at headlong pace.
Not far there stood a cavern wild, fit home for jungle elf,
I saw him reach that cavern wild, and there he hid himself.

" I followed and I peered within : beyond the reach of day,
Upon a rock, all foul with human gore, the tiger lay ;
Before the cavern's yawning mouth I gravely sat me down,
Resolved to starve the monster out, as Germans do a town.

" For ten long days and weary nights I sat before that den,
At dawn upon the eleventh morn, I shouted to my men.
They came. With lighted torch we stood inside the cave of death,
And there we saw the grim man-eater draw his final breath ! "

He ceased, and then there came a pause, and Corker looked about,
As if to ask if any there were bold enough to doubt.
Said Goak, " I've done that sort of thing with an elephant instead ;
But now I'll spin a yarn of the sea." And this is what he said :

" I was coming out to India, round the Cape, three years ago,
In the clipper ship *Miranda*, owned by Messrs Green & Co. ;
We'd been driven to the southward by a series of gales,
And were fairly in the latitude of icebergs and of whales.

" One morn the sun was rising gloomy from his ocean bed,
When I heard a noise above me and a cry of ' Boat ahead ! '
I seized my big binoculars and hurried up on deck,
And far ahead upon the wave I saw a tiny speck.

" We drove before a mighty wind, and soon we made out well
The outline of the tiny speck, as it nearer rose and fell ;
A minute more, the speck and we were almost side by side,
'Twas nothing but a hen-coop, with a bearded man astride.

" A solar hat was on his head, and in his hand an oar,
A life-belt round his waist this lonely navigator wore ;
Of waterproof he also had a tightly-fitting suit,
And in his mouth he seemed to suck a half-consumed cheroot.

" Our Captain grasped his speaking-trumpet, hove his vessel to,
And bellowed from the shrouds, ' Hi !—what the blazes !—who
are you ?
Some shipwrecked seaman, I suppose, so come aboard my ship ! '
The stranger bawled, ' Thanks, very much, but that is not my tip ! '

" ' No luckless shipwrecked mariner do you behold in me,
But just a man of roving tastes and bent upon a spree :
I left Bombay a month ago—I'm bound for Liverpool—
I'm right as ninepence, only find the nights a little cool.

" ' Just cast your eye,' the stranger said, ' my little bark within,
I've got, you see, inside the coop a largish case of tin :
For lack of food and liquor I shall never come to grief,
It's full, the case, of Mr Liebig's concentrated beef !

" ' I'm truly grateful, Captain, but I have no pressing needs,
The only thing I want is some Vesuvians for my weeds.'
A box was thrown, the stranger lit his half-consumed cigar,
And in our wake we watched him dwindling to a speck afar.

" I subsequently heard that, spite of nights a little cool,
This stranger safely worked his hen-coop up to Liverpool ;
And when he tells the story of his wild sea-faring whim,
He shows the empty match-box which the Captain gave to him."

Now, Captain Goak, *he* looked around with triumph in his eye,
He thought " 'Twill take the Major all he knows to top *that* lie."
And all the hearers looked at Corker, thinking much the same,
But Corker coolly said, " My friends, I know that stranger's name ;

" And all that Goak has said to-night corroborate I can ;
I know it, and I ought to know, because I was the man !
'Twas I who on the hen-coop rode to Liverpool by sea,
And here's the empty match-box which the Captain gave to me."

[*By Special Permission of Messrs W. Thacker & Co.*]

THE KITCHEN CLOCK

By John Vance Cheney

Knitting is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy :
" Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned ;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cosy, Billy :
" Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying ;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy !
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick !
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly ;
" Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses ;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,

Right—left, left—right,
That's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
O, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—O, O—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Harper & Brothers.*]

THE DOMESTIC DOLORES

By Cotsford Dick

Don't we know our domestic Dolores,
Is she not always with us, poor dear,
With her patient and pitiful stories
Of a candidly cashless career?
When, in quest of some weird occupation,
Our aid and advice she convenes,
Then she's somewhat a trying relation,
The lady of limited means.

She would offer her *maisonnette*, " charming
In homelike refinement," to share,
At a figure not very alarming
With a youthful and newly-wed pair.
Take out to dance, dinner, or supper
Some Baltimore belle in her 'teens,
Who should move in the circles called " upper "
With the lady of limited means.

Sub rosâ she'll traffic in bonnets,
In bric-à-brac, cigarettes, cats,
Or supply with acrostics and sonnets
The " weeklies,"—or decorate flats.
She will e'en undertake " interviewing,"
But *gare* how your secrets she gleans,
Or the eloquent pen you'll be rueing
Of the lady of limited means.

O head that oft aches with contriving
However both ends are to meet,
O hands that are weary of striving
To keep life's poor livery neat,
With the cares of this world overladen,
To you all our sympathy leans—
Here's luck, be she matron or maiden,
To the lady of limited means !

[*By Special Permission of the Trustee to Mr George Redway.*]

THE GROOM'S STORY

By Sir A. Conan Doyle

Ten mile in twenty minutes ! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The big bay 'orse in the further stall—the one wot's next to you.
I've seen some better 'orses ; I've seldom seen a wuss,
But 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part :
We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'eart ;
For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride ;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do,
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.
'E looked a puffeck pictur', and a pictur' 'e would stay,
'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.

And yet we knew 'twas in 'im ; we knew as 'e could fly ;
But what we couldn't git at was 'ow to make 'im try.
We'd almost turned the job up, when all at once one day
We got the last yard out of 'im in a most amazin' way.

It was all along o' master ; which master 'as the name
Of a reg'lar true blue sportsman, an' always acts the same ;
But we all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad one,
An' 'e went and bought a motor-car when motor-cars begun.

I seed it in the stable-yard—it fairly turned me sick—
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom,
It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,
Which the same should be agin' the law if I could 'ave my way.

Well, master took 'is motor-car, an' moted 'ere an' there,
A-frightenin' the 'orses an' a-poisonin' the air,
'E wore a bloomin' yachtin' cap, but Lor' ! wot *did* 'e know,
Excep' that if you turn a screw the thing would stop or go ?

An' then one day it wouldn't go. 'E screwed and screwed again,
But somethin' jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the mud of a country lane.
It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but what was 'e to do ?
So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im ; an' when we reached the car,
We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of the bar,
And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each side,
While 'e 'eld 'is head so 'aughtily, an' looked most dignified.

Not bad-tempered, mind you, but kind of pained and vexed,
And 'e seemed to say, " Well, bli' me ! wot *will* they ask me next ?
I've put up with some liberties, but this caps all by far,
To be assistant engine to a crocky motor-car ! "

Well, master 'e was in the car, a-fiddlin' with the gear,
And the 'orse was meditatin', an' I was standin' near,

When master 'e touched somethin'—what it was we'll never know—
But it sort o' spurred the boiler up and made the engine go.

" 'Old 'ard, old gal ! " says master, and " Gently then ! " says I,
But an engine won't 'eed coaxin' an' it ain't no use to try ;
So first 'e pulled a lever, an' then 'e turned a screw,
But the thing kept crawlin' forrard spite of all that 'e could do.

And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went also slow,
But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go ;
For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along,
And in less than 'alf a minute, sir, that 'orse was going strong.

At first 'e walked quite dignified, an' then 'e 'ad to trot,
And then 'e tried a canter when the pace became too 'ot.
'E looked 'is very 'aughtiest, as if 'e didn't mind,
And all the time the motor-car was pushin' 'im be'ind.

Now, master lost 'is 'ead when 'e found 'e couldn't stop,
And 'e pulled a valve or somethin' an' somethin' else went pop,
An' somethin' else went fizzywiz, and in a flash, or less,
That blessed car was goin' like a limited express.

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road all right,
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt ! it was a sight.
'E seemed the finest draught 'orse that ever lived by far,
For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im that pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew ;
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do ;
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked him on a'ead,
Till he broke the ten-mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes ! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.
Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,
But 'e broke the ten-mile record, and that's good enough for us.

You see that 'orse's tail, sir ? You don't ! No more do we,
Which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to see ;
That engine wore it off 'im before master made it stop,
And all the road was littered like a bloomin' barber's shop.

And master ? Well, it cured 'im. 'E altered from that day,
And come back to 'is 'orses in the good old-fashioned way.
And if you wants to git the sack, the quickest way by far
Is to 'int as 'ow you think he ought to keep a motor-car.

[*By Special Permission of the Author*]

THE DUEL

By Eugene Field

I

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat.
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spate.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

II

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico.
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

III

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

IV

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away.

But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this : they ate each other up.
Now what do you really think of that ?
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
(And that is how I came to know.)

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH

By Eugene Field

I'd like to be a cowboy an' ride a fiery hoss
Way out into the big and boundless West ;
I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across,
An' I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from his nest !
With my pistols at my side
I would roam the prarers wide,
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—
If I darst ; but I darsen't !

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,
An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw !
I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw !
I'd chase the pizen snakes
And the 'pottimus that makes
His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
If I darst ; but I darsen't !

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,
With a big black flag a-flyin' overhead ;
I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut crew,
An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red !
With my cutlass in my hand
On the quarterdeck I'd stand
And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
If I darst ; but I darsen't !

And, if I darst, I'd lick my pa for the times that he's licked me,
I'd lick my brother an' my teacher, too ;
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through !
You bet ! I'd run away
From my lessons to my play,
An' I'd shoo the hens, an' tease the cat, an' kiss the girls all day—
If I darst ; but I darsen't !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE OWL CRITIC

By James T. Fields

" Who stuffed that white Owl ? " No one spoke in the shop :
The Barber was busy, and he couldn't stop ;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question.
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion ;
And the Barber kept on shaving.

" Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
" How wrong the whole thing is—
How preposterous each wing is—
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole Owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis !
I make no apology—
I've learned owl-eology—
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town ! "
And the Barber kept on shaving.

" I've *studied* Owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true :
An Owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed ;
No Owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An Owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so !

I've made the white Owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd !
To *look* at that Owl really brings on a dizziness ;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business ! "
And the Barber kept on shaving.

" Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass ;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down ;
Have him stuffed again, Brown ! "
And the Barber kept on shaving.

" With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An Owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an Owl
Than that horrid fowl—
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The Owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding Critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say,
" Your learning's at fault this time, any way ;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an Owl ; you're another, Sir Critic. Good-day ! "
And the Barber kept on shaving.

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——

JUPITER AND TEN

JAMES T. FIELDS

MRS CHUB was rich and portly,
Mrs Chub was very grand,
Mrs Chub was always reckoned
A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion
In a very stately square—
Mr C. knows what it cost him,
But that's neither here nor there.

Mrs Chub was so sagacious,
Such a patron of the arts ;
And she gave such foreign orders
That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs Chub was always talking,
When she went away from home,
Of a most prodigious painting
Which had just arrived from Rome.

" Such a treasure," she insisted,
" One might never see again ! "
" What's the subject ? " we inquired.
" It is ' Jupiter and Ten ' ! "

" Ten what ? " we blandly asked her,
For the knowledge we did lack.
" Ah ! that I cannot tell you,
But the name is on the back.

" There it stands in printed letters.
Come to-morrow, gentlemen,
Come and see our splendid painting,
Our fine ' Jupiter and Ten.' "

When Mrs Chub departed
Our brains we all did rack ;
She could not be mistaken,
For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great professor
To lay aside his pen,
And give some information
Touching " Jupiter and Ten."

And we pondered well the subject,
And our Lemprière we turned,
To discover what the Ten were;
But we could not, though we burned.

But when we saw the picture,—
Oh, Mrs Chub! oh, fie! oh!
We perused the printed label,
And 'twas "Jupiter and Io"!

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HE WANTED TO KNOW

By Sam W. Foss

He wanted to know how God made the worl'
Out er nothin' at all;
W'y he didn' make it square, like a block or a brick,
Stid er roun', like a ball;
How it managed to stay held up in the air,
An' w'y it didn't fall;
All sich kin' er things, above an' below,
He wanted to know.

He wanted to know who Cain had for a wife,
An' if the two fit;
Who hit Billy Paterson over the head,
If he ever got hit;
An' where Moses wuz w'en the candle went out,
An' if others were lit;
If he couldn' find these out, w'y his cake wuz all dough,
An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know 'bout original sin,
An' about Adam's fall;
If the snake hopped aroun' on the end of his tail
Before doomed to crawl,
An' w'at would hev happened if Adam hedn' et
The ol' apple at all;
These ere kin' er things seemed ter fill him 'ith woe,
An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know w'y some folks wuz good
An' some folks wuz mean;
W'y some folks wuz meddlin', an' some folks wuz fat,
An' some folks wuz lean.

An' some folks wuz very learned an' wise,
An' some folks dern green ;
All these kin' er things they troubled him so
That he wanted to know.

An' so he fired conundrums aroun',
For he wanted to know ;
An' his nice crop er taters did rot in the groun',
An' his cabbage wouldn't grow ;
For it took so much time to ask questions like these,
He'd no time to hoe ;
He wanted to know if these things were so,
Course he wanted to know.

An' his cattle they died, an' his horses grew sick,
'Cause they didn't hev no hay ;
An' his creditors pressed him to pay up his bills,
But he'd no time to pay,
For he had to go roun' askin' questions, you know,
By night an' by day,
He'd no time to work, for they troubled him so,
An' he wanted to know.

An' now in the poor-house he travels aroun'
In jest the same way,
An' asks the same questions right over ag'in,
By night an' by day ;
But he hain't foun' no fellow can answer 'em yit,
An' he's ol' an' he's grey ;
But these same ol' conundrums they trouble him so
That he still wants to know.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THEN AG'IN

By Sam W. Foss

Jim Bowker, he said, ef he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
And the least bit assistance in hoein' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,

He'd filled the world full of the sound of his name,
An' clim the top round in the ladder of fame.
It may have been so ;
I dunno ;
Jest so, it might been,
Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him,
The arrers of fortune they allus 'ud pin him ;
So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him.
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clum—
It may have been so ;
I dunno ;
Jest so, it might been,
Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,
As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
We might a-been famous, an' might a-been rich.
It might be jest so ;
I dunno ;
Jest so, it might been,
Then ag'in—

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

" HULLO "

By Sam W. Foss

W'EN you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say " hullo ! "
Say " hullo," an' " how d'ye do ! "
" How's the world a-usin' you ? "
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack ;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say " hullo ! "

Is he clothed in rags ? O sho !
Walk right up an' say " hullo ! "
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul ;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty " how d'ye do ! "
Don't wait for the crowd to go ;
Walk right up and say " hullo ! "

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea ;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry " hullo ! "

Say " hullo," an' " how d'ye do ! "
Other folks are good as you.
W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say " hullo ! "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

KATIE'S ANSWER

By W. B. Fowle

Och, Katie's a rogue it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed, an' she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side
The darlint, she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin how it bate !
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
Wid cheeks like the roses,
An' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,
Till she said wid a toss of her head,
" If I'd known that to-day
Ye'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone wid my cousin, instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
Uv the love in my heart,
That would never depart,
Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said : " If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go uv the baste, and I'd throw
Both arms round her waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigent red
As she said, without raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath her lashes so brown,
" Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted ? "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

CAPTAIN REECE

By W. S. Gilbert

Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece.*

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the " tops " ;
And also, with amusement rife,
A " Biograph, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From Mister Mudie's libraree ;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men ;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified *The Mantelpiece.*

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men) :
" Come, tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

" By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can ;
My own convenience count as *nil :*
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man),
He cleared his throat and thus began :

" You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A Ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

" Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

" If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife ;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal ! "

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan :
" I quite agree," he said, " O Bill ;
It is my duty, and I will.

" My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an Earl,
And all my other familee
To peers of various degree.

" But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew ?
The word I gave you I'll fulfil ;
It is my duty, and I will.

" As you desire it shall befall,
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece :
" I beg your honour's leave," he said ;
" If you would wish to go and wed,

" I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar :
She washes for you, Captain R."

The Captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way—
" And did it want a wedding ring ?
It was a tempting ickle sing !

" Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill ;
It is my duty, and I will ! "

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed Ma of Captain Reece,
Attended there as they were bid ;
It was their duty, and they did.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE

By J. W. von Goethe

It was a gallant cavalier
Of honour and renown,
And all to seek a ladye-love
He rode from town to town ;
Till at a widow woman's door
He drew the rein so free,
For at her side the knight espied
Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,
For they were fair and tall ;
Ye never have seen fairer
In bower nor yet in hall.
Small marvel if the gallant's heart
Beat quicker in his breast ;
'Twas hard to choose and hard to lose,
How might he know the best.

" Now maidens, pretty maidens mine,
Who'll read me riddles three ?
And she who answers best of all
Shall be my own ladye."
I ween they blushed as maidens do
When such rare words they hear ;
" Now speak thy riddles if thou wilt,
Thou gay young cavalier."

" What's longer than the longest path
First tell ye that to me ?
And tell me what is deeper
Than is the deepest sea ?
And tell me what is louder
Than is the loudest horn ?
And tell me what is sharper
Than is the sharpest thorn ?

" And tell me what is greener
Than greenest grass on hill ?
And tell me what is crueller
Than a wicked woman's will ? "
The eldest and the second maid
They sat and thought awhile,
The youngest she looked upward,
And spoke with a merry smile :

" Oh, Love is surely longer far
Than the longest paths that be,
And Hades is far deeper
Than is the deepest sea ;
And Thunder it is louder
Than is the loudest horn,
And Hunger it is sharper
Than is the sharpest thorn.

" I know a deadly poison
More green than grass on hill,
And the foul fiend is crueller
Than any woman's will."
Scarce had the maiden spoken
When the youth was by her side,
And all for what she answered him
He claimed her as his bride.

The eldest and the second maid
They pondered and were dumb,
And there perchance are waiting yet
Till another wooer come.
Then maidens take this warning word,
Be neither slow nor shy,
And always when a lover speaks,
Look kindly and reply.

FATHER O'FLYNN

By A. P. Graves

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety ;
Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté,* and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn makes hares of them all !
Come, I vinture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into thayology,
Troth ! and conchology if he'd the call.

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid ye, Father, avick ! †
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control ;
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

* Your health.
† "My son," an obvious Irish bull.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you ?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest :
" Is it lave gaiety
All to the laity ?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? "

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.*]

BROKERS AHEAD ! OR, THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

By George Grossmith

I was seated alone in my room, lads,
And a knock there came at the door ;
I answered the knock myself, lads ;
I'd no servant, for I was poor.

I was overwhelmed with grief, lads,
And was wretched and low and sad,
For I had habits of spending
A good deal more than I had.

I know 'twas wrong for to do so,
And my fault I freely confess ;
But when you have nothing a year, lads,
You can't very well spend less.

Then two men entered the room, lads,
My heart was faint and sick,
For I knew they were both of them brokers
Who had come for every stick.

The water and gas had been cut off,
A hard enough blow, lads, was that—
But they wanted to seize the old arm-chair
In which my great-grandmother sat.

It wasn't a chair much to look at,
With age it was dingy and brown,
And its legs would often give way, lads,
And sometimes would let people down.

But 'twas seized by the heartless brokers,
Who carried it off with a jeer,
And my heart was like that of a baby's,
And my eyes were dimmed with a tear.

Then they went to the little wine cupboard—
A bottle there stood on the shelf;
They seized it, and found it was empty,
I'd finished that bottle myself.

Then they seized all my shirts and my collars–
Of the latter I had but a few;
And they pounced on my only sheet, lads,
Which had served as a table-cloth too.

When they stripped me of every stick, lads,
Another knock came at the door,
And I answered that knock myself, lads,
As I'd no servant, for I was poor.

But I found 'twas the family lawyer,
Who said a relation had died,
And, believe me, I danced with delight, lads,
And I laughed, and I laughed till I cried.

My heart was like that of a school-boy's,
You could hear its beats and its bounds,
For I knew that good old relation
Had left me a million pounds.

The brokers brought back every stick, lads,
I paid them their claim and they fled,
And the arm-chair and I both gave way, lads,
And I fractured the back of my head.

I am now worth a million of money,
And I owe not a penny, I swear;
And if ever I get into debt, lads,
You may sit in the old arm-chair.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE WIFE WHO SAT UP

By George Grossmith

In a chair sat a weary wife dozing,
Awaiting her husband's return;
The clock in the hall struck midnight,
She sighed with the deepest concern—

"The club has the usual attraction,
And I am too injured to speak;
But I *will*, yes, I will sit up for him
If I have to sit up for a week."

The fire on the hearth had burnt lower;
The room became suddenly chilled;
Her heart which was beating and beating,
With stern indignation was filled.

To wait for her husband's returning,
And give him a piece of her mind,
Was the object for which she was yearning,
Yearning and yawning combined.

The clock in the hall struck *one* first,
And then it struck *two*—and then *three*—
And when it struck *four*, she rose proudly,
And said, "It's an insult to me."

It was, for the husband had quietly
Sneaked in fifteen minutes before—
He made not a sound with the latch-key,
Or in closing his dressing-room door.

She found him in peaceful slumber,
Not even the ghost of a snore;
She smothered her deep indignation,
But *never* sat up any more.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

MISS EDITH MAKES IT PLEASANT FOR BROTHER JACK

By Bret Harte

"'Crying!' of course I am crying, and I guess you'd be crying too,
If people were telling such stories as they tell about me about *you*,

Oh, yes, you can laugh, if you want to, and smoke as you didn't
care how,
And get your brains softened like uncle's—Dr Jones says you're
getting it now.

" Why don't you say ' stop ' to Miss Ilsey ? She cries twice as
much as I do ;
And she's older and cries just from meanness—for a ribbon or
anything new.
Ma says it's her ' sensitive nature.' Oh, my ! No, I shan't stop
my talk !
And I don't want no apples or candy, and I don't want to go for
a walk.

" I know why you're mad ! Yes, I do, now ! You think that
Miss Ilsey likes *you*,
And I've heard her repeatedly call you the bold-facest boy that
she knew ;
And she'd like to know where you learnt manners. Oh, yes, kick
the table—that's right.
Spill the ink on my dress, and then go round telling ma that I
look like a fright.

" What stories ? Pretend you don't know that they're saying I
broke off the match
'Twixt old Money Grubber and Mary by saying she called him
' Crosspatch,'
When the only allusion I made him about Sister Mary was, she
Cared more for his cash than his temper, and you know, Jack,
you said that to me.

" And it's true ; but it's *me*, and I'm scolded, and pa says if I keep
on, I might
By-and-bye see my name in the papers. Who cares ? Why,
'twas only last night
I was reading how pa and the sheriff were selling some lots, and
it's plain
If it's awful to be in the papers, why, papa would go and complain.

" You think it ain't true about Ilsey ! Well, I guess I know girls,
and I say
There's nothing I see about Ilsey to show she likes you, anyway !
I know what it means when a girl who calls her cat after one boy,
Goes and changes its name to another's. And she's done it—
and I wish you joy ! "

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Chatto & Windus.*]

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

By Colonel John Hay

Fytte the First : *wherein it shall be shown how the Truth is too mighty a Drug for such as be of feeble temper.*

The King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score :
They did not cure him ; he cut off their heads
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book ;
His patients gave him no trouble—
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined ;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find..

The old sage said, " You're as sound as a nut."
" Hang him up ! " roared the King in a gale,—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage ;
The other leech grew a shade pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran,—
The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.

Fytte the Second : *tells of the search for the Shirt, and how it was nigh found, but was not, for reasons which are said or sung.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor ;
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that shorthose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot ;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there ;
He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay ;
And one of them said, " Heaven save you, friend !
You seem to be happy to-day."

" O yes, fair sirs ! " the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad,
" An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

" This is our man," the courier said ;
" Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black ;
" I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
" But I haven't a shirt to my back."

FYTTE THE THIRD : *showing how His Majesty the King came at last to sleep in a Happy Man his Shirt.*

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad
And the King was well and gay.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

AUNT TABITHA

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

Whatever I do, and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare,—
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know,—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in!—But stay—
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma?
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who knows?
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man !
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me *she* never did so !

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*]

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide ;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade ;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
" I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
" I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see ,
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—" O what was that, my daughter ? "
" 'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
" And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ? "
" It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—" Now bring me my harpoon !
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned ;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*]

NOVEMBER IN LONDON

By Thomas Hood

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no " t'other side the way "—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em !
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
" No go "—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees—
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no trees—
November !

THE DEMON SHIP

By Thomas Hood

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked black and grim
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim ;
Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !

Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lea—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.

Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steeps
behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud:
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the
foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint or any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

. . . . . .

"Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of
death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?
Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursèd night!

I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their
tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky waves!

"Alas," I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake!
Where am I! in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stem—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole:—
"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has picked you up—the *Mary Ann* of Shields!"

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON

BY THOMAS HOOD

[An author is supposed to be writing an ode on childhood, and his mind is constantly distracted by the presence of the child whom he has set before him to inspire his ideas.]

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)

Thou merry, laughing sprite !
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricksy Puck !
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire !
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)
Thou imp of mirth and joy !
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy !
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
(He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitome of man !
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife !)
Thou enviable being !
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,

(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

DOMESTIC ASIDES ; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES

By Thomas Hood

" I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs Skinner !
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner !)

" Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels !
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it perhaps the measles !)

" Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr Russell's ;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels !)

" What ! little Clara left at home ?
Well, now, I call that shabby :
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby !)

" And Mr S., I hope he's well,
Ah ! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy !)

" Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage ;
You're come, of course, to spend the day !
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage !)

" What ! must you go ? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure ;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure !)

" Good-bye ! good-bye ! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners !
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners ! ")

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP

By Thomas Hood

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side ;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, though his wit was small ;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke :
" My pretty maiden, if you'll agree,
You shall always amble through life with me."

The damsel answered him never a word,
But kicked the grey mare, and away she spurred.
The wooer still followed behind the jade,
And enjoyed—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,—
The gallant behind and the lass before :—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, " If my nag was better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tale ! "

ADVICE TO CHILDREN

By Theodore Edward Hook

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun.

Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.

Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover it may be, *a peer*
Appears upon the *pier*, who blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their *meat* when meeting.

Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared,
Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding be declared.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they,
And actors still the harder slave the oftener they play.

So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose,
While grooms and coachmen not in vain each evening seek the *mews*.

The *dyer* who by *dying lives*, a *dire* life maintains ;
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his *panes*.

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when Spring is in its prime,
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.

CATCHING THE CAT

By Margaret Vandergrift Janvier

The mice had met in council,
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning,—
There was crape on every hat,—
They were desperate—something must be done
And done at once, to the cat.

Then rather an old mouse rose, and said :
" It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring ! "

The suggestion was applauded
Loudly by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked : " That trap would be
About ninety-five times too small ! "

Then a medical mouse suggested
(A little under his breath) :
" If you confiscate the very first mouse
That dies a natural death,
I'll undertake to poison the cat,
If you'll let me prepare that mouse."
" There's not been a natural death," they shrieked,
" Since the cat came into the house ! "

The smallest mouse in the council
Arose with a solemn air,
And, by way of increasing his stature,
Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.
He waited until there was silence
All along the pantry shelf,
And then he said with dignity,
" *I* will catch the cat myself !

" When next I hear her coming,
Instead of running away,
I shall turn and face her boldly,
And pretend to be at play.
She will not see her danger,
Poor creature ! I suppose ;
But as she stoops to catch me,
I shall catch her, by the nose ! "

The mice began to look hopeful,
Yes, even the old ones, when
A grey-haired mouse said slowly,
" And what will you do with her then ? "
The champion, disconcerted,
Replied with dignity, " Well—
I think, if you'll excuse me,
'Twould be wiser not to tell !

" We all have our inspirations,"—
This produced a general smirk,—
" But we are not all at liberty
To explain just how they'll work.
I ask you simply to trust me ;
You need have no further fears—
Consider our enemy done for ! "
The council gave three cheers.

" I do believe she's coming ! "
Said a small mouse nervously.
" Run if you like," said the champion,
" But I shall wait and see ! "
And sure enough she was coming—
The mice all scampered away,
Except the noble champion,
Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith,—of course they had,
They were all of them trusting souls,—
But a sort of general feeling
Kept them safely in their holes,
Until some time in the evening ;
Then the boldest ventured out,
And there he saw in the distance
The cat prance gaily about !

There was dreadful consternation,
Till some one at last said, " Oh,
He's not had time to do it,
Let us not prejudge him so ! "
" I believe in him, of course I do,"
Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,
" But the cat looks uncommonly happy,
And I wish I *did* know why ! "

That cat, I regret to mention,
Still prances about that house,
And no message, letter, or telegram
Has come from the champion mouse.
The mice are a little discouraged ;
The demand for crape goes on ;
They feel they'd be happier if they knew
Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral,—
It is very short you'll see,—
So, of course, you all will listen,
For fear of offending me.
It is well to be courageous,
And valiant, and all that,
But—if you are mice—you'd better think twice,
Before you catch the cat.

THE JUMBLIES

By Edward Lear

They went to sea in a sieve they did,
In a sieve they went to sea,
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve went round and round,
And every one cried, " You'll all be drowned,"
They called aloud, " Our sieve ain't big,
But we don't care a button ! we don't care a fig !
In a sieve we'll go to sea."

Chorus—

Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon by way of a sail
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
" Oh, won't they soon be upset, you know ?
For the sky is dark and the voyage is long,
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Chorus.

The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in,
So to keep them dry they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper, all folded neat,
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery jar,
And each of them said, " How wise we are !
Though the sky be dark and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Chorus.

And all night long they sailed away,
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong
In the shade of the mountains brown.
" Oh, Timballo ! How happy we are !
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar,
And all night long in the moonlight pale
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."

Chorus.

They sailed to the Wester Sea, they did,
To a land all covered with trees,
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,
And a hive of silvery bees.
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop jaws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

Chorus.

And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And every one said, " How tall they've grown !
For they've been to the lakes and the terrible zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast,
And every one said, " If we only live
We too will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

Chorus—

Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

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THE MUSIC IN OUR STREET

By R. C. Lehmann

A WORD FROM A GIRL WHO LIVES IN IT

Did you ever 'ear our music? What, never? There's a shame,
I tell yer it's golopshus, we do 'ave such a game.
When the sun's a-shinin' brightly, when the fog's upon the town,
When the frost 'as bust the water-pipes, when rain comes pourin' down;
In the mornin' when the costers come a-shoutin' with their mokes,
In the evenin' when the gals walk out a-spoonin' with their blokes,
When mother's washin' Billy, or when father wants 'is tea,
When the boys are in the "Spotted Dog" a-'aving of a spree,
No matter what the weather is, or what the time o' day,
Our music allus visits us, and never goes away.
And when they've tooned theirselves to-rights, I tell yer it's a treat
Just to listen to the lot of 'em a-playin' in our street.

There's a chap as turns the orgin—the best I ever 'eard—
O lor', he does just jabber, but you can't make out a word.
I can't a-bear Italians, as allus uses knives,
And talks a furrin lingo all their miserable lives.
But this one calls me Bella—which my Christian name is Sue—
And 'e smiles and turns 'is orgin very proper, that he do.
Sometimes 'e plays a polker, and sometimes it's a march,
And I see 'is teeth all shinin' through 'is lovely black mustarch.
And the little 'uns dance round him, you'd laugh until you cried,
If you saw my little brothers do their 'ornpipes side by side,
And the gals they spin about as well, and don't they move their feet,
When they 'ear that pianner-orgin man, as plays about our street.

There's a feller plays a cornet too, and wears a ulster-coat,
My eye, 'e does puff out 'is cheeks a-tryin' for 'is note.
It seems to go right through yer, and, oh, it's right-down rare
When 'e gives us "Annie Laurie" or "Sweet Spirit, 'ear my Prayer";
'E's so stout that when 'e's blowin' 'ard you think 'e must go pop;
And 'is nose is like the lamp (what's red) outside a chemist's shop.
And another blows the penny-pipe,—I allus thinks it's thin,
And I much prefers the cornet when 'e ain't bin drinkin' gin.
And there's Concertina-Jimmy; it makes yer want to shout,
When 'e acts just like a windmill, and waves 'is arms about.
Oh, I'll lay you 'alf a tanner, you'll find it 'ard to beat
The good old 'eaps of music that they gives us in our street.

And a pore old ragged party comes shufflin' through the wet,
She sings to suit 'er 'usband, while 'e plays the clarinette.
'Er voice is dreadful wheezy, and I can't exactly say
I like 'er style of singin' " Tommy Dodd " or " Nancy Gray."
But there, she does 'er best, I'm sure ; I mustn't run 'er down,
When she's only tryin' all she can to earn a honest brown.
Still, though I'm mad to 'ear 'em play, and sometimes join the dance,
I often wish one music gave the other kind a chance.
The orgin might have two days, and the cornet take a third,
While the pipe-man tried o' Thursdays 'ow to imitate a bird.
But they allus comes together, singin', playin', as they meet,
With their clarinettes and orgins, in the middle of our street.

But there, I can't stand chatterin', pore mother's mortal bad,
And she's got to work the whole day long to keep things straight for dad.
Complain ? Not she. She scrubs an' rubs with all 'er might and main,
And the lot's no sooner finished, but she's got to start again.
There's a patch for Johnny's jacket, a darn for Billy's socks,
And an hour or so o' needlework a-mendin' Polly's frocks ;
With floors to wash, and plates to clean, she'd soon be skin and bone
('Er cough's that's aggravatin') if she did it all alone.
There'll be music while we're workin', to keep us on the go—
I like my tunes as fast as fast, pore mother likes 'em slow—
Ah ! she don't get much to laugh at, nor yet too much to eat,
And the music stops 'er thinkin' when they play it in the street.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE TWINS

By Henry S. Leigh

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch ;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed ;
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question fruitlessly,
To every one I knew :
" What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you ? "

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died, the neighbours came
And buried brother John.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

By Henry S. Leigh

I have a friend in Eaton-place—
A very wealthy man—
Whose house is one I love to grace
As often as I can.
His meats are always of the best,
His wines are rich and rare ;
A footman, elegantly drest,
Keeps watch behind my chair.

I like the meats—I love the wine—
(For, give me leave to say,
'Tis very seldom that I dine
In that expensive way).

But what is gold and silver plate,
And what is dainty fare?
They cannot make me tolerate
The man behind my chair.

Perchance I venture on a pun,
A quip, or else a crank,
Amongst my auditors is one
Whose face remains a blank.
I hear the table in a roar,
Loud laughter fills the air;
But, no, it simply seems to bore
The man behind my chair.

Upon the summit of my crown
I have a trifling patch;
A little white amidst the brown,
An opening in the thatch.
From all my fellowmen but one
I hide my loss of hair:
He sees it, though; I cannot shun
The man behind my chair.

Some day, should Fortune only smile
Upon my low estate,
I mean to feed in such a style
As few can emulate.
Should ever such a lot be mine,
I solemnly declare
That I will banish, when I dine,
The man behind my chair.

IN NEVADA

By Charles Godfrey Leland

Like an awful alligator breathing fire and screeching wildly,
With a pack of hounds behind him, as if hunted by the furies,
Came the smoking locomotive, followed by the cars and tender,
Down among the mountain gorges, till it stopped before a village
As the starry night came on.

Just before a mountain village, where there was a howling shindy,
Just around a bran-new gallows, with a roaring blazing bonfire

Casting a red light upon it, while a crowd of roughest rowdies
Shouted, " Cuss him ! tear his vitals ! bust him ! sink him ! burn
him ! skin him ! "—
Evidently much excited—
As the starry night came on.

On the gallows stood a culprit shrieking painfully for mercy.
As the train and engine halted, louder yelled the gasping victim.
Then out cried the grim conductor, " What in thunder is the
matter ?
What's ye doin' with that feller ? Why've ye got both fire and
gallows ? "
And unto him some one answered,
As the starry night came on :

" This all-fired, skunk-eyed villain, whom you see upon the
gallows,
Lately stole the loveliest mewel that you ever sot your peeps on,
For a hundred shiny dollars, went and sold it to the greasers.
But, as you perceive, we've nailed him, and at present we're
debatin'
Whether we had better hang him, or else roast him like an Injun
Ere the starry night comes on.

" And I think ez ther' ar' ladies here to grace this gay occasion
In the train, and quite convenient, we had better take and burn
him.
'Twould be kinder interestin', or, as folks might say, romantic,
To behold an execution, as we do 'em here in *this* town,
In the real frontier fashion,
Ere the starry night comes on."

Up from all the assembled ladies, and from all the passengeros,
Went a scream of protestation,—" What ! for nothing but a
mewel !
Only for a hundred dollars roast alive a fine young fellow !
Never, never, never, ne—ver ! " Falling on her knees a damsel
Begged the maddened crowd to spare him ; and to her replied
the spokesman,
As the starry night came on :

" Since a lady begs it of us, and as we ar' gallant fellers,
We will smash the tail of Jestis, and will spare this orful miscrint,
Ef you'll raise a hundred dollars to replace the vanished mewel.
Then this fiend, unwhipped, undamaged, may go wanderin' to
thunder,
Soon as he tarnation pleases,
Ere the starry night comes on."

Straight among the pitying ladies, and the other passengeros,
Went the hat around in circle. Dollars, quarters, halves, and greenbacks
Rained into it till the hundred was accomplished, and the ransom
Paid unto Judge Lynch in person, who received it very gracious,
And at once released the prisoner, sternly bidding him to squaddle,
Just as fast as he could make it,
Ere the starry night came on.

And the lady who by kneeling had destroyed the path of justice,
Seized upon the fine young fellow, he who had the mu—lo—mania,—
Or who was a klepto—mu—li—ac ; and she led him by the halter,
While the reckless population made atrocious puns upon it ;
And she stowed him in the Pullman as the safest sanctuary,
As the starry night came on.

It was over. Loud the whistle blew a signal of departure;
Still the dying bonfire flickering showed on high the ghastly gallows,
Seeming like some hungry monster disappointed of a victim,
Gasping as in fitful anger, pouring out unto the gallows
Or the sympathetic scaffold, all the story of its sorrow,
As the clouds passed o'er the moon-face,
As the starry night came on.

Soon the train and those within it reached and passed a second station,
And was speeding ever onward, when at once a shriek came ringing—
'Twas an utterance from the lady who by tears had baffled justice ;
Loud she cried, " Where is my hero ? Where, oh, where's the handsome prisoner ? "
And the affable conductor searched the train from clue to ear-ring,
But they could not find the captive ; he had clearly just evaded
At the station just behind them,
As the starry night came on.

Then outspoke a man unnoted hitherto : " I heard the fellow
Say just now to the conductor, ere we reached the second deapot,
That he reckoned he must hook it this here time a little sooner,
If he hoped to get his portion of the hundred, since the last time
He came awful nigh to lose it ; for it might be anted off all
'Fore he got a chance to strike it,
Ere the starry night came on."

And the unknown thus continued : " They hev hed that gallows standin'
All the summer, and the people mostly git ther livin' from it,
For they take ther turns in being mournful victims who hev stolen
Every one a lovely mewel ; and they always every evenin'
Hev the awful death-fire kindled, and the ghastly captive ready.
It's the fourth time I hev seen it, comin' through and never missed it,
Only for a variation now and then they hire a nigger
For the people from New England,
As the starry night comes on.

" And they find that fire and gallows just as good as a bonanza,
For they got the Legislater lately to incopperate it ;
And I hear the stock is risin' up like prairie smoke in autumn.
Yes, in this world men diskiver cur'ous ways to make a livin',
Ez you'll find when you hev tried it for a year or so about here."

And the passengers in silence mused upon this new experience,
Most of all the fine young lady, as the dragon darted onward,
And the starry night came on.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN

By Charles Godfrey Leland

It was a balmeous day in May, when spring was springing high,
And all amid the buttercups the bees did butterfly ;
While the butterflies were being enraptured in the flowers,
And winsome frogs were singing soft morals to the showers.

Green were the emerald grasses which grew upon the plain,
And green too were the verdant boughs which rippled in the rain.
Far green likewise the apple hue which clad the distant hill ;
But at the station sat a man who looked far greener still—

An ancient man, a boy-like man, a person mild and meek,
A being who had little tongue, and nary bit of cheek ;
And while upon him pleasant-like I saw the ladies look,
He sat a-counting money in a brownsome pocket-book.

Then to him a policeman spoke : " Unless you feel too proud
You'd better stow away that cash while you're in this here crowd ;
There's many a chap about this spot who'd clean you out like ten."
" And can it be," exclaimed the man, " there are such wicked men ?

" Then I will put my greenbacks up all in my pocket-book,
And keep it buttoned very tight, and at the button look."
He said it with a simple tone, and gave a simple smile—
You never saw a half-grown shad one-half so void of guile.

And the bumble-bees kept bumbling away among the flowers,
While distant frogs were frogging amid the summer showers,
And the tree-toads were tree-toadying in accents sharp or flat—
All nature seemed a-naturing as there the old man sat.

Then up and down the platform promiscuous he strayed,
Amid the waiting passengers he took his lemonade,
A-making little kind remarks unto them all at sight,
Until he met two travellers who looked cosmopolite.

Now even as the old was green, this pair were darkly brown ;
They seemed to be of that degree which sports about the town.
Amid terrestrial mice, I ween, their destiny was Cat ;
If ever men were gonoffs, I should say these two were that.

And they had watched that old man well with interested look,
And gazed him counting greenbacks in that brownsome pocket-book ;
And the elder softly warbled with benevolential phiz,
" Green peas has come to market, and the veg'tables is riz."

Yet still across the heavenly sky the clouds went clouding on,
The rush upon the gliding brook kept rushing all alone,
While the ducks upon the water were a-ducking just the same,
And every mortal human man kept on his little game.

And the old man to the strangers very affable let slip
How that zealousy policeman had given him the tip,
And how his cash was buttoned in his pocket dark and dim,
And how he guessed no man alive on earth could gammon him.

In ardent conversation ere long the three were steeped,
And in that good man's confidence the younger party deeped.
The p'liceman, as he shadowed them, exclaimed in blooming rage,
" They're stuffin' of that duck, I guess, and leavin' out the sage."

He saw the game distinctly, and inspected how it took,
And watched the reappearance of that brownsome pocket-book,
And how that futile ancient, ere he buttoned up his coat,
Had interchanged, obliging-like, a greensome coloured note ;

And how they parted tenderly, and how the happy twain
Went out into the Infinite by taking of the train.
Then up the blue policeman came, and said, " My ancient son,
Now you have gone and did it, say what you have been and done."

And unto him the good old man replied with childish glee,
" They were as nice a two young men as I did ever see ;
But they were in such misery their story made me cry ;
So I lent 'em twenty dollars—which they'll pay me by-and-by.

" But as I had no twenty, we also did arrange,
They got from me a fifty bill, and gimme thirty change ;
But they will send that fifty back, and by to-morrer's train "—
" That note," out cried the constable, " you'll never see again ! "

" And that," exclaimed the sweet old man, " I hope I never may,
Because I do not care a cuss how far it keeps away ;
For if I'm a judge of money, and I *reether* think I be,
The one I shoved was never worth a cent to them or me.

" They hev wandered with their sorrers into the sunny South,
They hev got uncommon swallows and an extry lot of mouth.
In the next train to the North'ard I expect to widely roam,
And if any come inquirin', jist say I ain't at home."

The p'liceman lifted up his glance unto the sunny skies—
I s'pose the light was fervent, for a tear were in his eyes—
And said, " If in your travels a hat store you should see,
Just buy yourself a beaver tile and charge that tile to me."

Whilst the robins were a-robbing across the meadow gay,
And the pigeons still a-pigeoning among the gleam of May,
All out of doors kept out of doors, as such-like only can,
A-singing of an endless hymn about that good old man.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE BALLAD OF CHARITY

By Charles Godfrey Leland

It was in a pleasant deepô, sequestered from the rain,
That many weary passengers were waitin' for the train,
Piles of quite expensive baggage, many a gorgeous portmantó,
Ivory-handled umberellas made a most touristic show.

Whereunto there came a person, very humble was his mien,
Who took an observation of the interestin' scene ;
Closely scanned the umberellas, watched with joy the mighty trunks,
And observed that all the people were securin' Pullman bunks ;

Who was followed shortly after by a most unhappy tramp,
Upon whose features poverty had jounced her iron stamp ;
And to make a clear impression, as bees sting you while they buzz,
She had hit him rather harder than she generally does.

For he was so awful ragged, and in parts so awful bare,
That the folks were quite repulsioned to behold him begging there ;
And instead of drawing currency from out their pocket-books,
They drew themselves asunder with aversionary looks.

Sternly gazed the first new-comer on the unindulgent crowd,
Then in tones which pierced the deepô he solilicussed aloud :
" I hev travelled o'er this cont'nent from Quebec to Bogotáw,
But setch a set of scallawags as these I never saw.

" Ye are wealthy, ye are gifted, ye have house and lands and rent,
Yet unto a suff'rin' mortal ye will not donate a cent ;
Ye expend your missionaries to the heathen and the Jew,
But there isn't any heathen that is half as small as you.

" Ye are lucky—ye hev cheque-books and deposits in the bank,
And ye squanderate your money on the titled folks of rank ;
The onyx and the sardonyx upon your garments shine,
An' ye drink at every dinner p'r'aps a dollar's wuth of wine.

" Ye are goin' for the summer to the islands by the sea,
Where it costs four dollars daily—setch is not for setch as me ;
Iv'ry-handled umberellers do not come into my plan,
But I kin give a dollar to this suff'rin' fellow-man.

" Hand-bags made of Rooshy leather are not truly at my call,
Yet in the eyes of Mussy I am richer 'en you all,
For I kin give a dollar wher' you dare not stand a dime,
And never miss it nother, nor regret it ary time."

Sayin' this, he drew a wallet from the inner of his vest,
And gave the tramp a daddy, which it was his level best ;
Other people, havin' heard him, soon to charity inclined—
One giver soon makes twenty if you only get their wind.

The first who gave the dollar led the other one about,
And at every contribution he a-raised a joyful shout,
Exclaimin' how 'twas noble to relieviate distress,
And remarkin' that our duty is our present happiness.

Thirty dollars altogether were collected by the tramp,
When he bid 'em all good-evenin' and went out into the damp,
And was followed briefly after by the one who made the speech,
And who showed by good example how to practise as to preach.

Which soon around the corner the couple quickly met,
And the tramp produced the specie for to liquidate his debt ;
And the couple passed the summer at Bar Harbour with the rest,
Suckin' juleps, playin' poker, and most elegantly dressed.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

EL CAPITAN-GENERAL

By Charles Godfrey Leland

There was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz,
And what we used to hear of him was always evil news :
He was a pirate on the sea—a robber on the shore,
The Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

There was a Yankee skipper who round about did roam ;
His name was Stephen Folger, and Nantucket was his home :
And having gone to Vera Cruz, he had been skinned full sore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

But having got away alive, though all his cash was gone,
He said, " If there is vengeance, I will surely try it on !
And I do wish I may be lost if I don't clear the score
With Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador ! "

He shipped a crew of seventy men—well-armèd men were they,
And sixty of them in the hold he darkly stowed away ;
And, sailing back to Vera Cruz, was sighted from the shore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

With twenty-five soldados he came on board so pleased,
And said, " *Maldito* Yankee—again your ship is seized.
How many sailors have you got ? " Said Folger, " Ten—no more,"
To the Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

" But come into my cabin and take a glass of wine,
I do suppose, as usual, I'll have to pay a fine :
I have got some old Madeira, and we'll talk the matter o'er—
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

And as over that Madeira the captain-general boozed,
It seemed to him as if his head was getting quite confused ;
For it happened that some morphine had travelled from " the store "
To the glass of Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

" What is it makes the vessel roll? What sounds are these I hear?
It seems as if the rising waves were beating on my ear!"—
" Oh, it is the breaking of the surf—just that and nothing more,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

The governor was in a sleep which muddled all his brains;
The seventy men had got his gang and put them all in chains;
And when he woke the following day he could not see the shore,
For he was out on the blue water—the Don San Salvador.

" Now do you see that yard-arm—and understand the thing?"
Said Captain Folger. " For all from that yard-arm you shall swing,
Or forty thousand dollars you shall pay me from your store,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

The Capitano took a pen—the order he did sign—
" O Señor Yankee! but you charge amazing high for wine!"
But 'twas not till the draft was paid they let him go ashore,
El Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit;
It always makes the Devil laugh to see a biter bit;
It takes two Spaniards any day to come a Yankee o'er--
Even two like Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

WIDOW MALONE

By Charles Lever

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!
Oh, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts:
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store.

From minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare,
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there),
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste,
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,—
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong,—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

A WAY OUT OF IT

By Samuel Lover

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry . . .
At leisure repent."

"Then suppose I should talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary . . .
"He'll surely say—no."

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary,
"A way now to save you I see; . . .
Since my parents are both so contrairy
You'd better ask—*me*."

A RAINY JUNE

By Algernon H. Lindo

It ended at last in a blaze of glory,
In sunshine and warmth that came none too soon;
But it might be the theme for a tragic story
What we two have lost through a rainy June.

Our picnics were ruined, our plans frustrated,
Our banjos and tempers were out of tune,
The trips up the river we'd contemplated
Were sacrificed all to a rainy June.

What *al fresco* pleasures we might have tasted !
What might we have said by the light of the moon !
A whole month's sentiment utterly wasted—
Drowned in the rains of a rainy June.

And yet if J. Pluvius had relented,
Sent sunshine and—moonshine, a gracious boon ;
We might have made love and we might have—repented.
Perhaps 'tis as well 'twas a rainy June.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THAT OTHER MAN

By Algernon H. Lindo

I love my neighbour as I should,
As I've been taught to do.
Were you my neighbour, why, I could
Be very fond of you.
I'm kind and gentle as can be,
And love whome'er I can,
But yet it's strange how utterly
I hate " that other man."

The man who worships at your shrine,
I do not know his name,
I only know his tastes and mine
Are very much the same.
And he may hail from Windermere
Or far Afghanistan,
But be he pauper, be he peer,
I hate " that other man."

If we were neighbours you and I,
I'd be so fond of you,
But that's not all, you'd have to try
To love your neighbour too.
And if that thing should happen yet
By any sort of plan,
I really think I might forget
To hate " that other man ! "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THAT IS ALL

By Algernon H. Lindo

They were not engaged to dance it,
But she thought if she could chance it,
He might say what she was longing so to hear.
So the ball-room they deserted,
And they sat it out and flirted,
Having looked to see that nobody was near.
But he, manlike, hesitated,
Though she waited, and she waited,
Till she said, " One should be happy at a ball,
Changing partners never answers,
Shall we go and join the dancers,
For you know I love—the Lancers,
That is all."

But the Lancers all unheeding,
All at once he started pleading,
And he told her in a sentimental tone,
That she simply had no notion
Of the depth of his devotion,
And he said, " I want you, dearest, for my own."
But she answered him demurely,
" Why, you're not in earnest surely,
I've so often had proposals at a ball ;
I'll be always glad I knew you,
But—you do not mind it, do you ?
I will be a sister to you,
That is all."

Then the evening lost its magic,
And his attitude grew tragic,
And he said, " Your final answer then is ' No.'
As I see it will not grieve you,
Though I love you, dear, I'll leave you,"
And dejectedly he rose and turned to go.
But she looked at him so slyly,
And she murmured very shyly,
" You are spoiling all my pleasure at this ball."
And his coat-sleeve softly stroking,
Said " Perhaps I was provoking,
But—I love you—and was joking,
That is all ! "

By Special Permission of the Author.

NONSENSE

By Thomas Moore

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore:
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green;—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen.

THE CATALOGUE

By Thomas Moore

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as, kissing and kissed,
One day she reclined on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
Of the nymphs you have loved and caressed."
Oh, Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laughed at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove ;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love !
So I left this young Sappho, and hastened to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss !

Oh ! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given ;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to heaven !
" Oh, Susan ! " I've said, in the moments of mirth,
" What's devotion to thee or to me ?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that *that* heaven's in *thee !* "

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

By Lady Nairne

(THE TWO LAST STANZAS WERE ADDED BY MISS FERRIER)

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great ;
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state ;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep ;
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well :
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee—
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouther'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue :
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the grey mare and rade cannilie—
And rapped at the yett * o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;
" Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben :
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine ;
" And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ? "
She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons and gaed awa' down.

* Gate.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low ;
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh * curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e ;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie ;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
" She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;
" Oh ! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green ;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM

By Winthrop Mackworth Praed

"Il faut juger des femmes depuis la chaussure jusqu'à la coiffure exclusivement, à peu près comme on mesure le poisson entre queue et tête."—La Bruyere.

Years—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
  Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
  Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty ;—
Years—years ago,—while all my joy
  Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
  I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball :
  There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
  Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
  Of all that set young hearts romancing ;
She was our queen, our rose, our star ;
  And when she danced—O Heaven, her dancing !

* Low.

Dark was her hair, her hand was white :
Her voice was exquisitely tender ;
Her eyes were full of liquid light ;
I never saw a waist so slender !
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows ;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked,—of politics or prayers,—
Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of daggers—or of dancing bears,
Of battles—or the last new bonnets,—
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal ;
I sang her praises to the moon,
I wrote them in the Sunday Journal :
My mother laughed ; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling :
My father frowned ; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic ;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents ,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh, what are these to love's sensations ?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses ;
He cares as little for the Stocks,
As any broker for the Muses.

She sketched ; the vale, the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading :
She botanised ; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading :

She warbled Handel ; it was grand ;
She made the greatest singers jealous :
She touched the organ ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories ;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories ;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored ;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted ;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted ;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished ;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Theatre were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun ;
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves :—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And " Fly not yet "—upon the river ,
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted ; months—years rolled by ;
We met again four summers after :
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs Something Rogers !

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE

By Father Prout

(Rev. F. Mahony)

I

'Twas on a windy night.
  At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
  All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door.
  Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
  And this was part of his wailings :—
  Only say
You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

II

Oh ! list to what I say,
  Charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may,
  There's but the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep
  Snug in bed and snoring ;
Round the house I creep,
  Your hard heart imploring.
  Only say
You'll have Mr Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

III

I've got a pig and a sow,
  I've got a sty to sleep 'em ;
A calf and a brindled cow,
  And a cabin too, to keep 'em ;
Sunday hat and coat,
  An old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot,
  Which you may ride astride on.
  Only say
You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

IV

I've got an acre of ground,
  I've got it set with praties
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
  I've got some tea for the ladies ;
I've got the ring to wed,
  Some whisky to make us gaily ;
I've got a feather bed
  And a handsome new shillelagh.
  Only say
You'll have Mr Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

V

You've got a charming eye,
  You've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I,
  A taste for genteel breeding ;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
  As everybody's knowing ;
You've got a decent tongue
  Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
  Only say
You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

VI

For a wife till death
  I am willing to take ye ;
But, och ! I waste my breath,
  The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
  So I'll get under cover ;
To-morrow I'll come again,
  And be your constant lover.
  Only say
You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

THE SPOILED CHILD

By John Whitcomb Riley

'Cause Herbert Graham's a only child—
" Wuz I there, ma ? "
His parents uz got him purty nigh spiled—
" Wuz I there, ma ? "
Allus ever'where his ma tells
Where she's bin at, little Herbert yells,
" Wuz I there, ma ? "
An' when she telled us wunst when she
Wuz 'ist 'bout big as him an' me,
W'y, little Herbert he says, says 'ee,
" Wuz I there, ma ? "
Foolishest young un' you ever saw,
" Wuz I there, ma ? wuz I there, ma ? "

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THE RUNAWAY BOY

By John Whitcomb Riley

Wunst I sassed my pa, an' he
Won't stand that, an' punished me,—
Then when he was gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper-cents,
An' clumbed over our back fence
In the prickly weeds 'at growed
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen
I runned some—and runned again
When I met a man 'at led
A big cow wot shooked her head.

I went down a long, long lane,
Where was little pigs a-play'n' ;
An' a grea' big pig went " Booh ! "
An' jumped up, an' skeered me too.

Nen I scampered past, an' they
Was somebody hollered " Hey ! "
An' I 'ist looked ever'where,
An' they was nobody there.

Nen I thought I'd like to try
To go back. . . An' by-an'-by,
Somepin' hurts my throat inside—
Wery bad, an' so I cried.

Nen a grea' big girl come through
Where's a gate, an' asked me who
Am I ? an' if I tell her where
My home's at she'll show me there.

But I couldn't 'ist only tell
What's my name ; an' she says, well,
An' she looked me up, an' says
She know where I live, she guess.

Nen she telled me hug wite close
Round her neck !—an' off she goes
Skippin' up the street ! an' nen
Purty soon I'm home again.

An' my ma, when she kissed me,
Kissed the big girl too, an' she
Kissed me, and I p'omise shore
I won't run away no more !

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BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK

By Alexander Rodger

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane ;
But guidsake ! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Whate'er ye do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this ;
But, losh ! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet it doesna' do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,

Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE FURTHER HISTORY OF KING COPHETUA

By Adrian Ross

Cophetua was a King of note,
Who lived in ages far remote,
Before the days of the Lodger Vote,
The parachute or telephone ;
This foolish monarch chose to woo
A beggar-maid without a shoe,
Whose name, if poets tell us true,
Was something like Penelöphon.

Then hey ! for the crown and the wedding ring
And the beggar-maid who wed a king,
For the glorious fame shall never fade
Of the king who married the beggar-maid !

But afterwards it came to pass
That the King who chose the beggar-lass
Acquired the tastes of the lowest class
In a manner slow and tentative ;
He ate his food in a vulgar way,
Forsook cigars for a short black clay,
And whistled " Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay "
(Or its ancient representative).

For though it may seem a glorious thing
For a beggar-maid to wed a king,
It is not so nice, I am much afraid,
For the king who marries the beggar-maid !

The rest I need not now rehearse ;
Cophetua went from bad to worse,
In spite of being praised in verse
By poets sweet and flowery.
From pomp and power his children fell,
And now his last descendants dwell,
Some in the slums of Whitechapel,
And some in the New York Bowery !

For in spite of all that the poets sing,
A beggar bride is bad for a king,
A fact which was not properly weighed
By the king who married the beggar-maid.

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A NOCTURNE AT DANIELI'S

(SUGGESTED BY BROWNING'S "A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S")

By Sir Owen Seaman

Caro mio, Pulcinello, kindly hear my wail of woe
Lifted from a noble structure—late Palazzo Dandolo.

This is Venice, you will gather, which is full of precious "stones,"
Tintorettos, picture-postcards, and remains of doges' bones.

Not of these am I complaining; they are mostly seen by day,
And they only try your patience in an inoffensive way.

But at night, when over Lido rises Dian (that's the moon),
And the vicious *vaporetti* cease to vex the still lagoon;

When the final *trovatore*, singing something old and cheap,
Hurls his *tremolo crescendo* full against my beauty sleep;

When I hear the Riva's loungers in debate beneath my bower
Summing up (about 1.30) certain questions of the hour;

Then across my nervous system falls the shrill mosquito's boom,
And it's "O, to be in England," where the may is on the bloom.

I admit the power of Music to inflate the savage breast—
There are songs devoid of language which are quite among the best;

But the present orchestration, with its poignant oboe part,
Is, in my obscure opinion, barely fit to rank as Art.

Will it solace me to-morrow, being bit in either eye,
To be told that this is nothing to the season in July?

Shall I go for help to Ruskin? Would it ease my pimply brow
If I found the doges suffered much as I am suffering now?

If identical probosces pinked the lovers who were bored
By the sentimental tinkling of Galuppi's clavichord?

That's from BROWNING (ROBERT BROWNING)—I have left his works at home,
And the poem I allude to isn't in the Tauchnitz tome ;

But, if memory serves me rightly, he was very much concerned
At the thought that in the sequel Venice reaped what Venice earned.

Was he thinking of mosquitoes ? Did he mean *their* poisoned crop ?
Was it through ammonia tincture that the " kissing had to stop ? "

As for later loves—for Venice never quite mislaid her spell—
Madame SAND and dear DE MUSSET occupied my own hotel !

On the very floor below me, I have heard the patron say
They were put in No. 13 (No. 36, to-day).

But they parted—" *elle et lui* "—and it now occurs to me
That mosquitoes came between them in this " kingdom by the sea."

Poor dead lovers, and such brains, too ! What am I that I should swear
When the creatures munch my forehead, taking more than I can spare ?

Should I live to meet the morning, should the climate readjust
Any reparable fragments left upon my outer crust,

Why, at least, I still am extant, and a dog that sees the sun
Has the pull of Danieli's den of " lions," dead and done.

Courage ! I will keep my vigil on the balcony till day
Like a knight in full pyjamas who would rather run away.

Courage ! let me ope the casement, let the shutters be withdrawn ;
Let scirocco, breathing on me, check a tendency to yawn ;
There's the sea ! and—*Ecco l' alba !* Ha ! (in other words) the Dawn !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

A PLEA FOR TRIGAMY

BY SIR OWEN SEAMAN

I'VE been trying to fashion a wifely ideal,
And find that my tastes are so far from concise
That, to marry completely, no fewer than three'll
Suffice.

I've subjected my views to severe atmospheric
Compression ; but still, in defiance of force,
They distinctly fall under three heads, like a cleric
Discourse.

My *first* must be fashion's own fancy-bred daughter,
Proud, peerless, and perfect—in fact *comme il faut*,
A waltzer and wit of the very first water—
For *show*.

But these beauties that serve to make all the men jealous,
Once face them alone in the family cot !
Heaven's angels incarnate (the novelists tell us)
They're *not*.

But so much for appearances. Now for my *second*,
My lover, the wife of my home and my heart :
Of all fortune and fate of my life to be reckon'd
A part.

She must know all the needs of a rational being,
Be skilled to keep council, to comfort, to coax ;
And, above all things else, be accomplished at seeing
My jokes.

I complete the ménage by including one other
With all the domestic prestige of a hen :
As my housekeeper, nurse, or, it may be, a mother
Of men.

Total *three !* and the virtues all well represented ;
With fewer than this such a thing can't be done ;
Though I've known married men who declare they're contented
With one.

Would you hunt during harvest, or hay-make in winter ?
And how can one woman expect to combine
Certain qualifications essentially inter-
necine ?

You may say that my prospects are (legally) sunless ;
I state that I find them as clear as can be :—
I will marry *no* wife, since I can't do with one less
Than three.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

COMING OUT

By Sir Owen Seaman

Just a week more of waiting, a week and a day,
And the night of delight will be here ;
So ply me your very best pinions, I pray,
Wednesday, dear !

We've considered the question, and find that I must
Have arrived (beyond rational doubt)
At the age of discretion, and that's why I'm just
Coming out.

So we're giving a dance, to establish my claim
To be one with the World and his Wife ;
And to join, if I choose, in the popular game
Known as Life.

Yes, we're giving a dance—on an excellent floor—
To announce that I've come on the scene,
And that men for the future must say nothing more
Than they mean.

And the dress I'm to wear is a wonder of white,
Suggesting a fugitive dove ;
And, I'm happy to say, it embraces me quite
Like a glove.

And the household will come and inspect my array,
While I try to look careless and bland,
Like a hair-dresser's doll pirouetting away
On a stand.

And I dream of the partners that jump and that jig,
And the couples that charge and chase ;
And the men who convey you about like a big
Double-bass.

And the fun is to last from a fit time for bed,
All the lovely night through up to five ;
Till the danc'd and the dancers are rather more dead
Than alive.

Then follows discussion, when every one goes,
Of the dresses and who wore what ;
Of the men who were perfect to dance with, and those
Who were not.

And at last and alone I shall probably scan
My programme, and gravely reflect
That I've danced with one partner more frequently than
Was correct.

And the whole to conclude about noon the next day
With a stiffness and something of pique,
To think that one cannot come out in this way
Once a week.

And the moral ?—oh, bubbles will burst at a touch,
And I shan't be a child any more ;
Only sadder and wiser by ever so much
Than before.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY

By George R. Sims

She was a housemaid, tall and slim,
A well-conducted, modest girl ;
Her dress was always neat and trim,
She never sported fringe or curl.
She did her work, and kept her mind
Intent upon her household cares :
One fault alone there was to find—
She left her dustpan on the stairs.

She loved her mistress very much,
She held her master in respect ;
Her grief the hardest heart would touch
When they'd occasion to correct ;
But still, in spite of all they said—
In spite of scolding and of prayers—
Ah, me ! to what at last it led !—
She left her dustpan on the stairs.

One morn while breakfasting below,
And glancing at the *Morning Post*,
She heard a wild and sudden " Oh ! "
That made her drop her buttered toast.
She heard a heavy fall—and groans ;
The master, taken unawares,
Had slipped and broken several bones—
She'd left the dustpan on the stairs.

They sent for doctors by the score,
  They fetched in haste Sir Andrew Clark ;
But master's sufferings soon were o'er—
  That night he sat in Charon's barque.
Now in a cell at Colney Hatch
  A gibbering housemaid groans and glares,
And tries with trembling hands to snatch
  A ghostly dustpan from the stairs.

[*By Special Permission of the Author and Messrs George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.*]

THE JESTER'S CHOICE

By Horace Smith

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
  A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
  Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
  Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who, consequently, found his freaks
  Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure
  Of his serene and raging highness :
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
  Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows : his sin was an occult one.
But records tell us that the Sultan,

Meaning to terrify the knave,
  Exclaimed, " 'Tis time to stop that breath ;
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave !
  Thou stand'st condemned to certain death.
Silence, base rebel ! no replying !
  But such is my indulgence still,
  That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."
" Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust ;
  " Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
  I'll die, so please you, of old age ! "

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

By Mel. B. Spurr

I'll tell a doleful tragedy in verse,
    In five Acts.
It isn't fiction that I now rehearse,
    It's facts.
It's quite as bad as Edgar Allan Poe,
    Or *wuss !*
It must be taken dignified and slow—
    Like thus !

Act 1

    It was a chair.
It stood within a darkened room,
In weird, mysterious, dismal gloom,
A simple, leather-seated chair,
With springs gone rocky here and there.
Its legs were bandy, one was gone,
And it stood upon three legs alone.
'Twas only a chair—unsightly, mean,
But, ah ! a tragedy lurked unseen,
    In that old chair.

ACT 2

It was a Youth,
A lad of calm, unruffled mien,
A boy of twelve—perhaps thirteen.
He had an uncle, old and grim,
And, oh ! how that youngster hated him.
He never gave him coin to spend,
But bade him to his tasks attend.
And now, all insults to avenge,
He swears that he will have revenge,
That simple youth.

ACT 3

It was a pin.
A simple, unobtrusive thing,
Hidden away behind a spring.
It lay in stealthy ambush there,
Serene, unseen, in that old arm-chair.
Its useful, penetrative end
Did upwards from the seat ascend.
It had been placed, I may remark,
By that young varmint for a lark,
That wicked pin.

ACT 4

It was a man,
Of Brobdingnag proportions he,
He weighed full twenty-two stone three.
He sat down, in careless ease
In that old chair. Then, on the breeze
Arose a yell, and in the air,
A foot or so beyond the chair,
With words of wrath that upward sped,
And brought the plaster on his head,
Uprose that man.

ACT 5

It was a fight !
A gruesome sight it was to see
That struggle for supremacy.
And first the lad was uppermost,
And then the man would have the boast

And finally, the elder won,
And shouts were heard, as one by one,
Like postman's vigorous rat-tat-tat,
The strokes fell full on where he sat
After the fight.

[*By Special Permission of Messrs Reynolds & Co., 13 Berners Street, London, W., who publish a Musical Version of it.*]

THE WELL OF ST KEYNE

By Robert Southey

I know not whether it be worth reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St Neots, a well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.—Fuller.

A well there is in the west-country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west-country
But has heard of the well of St Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, stranger? quoth he,
For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger he made reply ;
But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.

St Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then !
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

A CONSERVATIVE

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

The garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, " What can the matter be ?
Why weepest thou so sore ?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store—"
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, " My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm !
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
Once kept my body warm !
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform ! "

Then at that butterfly I shot
The fury of mine eye ;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
" You ignominious idiot !
Those wings are made to fly ! "

" I do not want to fly," said he,
" I only want to squirm ! "
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm ;
" I do not want to be a fly !
I want to be a worm ! "

O yesterday of unknown lack
To-day of unknown bliss !
I left my fool in red and black ;
The last I saw was this,
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

SIMILAR CASES

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

There was once a little animal,
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish Dinoceras
And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
"I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceras shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father's bones.
Said they, "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And therefore it is evident
That you're always going to be.
What? Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! You'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Loxolophodon.
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene—
That was the way they argued
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape
  Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
  He always did the best ;
So they naturally disliked him,
  And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
  They said he was a fool.
Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
  " I'm going to be a Man !
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
  And conquer all I can !
I'm going to cut down forest trees
  To make my houses higher !
I'm going to kill the Mastodon !
  I'm going to make a fire ! "

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
  With laughter wild and gay ;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
  But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
  Which he minded not a whit ;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
  Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
  Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
  Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, " In the first place,
  The thing cannot be done !
And second, if it *could* be,
  It would not be any fun !
And third, and most conclusive,
  And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature !
  We should like to see you try ! "
They chuckled then triumphantly,
  These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
  With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
  An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
  Unusually bright,

Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbours,
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, " My friends, in course of time,
We shall be civilised !
We are going to live in cities !
We are going to fight in wars !
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause !
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold !
We are going to want the earth, and take
As much as we can hold !
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins !
We are going to have Diseases !
And Accomplishments ! ! And Sins ! ! ! "

Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, " This is chimerical !
Utopian ! Absurd ! "
Said another, " What a stupid life !
Too dull, upon my word ! "
Cried all, " Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature ! "
And they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, " An answer to that last
It will be hard to find ! "
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

THE RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN

By Rev. S. J. Stone

Most strange !
Most queer—although most excellent a change !
Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear !

My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,
And, like my legs, are free ;
No longer huddled up so pitiably :
Free now to pry and probe, and peer and peer,
And make these mysteries out.
Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt ?
For now in doubt undoubtedly I am :
This problem's very heavy on my mind,
And I'm not one to either shirk or sham—
I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind.

Now let me see :—
First, I would know how I did get in *there ?*
Then where was I of yore ?
Besides, why didn't I get out before ?
Dear me !
Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more)—
Enough to give me pip upon the brain !
But let me think again.
How do I know I ever *was* inside ?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't ! How could *I* have lain,
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my heart's deep sublime imaginings,
In there ?

I meet the notion with profound disdain,
It's quite incredible ; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive),
What I can't understand I won't believe.

Where *did* I come from, then ? Ah ! where, indeed ?
This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.
I have it ! Why, of course,
All things are moulded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
Fortuitously concurrent anywhere.
There now !
That's plain as is the beak upon my face.
What's that I hear ?
My mother cackling at me ! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant, *I* say—
So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I *can't* revere :
Hark at her ! " You're a silly chick, my dear ;
That's quite as plain, alack !
As is the piece of shell upon your back ! "
How bigoted ! Upon my back, indeed !
I don't believe it's there,
For I can't *see* it ; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see I never will believe in.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

By W. M. Thackeray

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter ;
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,
And his passion boil'd and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

FRENCH WITH A MASTER

By Theodore Tilton

Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.
("To love, to love ; this it is to live.")

Teach you French ? I will, my dear !
Sit and con your lesson here.
What did Adam say to Eve ?
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Don't pronounce the last word long ;
Make it short to suit the song ;
Rhyme it to your flowing sleeve,
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Sleeve, I said, but what's the harm
If I really meant your arm ?
Mine shall twine it (by your leave),
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Learning French is full of slips ;
Do as I do with the lips ;
Here's the right way, you perceive,
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

French is always spoken best
Breathing deeply from the chest ;
Darling, does your bosom heave ?
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Now, my dainty little sprite,
Have I taught your lesson right ?
Then what pay shall I receive ?
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Will you think me overbold
If I linger to be told
Whether you yourself believe
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre?

Pretty pupil, when you say
All this French to me to-day,
Do you mean it, or deceive ?
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Tell me, may I understand,
When I press your little hand,
That our hearts together cleave ?
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Have you in your tresses room
For some orange-buds to bloom ?
May I such a garland weave ?
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

Or, if I presume too much,
Teaching French by sense of touch,
Grant me pardon and reprieve !
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre

Sweetheart, no ! you cannot go !
Let me sit and hold you so ;
Adam did the same to Eve,—
Aimer, aimer ; c'est à vivre.

THE USUAL WAY

By Frederick E. Weatherley

There was once a gallant youth, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, " I'll go a-fishing in the neighbouring brook,"
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or more went by,
But still upon the grassy bank his rod and line did lie.
" I thought," she shyly whispered, " you'd be fishing all the day."
And he was—in the usual way.

Then he slowly took his rod in hand and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly that he was not looking out,
And he said, " Sweetheart, I love you." She said, " Oh, I mustn't stay,"
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh,
As they watched the silver ripples, like the moments running by,
" We must say good-bye," she whispered, by the alders old and grey.
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside that stream they wandered to and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below ;
Till this little story ended as such little stories may,
Very much in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and coo ?
Do they never fret and quarrel as some married couples do ?
Does he cherish her and love her ? Does she honour and obey ?
Well, they do—in the usual way.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

I CAN'T THINK WHY!

By Frederick E. Weatherley

" Tu whoo ! " said the owl ; " tu whoo ! " said his wife,
" That rook down below leads a lonely life ;
A bachelor he lives, a bachelor he'll die,
Why doesn't he get married ? I can't think why ! "

So they cried to the rook with a loud tu whoo :
" Is there never a wife in the world for you ?
There's nothing like Love—if you'll only try.
Why don't you get married ? We can't think why ! "

But ere the moon rose and the world was at rest,
Mistress Owl kicked her husband out of the nest.
" Caw ! caw ! " cried the rook, a-sailing by,
" Why didn't you keep single ? I can't think why ! "

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

MON AMI

By Frederick E. Weatherley

I have a friend,
We were at school,
He always kicked
And called me fool ;
And if I had
What he had not,
He always took it
On the spot.
Eh ? . . . pay ?
He pay ? . . . Not he !
—C'est mon ami !

He knows my faults
Quite well, you see,
He tell them all
To you—and me !
And when my business
Crooked go,
He say, " Mon cher,
I told you so ! "
Oh ! . . . no !
He help ?
—C'est mon ami !

I ask him how
I sing last night,
I want to hear him
Say " All right ! "
" How did you sing ? "
He say to me,
" Maurice, mon cher,
Mais—damnably ! "
So ? . . . Oh !
He's frank, you see !
—C'est mon ami !

Sometimes he ask
Me out to dine,
He choose the menu,
And the wine ;
And when the garçon
Clear away,
" Maurice, mon cher,"
He say, " you pay ! "
Eh ? . . . pay ?
He pay ? . . . Not he !
—C'est mon ami !

I walk the Park
My love to see,
'Cré nom de nom !
But there is he !
He laugh, he nod,
" Ta ! ta ! mon cher ! "
And off he go
Away with her !
He ! . . . She !
Not I . . . but he,
—C'est mon ami !

And so I puff
My light cigar,
And take my friends
For what they are.
Allons ! then tell me
Which of you
Says my description
Is untrue ?
Who ? . . . you !
Ha ! ha ! I see,
—C'est mon ami !

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

"NINI, NINETTE, NINON"

By Frederick E. Weatherley

I love three maidens gay and bright,
Nini, Ninette, Ninon,
I worship them by day and night,
Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
Nini is timid as a flow'r,
Ninette, she dance from hour to hour,
Ninon, she big as one big tow'r,
Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
Hélas! mon Dieu, what shall I do?
I cannot marry all of you,
Mes petites chéries—Que voulez-vous?
Nini, Ninette, Ninon.

When I met them yesterday,
(Nini, Ninette, Ninon),
"I cannot marry you," I say,
Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
Nini she weep, la pauvre chérie,
Ninette she stamp her foot at me,
"Why have you fall in love with three,
Nini, Ninette, Ninon?"
"Mais mes chéries! Que voulez-vous?
Was bound to fall in love with you,
You all so sweet, what could I do?
Nini, Ninette, Ninon!"

Ninon she neither stamp or cry,
The great, the grande Ninon,
She look at me with both her eye,
The big, the large Ninon.
"Allons!" she says, "Be quick! Prepare!
You have to marry me, mon cher!"
What could I say? I laugh, I stare,
Nini, Ninette, Ninon.
Mais non, Ninon, that cannot be,
I not divide myself you see,
I love the one, the two, the three,
Nini, Ninette, Ninon.

[*By Special Permission of the Author.*]

WHEN I GROW OLD

By Gilbert V. Yonge

You can't be very happy when you're young ;
You have to go down-stairs and walk among
Uncles and Aunts, shake hands and say Good-night
As you are told.
But I shan't wash my neck, nor be polite,
Nor try to laugh when Uncle Joseph talks,
Nor have that tired feeling after walks
When I grow old.

I know a tiny hill, quite round and bare,
Not far from home beside a stream, and there
Four Knights, who fell in battle, lie and wait
Through sun and cold.
One of them was my great-great-very-great-
Great-grandpapa ; the cowman says it's true,
And I will tell you what I mean to do
When I grow old.

I'll dig them up—they're only bones, you know
And in the wood have a museum-show—
Old dinted helmets barred like rusty gates,
And spurs of gold.
And all the other boys, whose great-great-greats
Aren't in museums, how they'll envy me !
And oh, how very famous I shall be
When I grow old !

But when I'm very old and brave indeed,
Eighty or so, and don't care if I bleed,
I'll have a ship in waiting out at sea
With sailors bold ;
Then when I'm told to come indoors to tea
I mean to call Aunt Clara Rhubarb-Face,
Then run away at a *tremendous* pace
When I grow old !

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

THE CHRISTENING

By Gilbert V. Yonge

A Parson, at his Church-door seated,
Was by a Christ'ning-party greeted.

The awkward sire touched Sunday hat,
The courteous Rector, touched by that,
Doffing his own, proclaimed his pleasure
To render up to them his leisure.

" Sir," said the rustic, " for our sins
Or otherwise, we're blest with Twins,
And if you will baptise the two
The naming, Sir, we'll leave to you,
Not knowing very much of letters,
And always reverencing our betters.
Good Bible names, if that should suit yer,
Might p'raps be better for their future."

" Tut, tut," exclaimed th' enlightened Parson,
" They'll not be hanged for theft or arson
Any the sooner, should your wit
Choose names unfound in Holy Writ.
It is a superstitious use
And greatly subject to abuse,
Your boy might prove a noxious cub
If he were named Beelzebub.

And did I call the wench Sapphira
She might lament a lost admirer,
Nor is there any special luck
In Jezebel or Habakkuk.

You'd wish your lad in earnest ; next,"
Said Parson, warming to his text,
" Goodwill towards men he must distil ;
I'll therefore name him Ernest Will.

And now the lass ; no name is fairer
('Tis from the Bible too) than Sarah ;
And look, the meads with flowers are gay—
You, little girl, be Sarah May ! "

The rite performed, the service o'er,
The Parson op'd the Vestry door.
" Your names," he said, " and surname, Sir,
Are needed for the Register."

But now behold ! the briny deep
Lets loose his floods—the Parents weep !
" I know," the Mother sobbed, " you meant
It kindly and with good intent ;
But O, I fear you've done your worst—
Our Surname, reverend Sir, is Birst ! "

[*By kind Permission of the Author.*]

THE HAT

ANONYMOUS

(RECITED BY M. COQUELIN, OF THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE)

ONE day this winter I went out to dine.
All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine.
A concert afterward—*en règle*—just so.
The hour arrived. I entered, bowing low,
My heels together. Then I placed my hat
On something near, and joined the general chat.
At half-past eight we dined. All went off well,
Trust me for being competent to tell!
I sat between two ladies—mute as fishes.
With nothing else to do but count the dishes.
I learned each item in each course by heart.
I hate tobacco, but as smoke might part
Me from those ladies, with a sober face
I took a strong cigar, and kept my place.
The concert was announced for half-past ten,
And at that hour I joined a crowd of men.
The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.
I leaned against the door—there was no chair.
A stout, fierce gentleman, got up with care
(A cuirassier I set him down to be),
Leaned on the other door-post, hard by me,
Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
Sang, with her love-lorn ringlets out of curl,
Some trashy stuff of love and love's distress.
I could see nothing, and could hear still less.
Still, I applauded, for politeness' sake.

Next a dress-coat of fashionable make
Came forward and began. It clad a poet.
That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?
Your host or hostess, after dinner, chooses
To serve you up some effort of the Muses,
Recited with *vim*, gestures, and by-play
By some one borrowed from the great Français

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,
All make me sleepy; and it was so now.
For as I listened to the distant drone
Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,

And a strange torpor I could not ignore
Came creeping o'er me.
" Heavens ! suppose I snore ?
Let me get out," I cried, " or else—"
With that
I cast my eyes around to find my hat.
The *console* where I laid it down, alas !
Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)
By triple rows of ladies gaily dressed,
Who fanned and listened calmly, undistressed.

No man through that fair crowd could work his way,
Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array.
Diamonds were there, and flowers, and, lower still,
Such lovely shoulders ! Not the smallest thrill
They raised in me. My thoughts were of my hat.
It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
Under a candelabrum, shiny, bright,
Smooth as when last I brushed it, full in sight,
Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
Whether I could not lure it to my side.

" Why may my hand not put thee on my head,
And quit this stifling room ? " I fondly said.
" Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb.
Come, little darling, cleave this social mob.
Fly over heads ; creep under. Come, oh, come !
Escape. We'll find no poetry at home."

And all the while did that dull poem creep
Drearily on, till, sick at last with sleep,
My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
I groaned within me :
" Come, my hat—fresh air !
My darling, let us both get out together,
Here all is hot and close ; outside, the weather
Is simply perfect, and the pavement's dry.
Come, come, my hat—one effort ! Do but try.
Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir
Beneath thy shelter."
Here a voice cried :
" Sir,
Have you done staring at my daughter yet ?
By Jove ! sir."
My astonished glance here met
The angry red face of my cuirassier.
I did not quail before his look severe,

But said, politely,
" Pardon, sir, but I
Do not so much as know her."
" What, sir ! Why,
My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table.
Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable
To understand."
" But, sir—"
" I don't suppose
You mean to tell me—"
" Really—"
" Who but knows
Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir ?
I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her."
" Trifling ? "
" Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five.
Every one knows it—every man alive."
" Allow me—"
" No, sir. Every father knows
Your reputation, damaging to those
Who—"
" Sir, indeed—"
" How dare you in this place
Stare half-an-hour in my daughter's face ? "
" *Sapristi*, *monsieur !* I protest—I swear—
I never looked at her."
" Indeed ! what were
You looking at, then ? "
" Sir, I'll tell you *that*—
My hat, sir."
" *Morbleu !* looking at your hat ! "
" Yes, sir, it *was* my hat."
Meantime
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme.
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both together,
While no one round us knew what we were at.
" It was my daughter, sir."
" No, sir—my hat."
" Speak lower, gentlemen," said some one near.
" You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear ? "
" Of course, sir."
" Then before the world's astir
You'll get my card, sir."
" I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?
A moment after, all exclaimed, "Bravo!"
Black coat had finished. All the audience made
A general move toward ice and lemonade.
The coast was clear; my way was open now;
My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,
And hastened, fast as lover could have moved,
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing I loved.
I tried to reach it.
"Here's the hat, I think,
You are in search of."
Shapely, soft, and pink,
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt
I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.
"Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess
What made you look this way. You long to go.
You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.
Ah, how I wished to help you, if I could!
I might have passed it possibly. I would
Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,
To send it to you, but, you understand,
I felt a little timid—don't you see?—
For fear you might suppose—Ah! pardon me;
I am too prone to talk. I'm keeping you.
Take it. Good-night."
Sweet angel, pure and true!
My looks to their real cause *she* could refer,
And never thought one glance was meant for her.

Oh, simple trust, pure from debasing wiles!
I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
Exclaiming:
"Hear me, sir. Before I go.
Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right.
'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.
Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir.
I love your daughter, and I gazed at her."
"You, sir?"
He turned his big round eyes on me,
Then held his hand out.
"Well, well, we will see."
Next day we talked. That's how it came about.
And the result you see. My secret's out.

It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
Add, she's an angel, and my home is—Heaven.
Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
Holds a high office—is no cuirassier.
Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command—
He is a widower—so—you understand.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

ANONYMOUS

He was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell,
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine;
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
But what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

'SPÄCIALLY JIM

ANONYMOUS

I wus mighty good-lookin' when I wus young—
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I toss'd up my head, an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him !*
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spăcially Jim.

I got *so* tired o' havin' 'em roun'
('Spăcially Jim !),
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him ;

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim,
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Spăcially Jim.

THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER

ANONYMOUS

A LITTLE Quaker maiden with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within.
She wore a gown of sober grey, a cap demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was grey and stiff, its only line of grace,
Was in the lace so soft and white shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she, " Oh, how I hate this hat ! I hate this gown and cape !
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape !
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair ;
The little girl next door wears blue ; oh dear, if I could dare,
I know what I should like to do ! " (The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlour, sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent, humble teaching wilfully she cast aside,
And her mind now fully conquered by sad vanity and pride,
She with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown.

" Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth-day meeting time has come,
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid,
Gliding down the dark old stairway hoped their notice to evade.
Keeping shyly in the shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah! never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upwards; all her thoughts were pure and holy,
And Aunt Peace walked gazing downwards, with a humble mind and lowly,
But " tuck-tuck! " chirped the sparrows at the little maiden's side,
And in passing Farmer Watson's where the barn-door opened wide,
Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Seemed to her affrighted fancy like—" a tuck! "—" a tuck! "—" a tuck! "

In Meeting, Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see,
How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with care.
Oh, the glad relief—when prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunts her homeward way she wended.

The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
And deeply had she tasted of this world's alluring charms.
Yea! to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find:
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
So repentant, saddened, humbled, on a hassock she sat down,
And the little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown.

HUMAN NATURE

ANONYMOUS

Two little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see,
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the " self " of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and grey—
Soft and grey, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To their dear little pets—their treasure-trove.
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little bunnies go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died ;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of the whole night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes ;
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
" Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead ! "

Later came Marie, and stood aghast ;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
" I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead ! "

Two little children, quaintly wise,
Angels both in their mother's eyes,
But you having followed my tale can see
That they were as human as human can be !

THE HINDU'S PARADISE

ANONYMOUS

A HINDU died—a happy thing to do
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
" Hast been through purgatory ? " Brahma said.
" I have been married "—and he hung his head.
" Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son :
Marriage and purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

Scarce had he entered on that garden fair,
Another Hindu asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again :
" Hast been through purgatory ? " " No—what then ? "
" Thou canst not enter ! " did the god reply.
" He who went in has been no more than I."
" All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for his sin ! "
" Married ? 'Tis well ; for I've been married twice ! "
" Begone ! We'll have no fools in Paradise ! "

KITTY OF COLERAINE

ANONYMOUS

As beautiful Kitty one morning was trippin'
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet butther-milk wathered the plain.
" Oh ! what shall I do now ? 'twas looking at you, now ;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;
'Twas the pride of my dairy ! O Barney M'Cleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine ! "

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That so small a misfortune should give her such pain ;
A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did lave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making sayson—I can't tell the rayson—
Misfortunes 'ill never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The divil a whole pitcher was left in Coleraine.

SUPPOSING

ANONYMOUS

THEY sat beneath the tree and lingered talking,
Her eyes were very fair and sweet and blue;
He said, "Supposing we continue talking,
For I should like so much to talk to you."
She answered with a sigh, and softly smiling,
"Supposing, oh, supposing that you do!"

"If I should tell you that I loved you,
Have loved you long and tenderly and true,
And supposing now—I am only just supposing—
That you for answer said—'I love you too.'"
The answer came softly through the twilight,
"Supposing, oh, supposing that I do!"

"If I should ask you for a kiss, dear,
And were not quite content with one or two,
I wonder would you take it quite amiss, dear,
Supposing, pretty sweetheart, that I do?"
The answer came like the echo of a whisper,
"Supposing, oh, supposing that you do!"

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THE EDINBURGH PRESS, 9 AND 11 YOUNG STREET, EDINBURGH